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Tintoretto's Last Portrait of Himself.

From the Painting in the Uffizzi, Florence.

LIFE AND GENIUS

OF

JACOPO ROBUSTI

CALLED

TINTORETTO

WITH THE

COMPLIMENTS OF THE AUTHOR

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK
27 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

LONDON
24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND

The Knickerbocker Press

1894

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LIFE AND GENIUS

OF

JACOPO ROBUSTI

CALLED

TINTORETTO

BY

FRANK PRESTON STEARNS

AUTHOR OF "THE REAL AND IDEAL IN LITERATURE"
"A SKETCH-BOOK OF NOTABLES," ETC.

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York
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DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS OF
MY YOUTH

PREFACE.

THE thirty-first of May was the three hundredth anniversary of Tintoretto's death, and as yet no adequate account of him has appeared in English, or, so far as I can discover, in any language. Much that is excellent has been written about him by Taine, Ruskin, and other critics, but no clear analysis of his genius, no thorough and systematic examination of his works, has yet been placed before the public. Mr. Osler's little book is good so far as it goes, but the evolution of Tintoretto as a painter is not in it. At the same time it contains many valuable suggestions, and no other writer has appreciated so well the moral quality of this master's painting. The Italian *Life of Tintoretto* by Ridolfi does not appear to have been translated into English.

The friends who have assisted me in the present undertaking can testify to the thorough manner in which it has been performed. Every clew that might lead to fresh information has been followed out carefully, and all publications in French, German, and Italian which could throw light on the subject have been consulted. The main difficulty, however,

in writing the biography of an artist arises from the necessity of combining the external facts of his life with a critical examination of his works. It is hoped that the reader will recognize this and make some allowance for it.

I acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. Janitschek for a few items of a practical character; to Mr. Osler for better information in regard to Tintoretto's early paintings; to Mr. Horatio Brown for his admirable sketch of Venetian history; and especially to John Ruskin, the most eloquent and interesting of all writers on Venetian art: but the estimate I have made of Tintoretto and the criticism of his pictures are my own, and no one else is responsible for them.

F. P. S.

N.B.—Photographs from Tintoretto's works can be obtained through Mr. B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square, London, at about two shillings, or fifty cents, for the smaller size, and twice as much for the larger. Mr. Stevens is accustomed to receive orders from America for books and pictures which he fulfils in an exemplary manner.

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TINTORETTO

He reveals to the eye of the idealist the magnificent results of practical activity, and unfolds before the realist the grandeur of the ideal world of thought.

GRIMM'S ESSAY ON EMERSON.

LIFE OF TINTORETTO.

CHAPTER I.

THE VENETI.

THE most easterly portion of Cisalpine Gaul, lying between the Adige and the Adriatic, was called Venetia by the Romans from the earliest times, and is called so at the present day. The name of this district was no doubt derived, like others in Italy, from its inhabitants, who, as soon as they had obtained political independence, bestowed it on their capital city.

Cæsar, in the conquest of Celtic Gaul, also discovered a people called the Veneti, who lived upon the shores of the Bay of Biscay, especially about the mouth of the Loire. They occupied walled towns built on islands and promontories, so that when Cæsar had captured one of their strongholds they sailed off with their possessions to another one, and thus kept him at work without much result for

several months. It was only after he had fitted out a fleet on the Loire, and defeated them in a naval engagement, that they finally submitted to him. He speaks of their possessing a large number of ships, with which they made voyages to Britain and other places on the Atlantic coast. Like all the Gauls, they were of a hasty and excitable temper, but amiable and friendly in time of peace.

The resemblance between the position and character of the Veneti in France and the Veneti in Italy is of historical importance. The former were evidently the carriers of the Atlantic coast, as the Venetians were afterwards of the Mediterranean. That they lived in walled cities and maintained a fleet, according to Cæsar, of more than two hundred sail, would indicate fair progress on the way to civilization. The two must have been branches of the same original tribe, who had settled in prehistoric times in locations favorable to their aquatic disposition. So we find a Gallatia in Asia Minor and a Gallitia in Austria, inhabited by Gallic tribes who separated from the parent stem during the westward migration. There is also a Gallicia in Spain, whose inhabitants are noted for courage, industry, and sobriety; as the Venetians were in their best days. The parallel was completed by Napoleon's collecting a fleet of gun-boats on the Po, with which he subjugated, or rather *intimidated*, the superannuated Venetian state.

Some English noblemen at the court of Henry the Eighth taunted the Venetian Ambassador with being a diplomatic representative of fishermen. They

were paid in turn by a biting retort; but it seems likely that the low, muddy islands north of the estuary of the Po were inhabited long before the invasions of Attila and the Goths. Men will go wherever food is plentiful, and in those days the lagoons must have teemed with excellent fish. The confusion during the dark ages naturally transferred the political centre of the Veneti from the mainland to the extreme point of safety. There is only one Venice; for nowhere else in the world could such an organization have taken place. If the tides of the Adriatic were like those of the Atlantic, the city would be not only inconvenient of access, but disagreeable to every sense.

The disintegration and separativeness of the feudal period was favorable to the development of this island republic; or otherwise some strong centralizing tyrant would have taken possession of it and nipped its art and history in the bud. It was too remote to suffer from the invasions of the Saracens, and the German emperor was well satisfied to accept an empty form of submission rather than risk a failure in exacting more substantial tribute. Finally the crusades came, and gave a marvellous impetus to its commerce and manufactures. They were more of an advantage to Venice than the gold of Mexico, for they brought a healthy activity and a vigorous tone to Venetian life. Peter the Hermit was the chief benefactor of this city.

The Venetians were therefore more Gallic, or Celtic, if you choose to call it so, than any Italian community, excepting that which now inhabits

Sardinia. The Celtic races have not heretofore received their due for what they have accomplished for civilization; being merged, in the opinion of men, under the name of Latin, which, at the present time, or even in the fifteenth century, really stands for little or nothing. Language has its value in the formation of nationality, but it will never outweigh traits of character inherited for thousands of years. The French possess the same peculiarities now that Cæsar describes as appertaining to the Gauls. So we may be satisfied that the Venetians were of Gallic origin, not only from their name, but from their gayety, their love of social pleasures, their chivalrous daring, their preference for lively colors, their quick wit, their impulsive spirit, and their tendency to violent revolutions.

Of the earliest Venetian chief magistrates, whether tribunes or doges, the larger number came to a violent death from popular tumults; and at the close of the tenth century they indicated their nationality in a decisive manner by cremating the Doge Candiano in his own palace. Froude was the first historian to suggest that the custom of burning people alive for heresy or political offenses originated with the Gauls, and after being suppressed by the Romans, came to the surface again during the religious excitement of the Reformation. It will also be remembered that Philip the Fair destroyed the Knights Templar in the same merciless manner. The violent tumult which took place at the time of Candiano's death, together with its final scene of relentless horror, recalls vividly the burning of the French châteaux

in 1793. The treason of Marino Faliero, a sort of Italian Robespierre, who sought to destroy the aristocracy by conspiring with the lower classes, was a political episode of similar import. These popular tumults, however, came to an end with a closer organization of the Venetian aristocracy. After their conquests on the Dalmatian coast, a decided Illyrian element may have become mixed with the Venetian stock.

Venice was the last of the ancient republics. Like Rome and Carthage, it was a city governing an empire; not an extensive empire, it is true, but one that can be compared with advantage to that of Athens in the fifth century B. C. It differed in this respect from all other free cities of the middle ages, whose authority rarely extended more than a few miles from their walls. This gave it a broader nationality and its citizens a wider field of activity. A seafaring life develops self-reliance and serious, religious feeling. The Norsemen, who began their political career as pirates, or at least as predatory rovers, became finally the most devout race of Christians in Europe, and have transmitted to their descendants in England a traditional solemnity. The Venetians also escaped the imposition of the feudal system, which, though it developed noble examples of heroism and personal devotion, may be considered, on the whole, an advantage. Neither did they partake of the intensely subjective spiritual feeling which passed over southern Europe during and after the crusades. The strongly objective character of their art may be accounted for either in this

way, or from their political affinity with Græco-Roman life.

The Provençal dialect, which was formerly the language of the Troubadours, serves as a stepping-stone from Italian to French. That it was not, however, formed by French influence, but rather by the genius of the people in those parts would appear from this, that the Venetian dialect in the northeast of Italy very much resembles it, and is not at all like the German to which it is in such close proximity. The tendency of Roman and Tuscan Italian is to enunciate every letter in a word distinctly, and even to linger on the consonants; so that an educated Florentine will take as much time in pronouncing the name of the singer Patti as an Englishman would Gladstone, or an American, Washington. Among the Venetians, however, elision and contraction are so frequent that a native of central or southern Italy can hardly catch the lingo of a gondolier at first hearing. They say *pan* for bread, as is done also in Provence, and *Gian* for *Giovanni*, which is very close to the French *Jean*. The Venetian accent is so soft that from the tongue of a young woman it is almost like the murmur of the sea. A remarkable instance of popular contraction appears in the name of *Zanipolo* for the church of *San-Giovanni e Paolo*. The softening of *g* into *z* in this instance is worth noticing. Even the best educated Venetians say *ca' Loredan* for *casa Loredano*; from which we trace the origin of the French *chez*, at the house of; the French word for house being derived neither from *casa* nor *domus*. *Zenzi* as a substitute for *Giorgio* was even

introduced into Venetian public documents of the sixteenth century. There was no corresponding softness in the Venetian character; but rather in their best period a well tempered hardihood.

The Venetians were not an intellectual race. No famous poet, orator, or philosopher was ever born or brought up there. Pietro Aretino had a briny wit for which he was celebrated in his own time, but more so now for his scurrilous attack on Michel Angelo. His genius was of the intermittent and sputtery order, and he left no literary legacy of enduring value to his countrymen. "A good retort, without a good set speech," said Lord Bacon, "showeth shallowness and weakness." The chronicles of Dandolo and Sabellico are interesting, but hardly rise to the dignity of history.

Climate has never yet produced a race of men, but its effect on national character is always perceptible. The air of the sea-shore is stimulating to the nerves, but quieting to the mind. This is supposed to result from the fumes of iodine and bromine which are liberated by the sun from evaporating sea water. It induces a dreamy, sensuous, self-contained existence, which is, however, stimulated to physical exertion from the very excess of good health engendered by it. Care, anxiety, and sorrow weigh less heavily on dwellers by the sea than those who live at a distance from it. To obtain the full effect of it one should reside on a small island. Sea air induces a pleasant mental equanimity, but underneath that slumbers an intensity of feeling which is more forcible when it once comes to the surface. It

assists in every form of self-control, but if a man is once carried away by anger or hatred his passion is so much the more violent and excessive. Mountain air, on the contrary, unless the altitude be too great, clears the brain, brightens the faculties, and stimulates the mind to vigorous thought and lofty emotions; yet it also increases the liability to mental excitement, thus leading to rash and precipitate judgment as well as extravagant action. It renders people lively, quick-witted, versatile, and changeable. We mark this difference between the characteristics of the two most influential cities in Italian civilization. The Venetians despise the climate of Florence, while the Florentines consider the Venetians amiable people, but slow of comprehension.

It has been noticed that people living among mountains or by the sea have been more given to rebellion or other political changes than the inhabitants of the plains; and the reason is apparently because the former encourage independence of character, and the latter independence of thought; while the local situation in both cases is favorable to self-defence. The deeply indented peninsular of Greece unites, in some measure, both these conditions, and whether in Asia, or Hellas, or Italy, the Greeks never dwelt far from the sea-coast.

"Courage," said Dr. Johnson, "is the first of all virtues, for without it the others are of no avail." This the Venetians possessed in abundant measure, from their first conquests on the coast of Dalmatia till their last final struggle with the Turks in the Morea,—long after the spirit of manliness had de-

parted from other Italian states. After the crusades were over the Venetians served as the rear-guard of Christianity against the encroachment of the Mohammedans. They carried on for centuries an obstinate struggle against those pitiless enemies, disputing one position after another with faultless bravery. Their noblemen were a race of sea-captains, and their doges were naval heroes fit to be compared with Blake, Nelson, and Farragut. Their parliament was not composed of lawyers and landowners, but in large measure of scarred and sunburned veterans. Admiral Loredano in his despatch after the battle of Gallipoli wrote: "I, the commander, fighting manfully, attacked the first galley, which defended itself with great courage; but by God's grace I took her and cut most of the Turks to pieces. It cost me much to save the prize, for I was wounded through the left cheek with a dart, and another passed through my left hand. Then I rammed and disabled a galleot, cut her crew in pieces, and ran up my flag." Fighting at sea requires more courage than land fighting, for the proportion of casualties is commonly much greater.

In their contests with the Genoese courage alone was not sufficient to contend with an enemy equally brave and skilful; and the varying fortune of those wars resulted from ingenious nautical stratagems, as one side or the other was victorious, such as had never been thought of before. They have been blamed too severely for these fratricidal conflicts, for there seems to be no way to prevent such collisions between rival states when there is no strong central

government to hold them both in check. It was for the Pope's temporal interest to encourage discord between the most powerful Italian cities.

As the Venetians differed from other mediæval communities in their social organization, so they resembled them as little with respect to matters of religion. They were not lacking in piety, as their numerous churches and the sacred relics deposited in them still testify, but they wore their faith in a comfortable manner, and never carried religious feeling to the extremes of fanaticism or heresy. In this again they resembled the ancient republics of Greece and Italy. They contributed their share to the crusades, but always at the same time with a careful consideration for their own interests. Their occupation of Oriental ports made it easy for them to collect those sacred relics, which, if not wholly authentic, served at least to inspire the populace with such sentiments of awe and veneration as are useful for the preservation of authority. The Inquisition found little occupation in Venice, or it certainly would not have troubled itself with the innocent composition of Paolo Cagliari's pictures.

Readers of Tacitus will remember the passage in which he describes the death of Messalina, wife of Claudius Cæsar; which Corneille has also introduced into his tragedy of *Britannicus*. Messalina, flying from the wrath of her husband, had taken refuge in the gardens of Lucullus, "deserted by every one except her old mother, who now exhorted her to prepare for the worst. Suddenly the gates opened and the centurion stood in silence before her, while

the freedman who accompanied him, *with the spirit of a slave*, reproached her with her crimes and misdemeanors. Then for the first time she became deeply sensible of her condition."

This passage shows the spirit of the noble Roman more even than the heroism of Arria or the last words of Severus: "Strike if it be for the good of Rome." In the presence of death reproaches are servile.

Now let us turn to the noble Venetian. Victor Pisani, having been surprised and defeated by the Genoese in the harbor of Portolungo, was imprisoned by the government; but when one disaster followed another and Paganino Doria appeared with a hostile fleet before the harbors of Venice the people came together in a body and insisted on his release. This happened in 1354 and was the last popular uprising in Venice until the dissolution of the state. Sabellico, the old chronicler, gives a charming and ingenuous account of it. "So great," he says, "was the modesty of Pisani that he preferred to remain in prison overnight, and begged that a priest might be sent to him in the morning; and as soon as it was day he confessed and went out into the court; and to the church of San Niccolo, where he received the precious Sacrament of the Host, in order to show that he had pardoned every injury both public and private; and having done this he made his appearance before the Prince and the Signoria. Having made his reverence to the Senate not with angry or even troubled looks, but with a countenance glad and joyful, he placed himself at

the feet of the Doge, who thus addressed him: 'On a former occasion, Vittore, it was our business to execute justice; it is now the time to grant grace. It was commanded that you should be imprisoned for the defeat of Pola; now we will that you should be set free.' Pisani made answer in this fashion: 'There is no punishment, most serene Prince, which can come to me from you or from the others who govern the republic, which I should not bear with a good heart, as a good citizen ought. I know, most serene Prince, that all things are done for the good of the republic, for which I do not doubt all your counsels and regulations are framed. As for private grievances, I am so far from thinking that they should work harm to any one that I have this day received the blessed sacrament, so that nothing may be more evident than that I have wholly forgotten how to hate any man.' "

The honest Sabellico did not perceive that Pisani's modesty was also the best policy he could have adopted; but his whole conduct does not appear less considerate of the public welfare even from that standpoint. The temptation of a proud man to humiliate his enemies will usually overbalance the anticipation of possible future injury to himself. It was the most critical moment in all Venetian history, and Pisani proved to be the hinge on which the fortune of the city turned. Even if the ingenious plan of besieging the besiegers did not originate with him, he was the person in command who carried it into execution. It is equally pleasant to remember the magnanimous treatment—so rare in those times

—of the captive Genoese. To make the romance perfect Pisani was not long afterward killed in battle fighting for the state.

There was long supposed to have been a dark, lurid, ensanguined element in Venetian history—senator plotting against senator, and family against family with diabolical machinations; small personal slights revenged by the cruellest injuries, and innocent victims seized at midnight by masked officers and disposed of in ways unknown to their sorrowing relatives. The Illuminati of the eighteenth century pointed especially to Venice as a dark chamber of political intrigue and domestic conspiracy; and Napoleon evidently considered that he was doing humanity a service when he informed the envoys of the Doge that he would be like an Attila to the Venetian state. Through their commercial relations with the Orient, the Venetians were supposed to have assimilated something of Turkish ferocity as well as the insidious cunning of the Byzantine Greek. Allusions were made to the secret proceedings of the terrible Council of Ten, with sentimental reflections on the Bridge of Sighs and the fearful torture chambers which lay beyond it.

However, the first cock-crow of historical investigation has dissipated these ghostly apparitions into thin air. The facility with which crimes may be concealed in a city whose streets are sea-water will readily occur to every one, and there probably were more murders in Venice in proportion to its population than in either New York or Chicago. The fact, however, remains that it was the only city or state

during the middle ages which possessed a satisfactory government. There is no such list in its annals of judicial murders and partisan crimes as disgrace the history of France and England. The sanguinary cry of Guelph and Ghibelline, which filled Germany and Italy with incessant petty civil wars for nearly two centuries, never reverberated across the lagoons. Rome was governed by a priesthood, like Brahminical India, a form of despotism even less endurable than that of the Cæsars. The other Italian cities were either ruled by petty tyrants like the Scaligers and Viscontis, who sustained themselves by continual acts of violence from which their nearest relatives were the most frequent sufferers; or they were torn by party factions which, as one or the other became dominant, exiled and sometimes decapitated the leaders of the opposition. In Venice, meanwhile, the political machinery ran smoothly, and the affairs of government were despatched with as much good judgment and celerity as they are now in England and Germany.

There were, of course, exceptions; but the justice of Marino Faliero's fate has never been questioned; and though the case of Carmagnola is involved in more obscurity, there can be little doubt that his sentence was well deserved. Too much sympathy has been expended on the Foscari. The father was evidently deposed on account of old age, and the long banishment of his son, though somewhat severe, tends to prove that small partiality was shown to persons in high position. There is little to be seen after one has crossed the Bridge of Sighs; though

the prison is externally a superior piece of architecture. Torture was used to extort confessions from suspected criminals, as was the universal custom, but there were no horrible engines of mutilation such as are to be seen in the mural cells of Nuremberg—one of the free cities in which modern civilization is supposed to have been cradled ; there were no Spanish horses, or iron virgins with daggers in their eyes and breasts ;—at least we do not hear of such, nor are they anywhere to be found. The Venetians, if not humane according to our standard, do not appear to have practised unnecessary cruelty.

Their government was equally superior to those of Greece and Rome. After the tenth century at least, there were no conflicts between the patricians and plebeians, nor were the Venetians at any time obliged to resort to a military despotism. Their Senate, like the Roman Senate, was a close corporation of wealthy men, sufficiently numerous, with their retainers and clients, to easily control the city; and they were, in course of time, controlled by the smaller political bodies that emanated from them. The Council of Ten, in whom the chief power finally resided, may have been a resuscitation of the Roman Decemvirs ; though with this difference, that its constituent membership was changed every week, thus preventing the possibility of any clique or political faction coming into possession of supreme power. The ingenious election of the doge was intended for the same purpose, and was equally successful—the only instance of its kind in the history of political science. Modern nations might learn something

from this method of choosing a chief magistrate who shall be superior to party influences.

Their government must have been more healthy and vigorous before the aristocracy was limited to a select number of families. Its character changed gradually while the form remained nearly the same. The Doge, who was originally a military commander abroad and a powerful administrator at home, became finally to be more like a "graceful cupola to the edifice of state than its main sustaining column," as Bismarck said of English royalty. It was the last compliment and honorable reward for a long course of public services, but the real power resided in the Council of Ten, and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in three Inquisitors, whose title caused no slight suspicion in respect to their proceedings. The Venetian rule was always popular on the mainland, and cities like Padua and Verona preferred it to a precarious independence. To the Greeks of the Archipelago, so long as it lasted, it was the greatest of blessings. It is doubtful if the city ever undertook an unjust or unnecessary war; though there are many who would look upon their conflicts with Genoa as a disgrace to both parties. They not only protected Italian commerce from the Turks, but saved Florence and its art from the blighting rapacity of the Duke of Milan. After the consolidation of the nobility, a second aristocracy formed itself, as in England, about the first, and acquired great influence in the state, because most of the ready money was in its possession.

What lives those old Venetians lived: so full of practical activity, and yet with a keen sense of pleasure and an almost devout feeling for the beautiful! What intensity in their love, hatred, and ambition! Their manners were not less stately than their architecture, and their costumes vie with the richness and grace of their paintings. The eyes that look out to us from the portraits of their doges have witnessed some wonderful sights. What a concentration of human passion were their carnivals, their masked balls; secret affection, jealousy, pride, and family interest contending together at fever heat! How can we cool-blooded Northerners imagine it? Then the summer evenings on the lagoons, gondola meeting gondola and song answering song; lovely women and splendid men rendered more beautiful in the light of the setting sun; while sea and sky are united in a gorgeous, refulgent glow. The setting sun still flashes its carmine and gold across the undulating bay, and illumines the domes of La Salute and San Georgio, but the Pisani, the Morosini, and the Foscari look on it no longer. Venice has become a treasury of art, and its palaces are the empty monuments of former greatness. The Veneti have given their legacy to civilization and been ground up in the vortex of history.

CHAPTER II.

TITIAN.

THE three most famous painters were born, each one of them, at the foot of a mountain. Michel Angelo and Raphael were nursed and cradled among the Apennines. But Titian had as a background for his early years the rugged and fantastic Tyrolese Dolomites, the strangest mountains in Europe if not on the face of the earth, with a giant peak, Monte Chrystallo, rising like a spearhead in the midst of them, ten thousand feet above Cadore, wreathed in opaline clouds, or glowing with rose and carmine in the morning sun. What effect this may have had on the culture of Titian's genius is uncertain; but the Swiss and Tyrolese are devotedly attached to their native valleys, and Titian returned continually to his birthplace and often painted its scenery in the background of his pictures.

From his house in the San Cassiano, Titian could look back to Cadore and the Dolomites, and from the summer cottage which he built, after the modern fashion, on a foothill of the Alps, he could look down upon the Adriatic and almost to Venice. Per-

haps a secret of his continued success lay in thus holding fast to the associations of his youth, for it will be noticed that Leonardo and the other artists who were attracted to the court of King Francis I. accomplished but little there, nor did Sebastian del Piombo succeed much better in Rome. We have noticed an instance of two American poets whose inspiration deserted them as soon as they left their half civilized habitat for more cultivated provinces. Genius is a tender plant; it does not bear transportation to a foreign soil.

One thinks with awe of a celebrated man whose life spanned a whole century; and then nothing but the plague, or other Oriental disorder, imported with Venetian commerce, could make an end of him in his hundredth year. Instances are not uncommon of persons living to even a greater age than this, but they are such as vegetate in quiet, shady places, not those who have to breast the current of human affairs and endure the full glare of publicity in a large city. As already intimated, if this feat could be performed anywhere it was in Venice; but what strength of character, as well as of constitution, does it suggest to us! What temperance, self-control, good judgment, steadiness of nerve, must such a man possess, as well as a mind that could be unbalanced neither by fame, fortune, nor flattery. His comrade, Giorgione, died of social luxury (as well as we can judge) at the age of thirty-five; and in the Venice of that time temptation was the more alluring since it came with the full tide of prosperity, and in a refined and graceful form. Singing, dancing,

and the gondola, though harmless in themselves, were conducive to endless dissipation of time and strength. Neither was there protection of law or public opinion, such as prevailed in Anglo-Saxon communities against coarser pleasures. Titian would seem in this respect to have been the typical man, who lived as others ought to live, and do not.

It may be noticed that poets, painters, and musicians, who are decidedly subjective—that is, who carry into their work a personal sympathy,—like Raphael, Giorgione, Schiller, and Mendelssohn, are more likely to be short-lived than those who treat it objectively, such as Titian, Milton, and Handel. If we are right, as Madame Rémusat suggested, to set a limit to the pleasures of the intellect, still more should the delights of the soul be kept under good control. A too much indulged sensibility would either weaken the physique directly, as with Edward Irving and Schiller, or be converted into other forms of self-indulgence, as in the case of Heine and Byron. According to such a theory, however, Correggio ought to have been more short-lived than Giorgione. In fact, it is not a theory, but a reflection.

Titian was one of the prodigies of the sixteenth century. The poet Lowell has said that in that age geniuses were as common as they have been rare before and since; two or three might be found in any family. There were several causes for this: The discovery of America and of the southern extremity of Africa had enlarged men's minds with a new sense of the grandeur of their earthly inheritance and of the destiny of the human race; the

spirit of free investigation which had resulted from the study of ancient philosophy was leading by a broad highway to scientific discoveries and the reformation of religion; and the study of classical art and literature was enlarging, and at the same time correcting, the narrow and almost stereotyped notions that had prevailed hitherto, and supplied an unlimited fund of fresh inspiration. The art of printing, which has been so fearfully abused since, had just begun to circulate ideas and information, which produced a deeper impression from the difficulty which had previously attended their acquisition. Behind it all lay the magnetic impulse of mediæval Christianity, always seeking fresh fields for its spiritual conquests. Never before had mankind been stimulated and excited into such tremendous energy; and it was the good fortune of that period that this energy was well directed. A very remarkable energy also was developed in the Crusades; but so far as we are now concerned, it was like rain which falls into the sea.

Like all truly progressive ages the sixteenth century was too earnestly engaged to be conscious of its own importance; or at least only became so at the last. What men accomplished in those days was marvellous enough. Lord Bacon could write Latin as fluently as English, and translate his strongly epigrammatic sentences into that language as a mere pastime of the pen. "Studies," he says, "are for delight." Lady Jane Grey and her noble acquaintances were as well schooled in Greek as the same class of Englishwomen are now in French or

Italian. Raphael spent the years in which young men go to college in drawing and painting, yet he was no wise deficient in education and displayed in numerous works a rare understanding of history and philosophy. In addition he was an excellent architect—a profession which of itself requires a most devoted course of study. Vasco da Gama and Sir Francis Drake sailed into unknown oceans and risked the changes of the monsoon in ships not much larger than a first-class yacht. They hauled their vessels up on unknown shores and caulked their seams with pitch from the primeval forests. These men worked as if they had a heavy wager on every hour of the day; but something more than diligence and courage are required to explain their wonderful successes. Shakespeare was born in the same year that Buonarotti died, and the world-spirit passed on from Italy to England.

It is not safe to take the popular estimate of a celebrated man, but neither will it do to ignore it. The notion of modern Pre-Raphaelites that Botticelli stands at the top of all the Florentine painters, is sufficiently refuted by the oblivion in which his works have remained from his death until the present time. There never has been a real enthusiasm for them, even among artists. On the other hand, ten people have heard of Titian, where one has known anything of Leonardo da Vinci. Titian was perhaps on the whole a better painter, but there can be no doubt that Leonardo was the greater man. There are fine pictures by Titian in the Louvre gallery, a portrait of Frances I. and others, but none of them receive

the admiration of Da Vinci's Mona Lisa. Still one would not say that Titian should be less famous, but rather that Da Vinci should be more celebrated. The art of painting as we have it now, was founded by Titian and remains very nearly as he left it.

If Raphael made painting divine, Titian made it human. It was essential that some one should do this; for if man is not rooted in the ground like a tree, neither can he float in the air like an orchid, but must touch the ground continually, or his strength and vigor will depart from him. In truth, the fable of Antæus is not without a profound significance, and it were well if our Puritan ancestors in America had paid consideration to this and some other Grecian myths. Transfigurations are good and so are Pietas, or even St. Sebastians full of arrows, but these are exceptional conditions. If art has a moral value, it must enter into the routine life of men and women and represent whatever is significant and characteristic in it.

The time had come when the individual required to see the reflection of himself, of his kindred and his friends. It was Titian's destiny to celebrate true manliness and womanliness; not to idealize life, but to portray every one at his or her best. He was specially adapted by nature to do this. His character was strong in its every-day completeness. He was not one of nature's noblemen; not a great heroic spirit, and has even been accused of some very mean qualities; but if his higher mental faculties were not so well developed, the mediate and lower ones were always in the finest running order.

No other great artist was so invariable in the quality of his work.

Neither was he incapable sometimes of lofty spiritual flights. Without the possibility of this, he could not perhaps have succeeded so well in that half-superior element, where he was properly at home. He naturally became a portrait-painter, and but for his ideal of color and proportion, Titian would have been a realist. Without sufficient ideality of design to rise into imaginative art, he inevitably came to represent human life in its familiar aspect. It is remarkable how few portraits were painted before his time and how numerous they have been ever since. His own portrait was one of the best and indicates a man endowed and equipped for any sort of enterprise. His keen penetrating look shows a thorough acquaintance with practical affairs, and he has the air of a man who expects to be obeyed. His face is not an attractive one, but commands respect and admiration. There is something in the aspect of his forehead that would seem to indicate rare ability. He rose to perfection early in life, and though his style changed somewhat during his long life he never at any time fell into mannerism. Only after he was seventy-five, according to Vasari, a slight decline in his handling began to be perceptible. He adorned the portraits of his sitters with an air of amiable superiority which could not have belonged to all of them, and therefore we may conjecture that it was an emanation from himself. His tone of coloring suggests a cheerful and sunny disposition. What he evidently lacked was a poetic imagination, yet he also possessed imagination of the practical kind.

The credit of having effected the favorable change in chiaroscuro which marked the advent of Giorgione and Titian has usually been given to the former, and, as one would think, on insufficient ground. Giorgione was the more enterprising and popular of the two, and obtained an earlier celebrity; but they were of the same age, fellow-students, and excellent friends, and at the time of Giorgione's death, it could hardly be said that either had made better progress in painting than the other. It would seem likely that if Titian had learned his skill in light and shade from Giorgione, he would also to some extent have imitated his tone of color, but in this respect the two differed from each other quite as much as they differed from all other painters; while the fact that Titian's drawing was influenced by the more vigorous quality of his friend, is more convincing proof that each developed his art of color by an unique method peculiar to himself. The tradition is a problematic one, and may be accepted for what it is worth. Even had Giorgione never existed, we cannot doubt that Titian's finely harmonized nature would have solved the same problem with equal facility.

It is with very tender feeling that we contemplate the short life of that splendid genius Giorgio Barberelli, who is still remembered by the name given to him when a boy. His pictures are few and widely scattered, two or three in Paris, a few more in Milan and Florence, and the most in the small city of his birth; but it is a dull-sighted traveller who passes them by, and the impression they make is of lasting duration. They are mostly portraits, and

the subjects of his historical pieces are not such as excite strong emotion, but apart from the internal glow which illumines them, they have a mysterious romantic quality, which reminds one of Hawthorne's stories, and is quite as dramatic and fascinating. In the skilful blending of half-tints and producing a warm and brilliant effect by the use of a few colors, he has the field all to himself.

Unfortunately, the wealthy Venetians of that time had not learned to appreciate fine geniuses. They possessed fine taste in architecture, but not in painting, which they looked upon rather as the handmaid of the more mechanical art. Instead of employing Titian and Giorgione to give an immortal value to the interior of their palaces, as Guido and Guercino were employed at Rome, they made use of them to paint frescos on the outside walls, where the rain soon streaked and stained, and before many years obliterated them. Nothing more absurd or suicidal could be imagined. Even if the architecture were improved by it—which is doubtful,—it still holds good that no picture can be seen to advantage in the glaring light of day. In Goethe's *Carnival*, wealth and avarice are represented riding in a chariot, with the boy, poesy, for a driver; but in Venice, poesy and wealth would seem to have been chained together, while vanity drove the chariot and avarice officiated as footman. On the Fondaco dei Tedeschi a single incoherent figure is all that is now left of the finest work of Giorgione.

One does not regret the early death of Byron, for he began life so early and accomplished so much,

that it seems like the natural terminus of his career; but Giorgione was robbed not only of all that he might have been, but also of the best fruits of his short-lived industry. He has more of the grand manner than Titian, as well as finer mental qualities, and if his genius had reached its full maturity and proper patronage had finally come to him, it seems as if he must have surpassed all other Venetian painters. Little as now remains to us from his hand, no critic has questioned his superiority, or his right to a prominent place in the Pantheon of Art.

Only an Italian can thoroughly appreciate an Italian, and the following sympathetic passage from the Abate Lanzi's *History of Painting* is the most pertinent description of Titian's method of painting that I have anywhere met with.

"Titian, for the most part, affected a deep and glowing light, whence, in various gradations of middle tints, he formed the work of the lower parts; and having very resolutely drawn the other parts, with the extremities stronger perhaps than in nature, he gave to objects that peculiar aspect which presents them, as it were, more lively and pleasing than the truth. Thus, in his portraits, he centres the chief power in the eyes, the nose, and the mouth, leaving the remaining parts in a kind of pleasing uncertainty, extremely favorable to the spirit of the heads, and to the whole effect. But since the variations of depth and delicacy of shades are insufficient, without the aid of colors, in this branch, he likewise formed for himself an ideal method, consisting of the use, in their respective places, of simple tints, copied

exactly from the life, or of artificial ones, intended to produce the illusion required. He was in the habit of employing only few and simple colors, but they were such as afforded the greatest variety and contrast; he knew all the gradations, and the most favorable moment for their application and opposition to each other. There appears no effort, no degree of violence in them, and that striking diversity of colors which seems to strive, one above another, for the mastery, as it were, in his pictures, has all the appearance of nature, though an effect of the most bold and arduous art."

The secret of Titian's golden tone would seem to be that he made a special study of the effect of sunset light, working at it every day during the few moments when it was possible to do so. He must have been at great pains to secure this at first, but having once learned to mix his colors for it, he had the art at his finger ends for the rest of his life. If any of my readers would like to look at a portrait of Titian's without the trouble of crossing the Atlantic, let them arrange one of their friends artistically in a partially shaded room just before sunset, and so that the sun's rays throw a favorable light on the person without anywhere touching him. The effect of this artifice, especially if the subject be a pretty young woman, is sometimes more beautiful than any painting could be.

He was essentially a portrait-painter, as Mr. Alexander, the American artist and father of *Francesca*, once remarked. To separate man from his surroundings and represent him essentially as he is in himself

—that is portraiture. It is true that Titian sometimes escaped from it into fine historical paintings, but the greater number of these have been destroyed by fire, and in those which remain we are more impressed by the expression of particular faces than by the drawing of the figures, their relation to each other, or the action of the whole piece. It is for portraits of beautiful women especially (beside two or three religious pictures) that he is best known to lovers of art. The easiest subject for portraiture is always a middle-aged man or woman, of coarse strong features, one in whom the lines are deep and the facial expression settled; what artists call a realistic face. The old Dutch artists painted many such. It is easier to paint a stable-boy than a gentleman, and a gentleman is an easier subject than a statesman; but to depict a beautiful woman, what graceful lines, evanescent shadows, and delicate hues are required for it. How few have succeeded in it, —only perhaps Raphael, Guido, Correggio, Titian, and Tintoretto. The limbs of the Venus dei Medici are much more beautiful than her face. Neither can the Venus of Milo be compared for beauty to a table-girl who waited on me a few summers ago. An eclectic regularity of feature is not enough. Every beautiful woman has a style of her own, as much as a poet, orator, or composer.

Here Titian comes next to Raphael, if indeed he is not on an equality with him; but Raphael idealized everything, while Titian followed nature pretty closely. His portrait called the *Flora* in the Pitti Palace Gallery, supposed to be the daughter of

Jacopo Palma, may be slightly idealized, but it is not the regularity of her features that attracts us so much as the pensive inclination of her head, her expression of dreamy innocence, and the negligée simplicity of her attire. The portrait-painter must penetrate to the internal life of his subject, and express that outwardly in form and feature; and this is most difficult in the case of a pure-hearted maiden, because she has, in fact, nothing to conceal. The *Flora* is finished with such exceeding nicety, even to the least important details, as would be unsuitable for a more powerful or a much larger composition. Painting the Stanze of the Vatican, in the manner of Titian's earlier handling, could only have been accomplished by supernatural agency. Its perfectly smooth finish prevents the *Flora* from being as life-like as she might have been, in spite of the fresh, warm coloring, still in such good preservation. It is doubtful if any steel engraving could do justice to it, often as the attempt has been made. Rivera's engraving represents the expression fairly, but strangely distorts the lower portion of the face. Some who have become used to this engraving, do not like the original picture so well.

The various types of feminine loveliness portrayed by Titian form the chain of a progressive series. The portrait in the Berlin Gallery, commonly supposed to be his daughter Lavinia, belongs to the maturity of his powers. She is dressed in deep yellow brocade, holding up before her a dish of fruit; her face nearly an oval, but her features characteristic. She is younger than the *Flora*, and her expres-

sion one of childish contentment. She has not yet reached the dreamy stage of maidenhood; mere existence is sufficient for her.

On my last visit to Berlin, there happened to be a flight of movable steps in the alcove next *Lavinia*, and I took advantage of them to examine her face and neck with a magnifying glass. What struck me especially was, that among all those minute touches of the brush, there did not seem to be anything accidental. Every one had a character of its own, and indicated that the mind of the artist was active and continually alert. The tints were as clear and delicate as those on tropical sea-shells; and any one who has attempted to copy either sea-shells or birds' eggs in water-colors will know what that means. Her dress and the dish of fruit are not, however, treated with the same delicacy, and, generally, the farther off from her face the more bold and vigorous is the handling. Vasari says: "It is nevertheless true that Titian's mode of proceeding in his later works is very different from that pursued by him in those of his youth: the first being executed with a certain care and delicacy which renders the work equally effective, whether seen at a distance or examined closely; while those of a later period, executed in bold strokes and with dashes, can scarcely be distinguished when the observer is near them, but if viewed from the proper distance, they appear perfect. This mode of his, imitated by artists who have thought to show proof of facility, has given occasion to many wretched pictures, which probably comes from the fact that whereas many

believe the works of Titian done in the manner above described, to have been executed without labor, that is not the truth, and these persons have been deceived. It is, indeed, well known that Titian went over them many times, nay, so frequently that the labor expended on them is most obvious. And this method of proceeding is a judicious, beautiful and admirable one; since it causes the paintings so treated to appear living, they being executed with profound art, while that art is nevertheless concealed."

In the painting of his *Lavinia*, we have his best effects from the union of both methods.

Next in order, and the most beautiful of all is the *Violante*, sometimes called Titian's mistress, though there is not even an idle tale worth repeating for the calumny. She is probably the same as the central figure of the three beautiful women painted by Palma Vecchio, and now in the Dresden Gallery. If they were, as has been supposed, old Jacopo's daughters, she may have been the one whom Titian liked best, and the story may have arisen from that trifling circumstance. Palma represents her as a bright and animated young lady, but in Titian's picture, she appears in a dreamy, self-conscious mood, probably in love and fully cognizant of its meaning, although her destiny has not yet been decided.

Finally we return to the Pitti Palace, for a look at Titian's *Bella*, a most magnificent painting, deep, warm and rich in color, equally strong and human in character. Her dark crimson dress is preserved

somewhat in shadow, so as not to overpower the expression of her face. Her features, with the exception of her eyes, are not particularly fine, but she looks straight before her—the calm, self-possessed embodiment of womanhood. We do not know whether she is married yet or not, but she has given her promise and is ready to declare it before all the world. There is such firmness in her look, that we are reminded that there are occasions, as President Jackson discovered, when the energy of a woman surpasses that of a man.

> "And the light that rayed from her eyes
> Was tender and strong and true :
> I thought what a glorious prize
> For the highest of men to woo."

This series of portraits, so complete in their significance, ought to be of great value to the historian, as indicating the difference and perhaps progress in social life between the sixteenth century and our own time. The procession of virgins on the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon remind one of handsome servant girls; but this was not so much from a lack of culture and refinement in Hellenic life, as from the vigorous work which those ancient dames were accustomed to, as well as their lack of protection from the roughness of the outside world. There is a broad gap between the ages of Pericles and that of Martin Luther, and civilization has made some progress. Flora and Violante would appear in English or American society now very much as modern Greek or Servian ladies might. They look as if they were

lacking in the same sort of delicacy which we miss in Shakespeare's female characters, but are chaste and admirable nevertheless.

Titian has been often blamed for painting naked women, but I think the best light in which to consider the case is as part of the classic revival of his time; a reflection from Grecian mythology. They are splendid specimens of art, and no one else could have done the work so well; so that on the whole we may be grateful to him for them. It is not necessary for us to accept the dark insinuations of the French critic, Taine, with regard to them. They are at least splendid examples of what coloring can do. Nothing could be more like flesh than the two Venuses in the Tribune of Florence.

They are not Venuses, however, (for a goddess must be idealized, even if a saint is not), but full-length portraits of nude women. They are not idealized even in their drawing, but if the splendor of the human form was perpetuated by the Greeks in marble, now that we have forever lost sight of it, it may also be fortunate that we have the glory of its color represented to such perfection. In spite of the assertion of King Philip the Second's envoy that anything could be had from Titian for money, there is no evidence that he ever painted a positively discreditable picture. His Dresden Venus is unequal to the others, and barely attracts attention among the masterpieces that surround it.

The *Cleopatra* in the Cassel Gallery is a work of a much higher order. It is worth a journey to Cassel, a city little visited by travellers, to look at this,

an autumn landscape by Rembrandt, and Rembrandt's portrait of Kroll, the poet. Here Titian rises to the rank of a first-class historical painter. The faces of the two Venuses in the Tribune are not more than ordinarily pleasant and good-looking, and their attitudes express little beyond a comfortable position on the sofa, but the head of Cleopatra is noble and her attitude full of feeling and character. The poison of the asp is flowing in her veins, and with the weakening of her faculties she is losing her desire of life. The tragedy is over; Egypt is nothing to her, and if she thinks at all, it is of Antony. The coloring of the picture is subordinate to its design. We forget it, as we forget ourselves when we behold it.

Titian's *Danaë* matches the two Venuses in color, and is much superior to them in interest. Her upward look at the shower of gold is full of purity and tender expectation. If we were not confident of Titian's respect for woman, from the portraits of Bella and Lavinia, we are convinced of it after seeing this. It is the antithesis of his Cleopatra, and it is a pity the two could not be hung in the same chamber.

That there were deep religious currents in the spirit of this master is very certain, and it was more the fault of his surroundings than of his own serious nature that they so rarely came to the surface. While the moral influences of Florence and Rome tended to develop Raphael's spirituality to the utmost, the sensuous indifference of Venetian life acted upon Titian like a mental narcotic.

He painted for the church of Santa Maria Nuova, in Venice, a picture of *St. Jerome in the Desert* which is now said to be in the Brera Gallery at Milan, but more generally known from the admirable engraving of Cornelis Cort. Jerome attended by his faithful lion bends over his book and the desert stretches far away before him; it could not be excelled for devotional feeling. To make the scene appear more desolate, the trees and rocks and sand are full of weird faces, which one does not see immediately; but that the saint should not be altogether lonely, Titian has painted a squirrel in the branches over his head, a friendly interviewer, in one of the piquant attitudes of those pretty animals. It has been the fashion of late to complain of Titian's lack of piety, and our answer to this would be: "Purchase an engraving of *St. Jerome in the Desert.*"

There is, however, stronger proof of it. Next in importance in the Dresden Gallery to Raphael's Madonna comes the "Render unto Cæsar the Things that are Cæsar's." This was one of Titian's earliest, is his greatest and also his most popular work. Its coloring is rather too brilliant for the subject, but its dramatic power is beyond all question. The reason for this, aside from the perfection with which it is painted, is, that it represents a principle of universal application. It might be called, Prometheus and Epimetheus, or Socrates and his Accuser, or Bishop Latimer and the Inquisitor, Emerson and Jeremiah Mason, or Spiritual Insight and Worldly Cunning. The contrast between the

faces, one pale and wan with constant self-denial, the other hard and almost of the consistency of leather, is repeated in the two hands, and the coin which is held by the publican is evidently copied from a Roman denarius.

This is one of the pictures which Titian was supposed by earlier commentators to have painted under the influence of Giorgione, and it was even alleged that the figure of Christ was a somewhat idealized portrait of his friend. Can it be possible that this serious and careworn face, which looks as if a jest had never been known to it, can represent, in any degree, the light-hearted, gay, and almost wanton Giorgione, whose life is supposed to have ebbed out in revelry with young men of fashion? There is often a deep enough under-current in those joyous natures, who are too sympathetic and susceptible for their own good; but it is impossible to imagine a face like the Dresden Christ, appearing in a company of serenaders, or lolling in a gondola. Either Giorgione has been misrepresented, or this is not his portrait. The *Tribute Money* was painted in or about 1510, a year which may be taken as the earlier climax of Italian art.

There is another religious painting by Titian in the Dresden Gallery, a Virgin and Child attended by several saints, which belongs to a later period and shows an improved tone of color, but an apparent decline in religious feeling. Perhaps Titian forgot the vows that he made in his youth, and became epicurean and materialistic, during middle life. This could not have happened, however, until

after he had painted the *Death of Peter Martyr* and the *Ascension of the Virgin.*

The first of these two masterpieces is more realistic than the *Tribute Money*, but it has been generally considered Titian's *chef-d'œuvre.* Unhappily it was destroyed by fire about twenty-five years since. To judge from engravings of the picture, it had the advantage of a very fine landscape, perhaps the best ever painted; an open breezy wood, with large, vigorous trees. The contrast between the brutal ferocity of the assassin, the submissive despair of St. Peter, who has fallen on the ground, and the abject terror of his companion, who is endeavoring to escape, is brought out with great force and skill. While it is a serious and even noble composition, still it is not so penetrating as his *Cleopatra.* It does not go so much to the heart. As a work of color and what is called chiaroscuro, it was supposed to be unsurpassable.

The *Ascension of the Virgin* almost deserves a chapter by itself. There are those who look upon it as a cold, theatrical affair; and it is true that it contains a theatrical element, but that is not all it contains. It is something of a tableau, but also something more. No other picture is so characteristic of Titian, for in it are united all his different qualities. The Madonna appears carried upward on such a white, fleecy cloud as we see roll off after a spring rain. It is filled with cherubs, some of them of rare delicacy of feature and expression. She has a full womanly figure, and might be accepted as the perfect type of womanhood. Her upturned

face exposes a most beautiful throat, and it is this which first attracts the spectator's attention. There have been those who said that the picture was painted for this throat. In the face there is a twofold expression of pious confidence and the trepidation which we feel on being lifted from the earth, remarkably well blended together. Titian's attempt to represent divine majesty in the floating figure above is at least as successful as other efforts of the kind.

The group of apostles underneath is not so good, and has been often criticised for the energy of its action. Titian does not appear to have taken into his reckoning that Christ's disciples had become quite accustomed to supernatural events, and were not likely to stare with outstretched arms, even at such a prodigy as this. The head and figure of St. John is very fine; but the attitude of St. Peter, with his head thrown back so that his beard is almost at right angles with his body, is too realistic for an ideal work. What increases this appearance of peculiarity is that the spectator is supposed to be nearly on a level with the Holy Virgin, and the apostles are therefore somewhat foreshortened in their drawing. I am not aware that Titian anywhere succeeded in giving dramatic action to a group of figures, though he may have done so in the large pictures which were destroyed by fire in the Doge's Palace.

In coloring, the *Ascension of the Virgin* is more like the *Tribute Money*, and with good reason, for it was painted not very long after that. The central

portion of it is very bright, being mostly of crimson and blue in large masses, while the group of the apostles is dark and shadowy. It was a long time before I could understand the meaning of this, until a few days since it occurred to me that its color plan might have been taken from a blue and red sunset, in which the group of apostles would appear in shadow, as people always do at evening between the spectator and the sun. The smoothness and ease with which it is painted seems magical. It is certainly a work of genius, but at the same time hardly an inspired work. As a whole it lacks creative freedom.

Another well-known Titian in the Venetian Academy is the *Presentation of the Virgin*, which has lately been criticised as wanting in religious feeling; but it is difficult to imagine how very much religious feeling could enter into an action so conventional. There is rather too much architecture in the picture for the size of the figures; and yet, with the necessity of filling a certain space, this could not very well be avoided. The group of aristocratic Venetians at the foot of the staircase is painted in Titian's best portrait manner. They are watching the ceremony with the air of connoisseurs; but the most interesting figure in it is a peasant-woman with her basket of eggs. Where have we seen that homely old woman before? Certainly she is very much like Michel Angelo's *Cumæan Sybil* in the Sistine Chapel. There will be occasion to consider this picture again, when we come to Tintoretto's treatment of the same subject.

The private letters of the great Italian masters, of which such a number have been brought to light lately, contain little that explains their methods of working, or their theories in regard to art. They are mostly concerned with plain, practical affairs, and may serve to dispel the illusion that artistic and poetic geniuses are by birthright unpractical, visionary, and eccentric. About ten years after the publication of Grimm's *Life of Michel Angelo*, another biography appeared, which was supposed by some to be better, because it contained letters and other documents which had never before been printed. They relate, however, chiefly to dry matters of business, and give little insight with respect to the higher life of Michel Angelo. A few pages of Grimm's fine criticism were worth the whole of them. So, now, we have Titian's letters before us, and there is enough in them of bad debts and the failure of his annuities from his royal patrons, but nothing that is of much value in the history of art. There is more sentiment in Napoleon's letters and despatches than in those of the shrewd Venetian. He seems to have been a hard creditor and perhaps avaricious, as Marshal Massena was, in spite of his splendid courage and military skill. But Titian would not have been complete unless he understood the value of property. It should be remembered in his favor that he never was paid a fifth, or, in some cases, a tenth of the true value of his paintings. Most of them are now held beyond all price, and it is doubtful if the King of Saxony would exchange the *Tribute Money* for Queen Victoria's Koh-i-noor.

Should Titian be blamed for wishing to make his family independent and enabling his descendants to enjoy the refined tastes which they inherited from him? This must have been a greater comfort to him in his old age than either his posthumous fame or the shadow of his former celebrity. He was a strong man, standing firm on his feet, not likely to be troubled by petty accusations. I wonder what he or Raphael would have thought of the following statement, which appeared lately in one of the cheapest of our periodicals—a money-making publication with slight claim to literary merit: "I do not think any man ought to live by an art. A man's art should be his privilege, when he has proven his fitness to exercise it, and has otherwise earned his daily bread, and its results should be free to all. There is an instinctive sense of this, even in the midst of the grotesque confusion of our economic being; people feel that there is something impious in taking money for a picture, or a poem, or a statue. Most of all, the artist himself feels this."

This is the sentimentalism of the nineteenth century, equally debilitating to the intellect and the moral sense. Away with such transcendental moonshine. How Shakespeare would have roared at it. As soon as an artist says to himself: "This picture of mine is immortal; I feel that it is the child of my genius,—how can I endure to accept gold or silver for it," he resolves himself into chaos, descends to the lowest depth of hypochondria. One reason why the men of the sixteenth century accom-

plished such grand results was that they never troubled themselves with these cobwebby fancies, but thanked God for their daily bread, in whatever way it came.

Genius never can be taught; but Titian might have made the best of instructors in painting, on account of his invariable excellence, his absence of mannerism, and rare combination of good qualities. It does not appear, however, that he had many pupils, or took much pains with their instruction. Vasari complains that this was owing to indifference on Titian's part, and blames him especially in the case of Paris Bordone, a very fine artist, and one exceedingly eager to learn, but who finally withdrew from Titian's studio, because he found that what he obtained there was not worth the cost.

The same accusation has been made against musical composers. Men of creative power do not like to give instruction, because it reverses the ordinary currents of their thought, and also because their minds are too much preoccupied with the designs they have in process of completion. Titian may have been unwilling also to impart the secret of his wonderful coloring to those who were likely to make too good a use of it. He certainly had a right to the fruits of his invention for a term of years; as Elias Howe had a right to his profits from the sewing-machine. Valuable secrets in art and in artificer's work were guarded as carefully in those days as the Russian method of curing leather is at present. Certain it is that Tintoretto was the only one of

Titian's pupils who could perfectly imitate his coloring; and we have considered the genius of Titian at such length since only thus could we fix with any exactness Tintoretto's starting-point in the evolution of painting.

CHAPTER III.

JACOPO ROBUSTI.

IT is said that once, while a number of philosophers were congregated in a hall, discussing that insoluble problem, the mystery of existence, a dove suddenly flew in at a window which happened to be open, circled round above the heads of the assembly, and flew out again at a window on the opposite side. "There," exclaimed one of the sages, "that is the symbol of human life. We come out of the darkness, flutter a moment in the light, and then disappear into the darkness again."

This simile would apply equally well to the advent of men of genius, who are more likely to make their appearance in unknown and little thought-of families, than among those already distinguished for talent and ability. It is true that Sophocles belonged to the royal family of Athens, and that military genius has not unfrequently been born upon a throne; but it is much more likely to arise on a rocky island, or in the quiet seclusion of a provincial town, blooming forth, like the century-plant, almost without premonition, in a single night. The mystery

that attaches to it is one of its greatest fascinations. Yet if we were able to trace back the hidden currents of thought and character through the genealogical tree, should we not find some explanation of this sudden and surprising development,—some family inheritance carefully guarded and treasured from one generation to another, something felt and suspected, rather than actually realized as an actual possession; too precious and mysterious to be spoken of? Is not the reserve and secretiveness, which so often accompanies genius itself, an inheritance? "Why," cries Ruskin, "this cruel reticence of our greatest minds?" Perhaps if they were to divulge their secret, their magical power would disappear with it. How long did nature retain her precious secret that this earth was intended as a residence for man; and yet the prediction was involved in the first fish that swam the seas.

The fortunate possessor of the talisman at last, is he who inherits all the strong qualities of his ancestors without their weak ones. For what does genius consist in so much as completeness? A man may possess the lyrical gift in full measure, and also have a faculty for fine language, and yet, if he lacks clearness of perception, delicacy of feeling, a lively fancy, imagination, and sound judgment withal, he never can become a great poet. Another may be able to draw easily and correctly, but if he lacks application and imagination, if he has a hard, barren nature, with but slight sense of beauty in form and color, and but little skill in composition, he will never make a good painter. This is what the

word signifies. A genius is one who possesses the qualities of his race, or his class, in a pre-eminent degree.

One of the best English sculptors of the present day is the son of a marble worker, and he gave early promise of his talent, by the dexterity with which he carved the lettering and ornaments on gravestones. It seems natural, therefore, that among several thousand chances there should also be the son of a dyer who was endowed with a remarkable talent for painting. When or where, exactly, Jacopo Robusti was born will probably never be known. No investigations have succeeded in discovering more than the name and occupation of his father. Who his mother was, or his grandfather, or where they dwelt, and what sort of people they were, and where the dye-house was situated, are questions that will always be asked in vain. Neither are we better informed with regard to his descendants. Although at least two sons survived him, we hear no more of the Robusti family, and every one in Venice says it is now extinct. It is possible, however, after the decay of Venetian commerce, and the consequent collapse of Venetian industries at the close of the seventeenth century, that they emigrated to Milan, or some more prosperous community on the mainland. Thus the Robusti family came out of the darkness, was illumined for a time, and then disappeared in night and oblivion.

The only authority of value in regard to the life of Tintoretto is the Chevalier Carlo Ridolfi, who came into the world just as his favorite master was

leaving it, and who could, therefore, never have known him personally, or even perhaps have been acquainted with his sons, who must have been already advanced in life. He is better known for his biographies of Venetian artists than for any pictures that he painted of his own—resembling in this and some other respects, the Florentine Vasari. Lanzi, Zenetti, Zabeo, and other Italian art writers all follow after Ridolfi in regard to the facts of Tintoretto's life, though they frequently differ from his estimate of Tintoretto's works. He had not the good fortune, like Vasari, of being a contemporary of the great men whom he describes and personally acquainted with them, but his book has nevertheless a positive value, both on account of Vasari's unfinished statement of Venetian art and from his decided preference for the Florentine painters. If it were not for Ridolfi, we should know little or nothing of some of the brightest lights of the Venetian school.

Fortunately, he is a sincere writer. We feel this in reading him, as we feel that Vasari is sometimes willing to take the risk of an erroneous statement, and prefers afterwards to insist on his own correctness, rather than gracefully acknowledge a mistake. It is not to be supposed that his writing belongs to a high order of literature, for literature was not his profession. His style, however, is pleasant, sympathetic, naïve; and when the subject of his short biographies is an interesting one, his account is very good reading. Occasionally he succeeds in giving quite an original and ingenious turn to his expres-

sion. He does not attempt, like so many other writers of the second class, to conceal himself behind his composition, but frankly discloses his character and temperament. A large portion of his book is necessarily devoted to an enumeration of different works of art, which he varies at times with philosophical reflections on art and the life and character of artists—some excellent, and others more or less commonplace. He knows nothing of the modern form of art criticism, as we find it in Kügler, and Crowe, and Cavalcaselle, but his remarks on the masterpieces to which he refers are generally sensible, judicious, and instructive. We like this ingenious, warm-hearted Italian, who is so ready to admit the superiority of his predecessors.

He is not, however, a penetrating critic. To enter deeply into the spiritual life of a great artist, the sanctuary, where his poetic designs are conceived, requires a cultivated delicacy of introspection, like the visual training by which the naturalist learns to make use of his microscope. Ridolfi never went far in this direction. Neither is he altogether impartial. His admiration for Tintoretto, both as an artist and a man, is much to his credit, but his praise often takes on the color of a panegyric, and we should guard ourselves against following him too far in this direction. He also repeats statements which could only have come to him by tradition, without, in most cases, referring to any authority, and positively as if he had been an eye-witness of the circumstances. This adds much to the dramatic effect of his narrative, but should be a warning against our placing a

too credulous faith in it. That he was himself fully satisfied of its truthfulness, there can be no doubt.*

Ridolfi lived in a period of Venetian history when the decay of national prosperity had brought on the whole community those evil effects which Byron describes in the death speech of Marino Faliero. There was no work for anyone, except house servants and gondoliers: idleness had brought with it vice, and crime: misery was wellnigh universal; for even the wealthy, whose means had been greatly reduced, could not be considered rich, so heavy were the taxes, and so exacting the demands of charity. Ridolfi must have felt this without quite understanding it, for it was the element in which he was born and brought up. It gives a tinge of sadness to his biographies, which finally conclude with the most pathetic confession concerning his own life. He says: "Long were my labors, scant my reward, hard my profession, many the vexations, small the human discretion; I found teachers envious, rivals numerous, pretenders many, friends few, the world a liar, and hope delusive,—founded on vanity and empty air."

This is the echo of a national tragedy. It comes from the tightening of the coils of fate, and poor

*I cannot learn that Ridolfi's book has ever been translated into English, except in some detached passages. It seems to me a more valuable work than Lanzi's, especially in this, that it was written by a professional artist and not by an amateur critic. It would be a worthy and profitable undertaking, now that public interest in Venetian painting is at a high pitch, to render it into our language. The edition of 1648, one of the earliest, was a most sumptuous publication, worthy of Aldus himself.

human nature is not responsible for it. In the individual, a moral decline is not always coincident with the loss of material possessions. Why, therefore, should it be in a nation? Yet it is a sad spectacle when a prosperous and cultivated family are suddenly compelled by financial bankruptcy to struggle against necessities to which they are wholly unaccustomed; and how much more pitiful when a great city, or a whole nation is placed under the ban of adversity. Turner's affecting picture in the National Gallery of the *Decline of Carthage*, in which the setting sun shines on groups of noble men and women, all listless and despondent, might have been termed with equal truth the Decline of Venice.

Vasari has little to say of Tintoretto, except that he was an amiable and remarkably versatile man, much given to music, but as a painter, bold, obstinate, and perverse. It is not likely that Vasari knew much about him or he would have made a more complete and, we will hope, a more appreciative statement. Ridolfi, indeed, refers to a severe and, as he thinks, unjust criticism by Vasari of Tintoretto's earlier pictures, but where he came across such a statement is quite a mystery, for nothing of the kind has come down to us in Vasari's published writings. It is not improbable that Vasari depended on Sebastian del Piombo, or some other Venetian resident of Florence, for his opinion of Tintoretto, but whence Ridolfi drew his information about Vasari, nobody can tell.

The *Abate* Luigi Lanzi was a Florentine writer on art, who lived nearly a hundred years after Ridolfi—

that is, in the early part of the eighteenth century. He has never been considered a distinguished authority, but his observations have value, because they indicate the best opinion of a period mediate between Vasari's time and our own. The passage already quoted from him in regard to Titian is of a keenness and brilliancy somewhat above his usual level. Such passages are not so common in his writings as they might be. In his account of Tintoretto he follows closely after Ridolfi with respect to the facts of his life and after Vasari in the opinion of his character, adding a criticism of his own, which would appear to have been founded on too slight an investigation. The space and consideration which he devotes to Tintoretto are hardly worthy of the subject.

To return to Ridolfi, then, he begins as follows: "Jacopo was born in Venice, scene of so many marvels, in the year 1512.* His father was Battista Robusti, a Venetian citizen and a cloth dyer, from which circumstance the son received the cognomen of Tintoretto. While still a boy, he began to draw upon the walls of his house with charcoal, frequently also employing colors from his father's dyes, and although his figures were puerile, they were not devoid of grace. His parents were agreed in desiring to cul-

* According to the record of Tintoretto's death, preserved in the church of St. Marcilian in Venice, which states that he was seventy-five years and eight months at that time, he must have been born some time in September, A.D. 1518. When we consider the years in which his different *chef-d'œuvres* were produced, and also the birth year of his youngest daughter, we perceive that this is more likely to be correct than the date commonly assigned.

tivate this natural inclination, and he was placed with Titian, being received into his house among other youths and permitted to copy some studies of the master. But when the latter, returning after a brief absence, saw some papers, covered with drawings, peeping out from under a bench, he asked who had executed them. Jacopo, being the author, and fearing that his work was incorrect, said rather timidly that he had done them. Titian, foreseeing from such beginnings that the boy might become a great painter, and interfere with him in his art, lost patience, and—so active in the human breast is the little worm of jealousy—after going upstairs to lay aside his mantle, he ordered his pupil, Girolamo, to dismiss Jacopo from his house, so that the latter, not knowing wherefore, was deprived of a master."

The story of Titian's unfair treatment of the young Robusti, reminds us at once of what Vasari says of his somewhat similar behavior towards Paris Bordone; but it also suggests the experience of Ghirlandajo with the young Buonarotti. The truth of the matter may lie between these extremes. We ought to be so much the more cautious as to accepting Ridolfi's statement in its fulness, because it is made with so much confidence and such circumstantial accuracy of detail. The story seems to have been current in Venice, and believed there without opposition. Dr. Hubert Janitschek, who has made a careful and thorough examination into the lives of the chief Venetian painters, considers the whole anecdote highly improbable. Titian, he avers, might perhaps have been jealous of a promis-

ing rival in his art, but it is hardly conceivable that he would feel in that manner towards a boy, no matter how precocious. The query naturally arises, if Jacopo Robusti was expelled from Titian's studio while he was still of tender age, when and where did he learn the art of painting? Schiavone may have confided to him the secret of Titian's coloring, but Schiavone was little more than a household decorator, and Tintoretto could not have learned much more from him than skill in the mixing of paints. We do not hear that he studied under Palma Vecchio, or any other well-reputed master. That he should have offended Titian by some act of gross negligence is not more likely than that the breach between them occurred as it is here set down.

All accounts agree that Tintoretto was of an ardent, tempestuous nature, and a young person in whom such a temperament is united with strength of character, is usually a most difficult subject to deal with. The instruction of genius is no sinecure, at best. We do not think better of Michel Angelo for having corrected his master's drawing, nor was Ghirlandajo to be blamed for resenting such a slight upon his dignity and reputation. That Jacopo, with his original and inventive turn of mind, should finally have come into collision with Titian is by no means to be wondered at, and the form or occasion of the occurrence is comparatively unimportant. All the maxims of art which Titian had invented for his own guidance, and which had become to him conventional or irrefragable rules, his great celebrity,

increasing wealth, and association with men of the highest rank, were so many barriers to prevent him from assimilating with a youthful and different type of genius.

The trouble between them is more likely to have been caused by a difference of opinion than by jealousy or any sordid motive. The separation may have taken place at a later period than Ridolfi supposes, and the objectionable drawings may have contained an ambitious attempt to improve on some of Titian's own designs. Racine had a similar difficulty with Corneille, and Schiller also encountered at first no very friendly reception from the august Goethe. At all events, we have only one side of the testimony before us, and should give Titian the benefit of a judgment deferred.

At what age Jacopo graduated from the workshop of his master is, therefore, uncertain, but it was evidently not until he had become well grounded in the principles of his art. The intervening years from this time until he appeared before the public as an accomplished painter are externally almost a blank. It was, however, the critical period of his life,—his internally constructive period, in which he studied, and struggled, and fought against himself; nourishing the spark of genius, until it blazed up into a resplendent flame. It might be compared to the same period in the life of Demosthenes, when he copied Thucydides seven times, and shaved one side of his face to avoid the allurements of fashionable society. The daring ambition of young Robusti knew no limit. Whatever others had accomplished

that was finest and greatest, this he would surpass. Like Raphael he wished to unite in himself all the virtues of his predecessors. Whatever was excellent in other artists he would appropriate: the beauty of the Venetian school should be grafted on the Roman. Fortunately he was endowed with a strong constitution to bear the strain of all this; and the honest old dyer must have supplied him generously with his ducats, for the course of training which he prescribed for himself was such as no modern painter even dreams of. It fairly gives one a touch of sentiment to think of this handsome, manly youth, so amiable, sociable, and fond of music, secluding himself in his own study, and working industriously while the gay crowd went continually by his window. Hear Ridolfi again:

"The disgust which filled Jacopo's mind is easily imagined; yet as affronts of this sort are often keenly stimulating to gentle souls and inspire them with noble resolutions, so Jacopo, moved by generous disdain, although only a boy, resolved in his mind the means of continuing in the course he had begun. Knowing the worth of Titian and the honors universally heaped upon him, he carefully studied that artist's works, together with the reliefs of Michel Angelo (reputed to be the father of design), and strove in every way to become a painter. Thus by the aid of these two divine lights which painting and sculpture render so illustrious in modern times, he made his way to the wished-for goal; it being only wisdom, while on a difficult road, to provide one's self with a sure guide to point out the

way. And in order not to depart from the resolve he had formed, he wrote on the wall of his studio the following inscription: '*Il disegno di Michel Angelo e'l colorito di Titiano.*'

"He then set to work to procure from many sources, not without great expense, chalk drawings from antique marbles, and sent to Florence for the small models made by Daniello da Volterra of the figures on the tombs of the Medici, *i.e.*, those of Dawn, Twilight, Night, and Day. These he carefully studied, making an endless number of designs by lamplight, in order to acquire, by means of the strong shadows thus produced, a vigorous manner of depicting objects in relief. He also reproduced with charcoal and water-colors on tinted pasteboard, the hands, arms, and torsos which he had collected, putting in the high lights with chalk and white lead, learning in this manner the current forms for the needs of his art.

"He was possessed of sufficient acuteness to know that in order to become a great painter it was necessary to make his designs from well chosen reliefs, rather than confine himself to a close imitation of nature, whose productions, as has been said, are for the most part imperfect and of unequal beauty. He went on his way, sagely observing that the idea of the skilful workman is to make use of the beautiful in nature, and to supplement her deficiencies in his work, so as to give her an appearance of completeness. By steadily copying and studying the pictures of Titian, he established his method of coloring, whence it arises that many pictures painted in

his best period retain the style of the earlier master, with the advantage of some observations acquired through study: and thus, following in the footsteps of the great masters, he advanced with rapid strides towards perfection.

"He also applied himself to the drawing of figures, to which he gave grace of movement, representing them in various attitudes and often greatly foreshortened. Sometimes he dissected corpses, in order to see the action of the muscles, comparing what he had observed in the reliefs with nature, learning from the first correctness of form, and from the latter harmony and tenderness. He moreover acquired facility in his drawing by constructing little models of wax or clay, and dressing them with pieces of cloth, suiting the folds of the cloth to the outlines of the limbs. He then arranged these figures in little houses and perspective (boxes) made of wood or pasteboard, with little windows fitted into them, in order to obtain his lights and shadows. Other models he suspended by threads to the beams of his room, so that he might observe their effect when seen from below and be able to make the foreshortenings for friezes and entablatures. In this manner he conceived fanciful designs, the records of which were afterwards preserved in the storehouse of his wide-ranging thoughts."

Even if this account be taken as somewhat mythical—that is, if we consider it a mixture of the facts of Tintoretto's custom and Ridolfi's theory of instruction, it still remains the most complete statement on record of the methods of study employed

by a painter of the sixteenth century. For young Robusti to have imported casts and models of Florentine statues to Venice, in those days, when transportation by land was so costly and difficult, was certainly a significant piece of enterprise. In the prevailing condition of Italian politics, one or two wars might have been declared while his merchandise was on the way, and his baggage wagons appropriated by the Dukes of Milan or Ferrara. It was not more than ten years since Francis the First arranged with Benvenuto Cellini for the first casts from the Apollo Belvedere and other celebrated antiques that had been seen in Paris. That they could not be obtained in Venice is in itself a sufficient explanation of the lack of ideality in Titian's and Giorgione's figures—especially the lack of grace in Titian's Venuses. Here was a long stride towards the amalgamation of Florentine and Venetian art; and the example set by Jacopo Robusti has remained in force to the present time.

Leonardo da Vinci had already recommended to beginners in art to study from the best antiques in order to obtain a perfect sense of form, and also from living models, in order to escape from the coldness and hardness which result from continual copying of marble and plaster. The pictures of Mantegna, who was the first to make Greek sculpture useful in Italian art, suffer irremediably from this last defect. His *Christ* in the Berlin Museum, otherwise a very noble work, looks like a human being who has just been turned to stone. Leonardo himself succeeded in escaping from it, but Buonarotti, who was a sculp-

tor by profession, could not fairly be expected to do so, and Tintoretto retained traces of it in various works almost to the close of his life. Reminiscences of his study from statuary appear in one place in the grouping of his figures, in another perhaps as a portion of a single figure, or as a lack of tenderness in the expression of a face. Sometimes when it has been obscured by the warmth and delicacy of his coloring, it will be brought out again in the brown shadows of a photograph.

I believe the last shadow of this fault is to be met with in the back of his beautiful *Euphrosyne* in the Anticollegio of the Ducal Palace, painted in or about the year 1577, while its companion piece, the *Bacchus and Ariadne*, is without a blemish. In his *St. Sebastian*, who is represented already stone-dead, as the phrase goes, it would seem to be not altogether inappropriate. Titian would probably have designated this as a dangerous method of instruction, but Tintoretto acquired from it a skill in drawing and a perfect mastery of the human form, such as has never been surpassed but once, nor equalled by any Venetian whatsoever. His figures are more Hellenic than Raphael's, and their postures as original and striking as those of Michel Angelo. It is in his most ideal compositions that this statue-like appearance oftenest comes to the surface, which is what might be expected.

The motto, the drawing of Michel Angelo and the coloring of Titian, is well known to people who have either forgotten, or have never been informed of Tintoretto's proper name. It has rather a startling

sound, and has often been derided by art critics, who have considered it impossible to combine such widely separated extremes. This depends, however, on the significance in which we accept it.

The Italian *disegno* may be translated either as "design" or "drawing." Now design is properly the mental conception of a picture which precedes the drawing, and to which the primary sketch, often roughly and hastily executed, is the nearest visible approach, so that in some instances a superior design may be compatible with quite indifferent drawing. Sculptors and painters, however, dislike metaphysical subtleties, and there are few things so unpleasant to their sight as a book on æsthetics. There is more than one reason, therefore, for believing it was the drawing and not the design of Michel Angelo that Jacopo Robusti intended. The dull, autumnal color-tone of Buonarotti is remarkably well suited to the grand, primeval creations of the Sistine Chapel—we could not wish it to be otherwise,—and where Jacopo approached the same class of subjects, as in the *Death of Abel*, he always made use of sober and even dusky colors. Nothing could be more unsuitable for a subject like the *Creation of Adam* than the warm, sensuous, life-like hues of Titian, because they bring us too close to the event, and leave nothing for the imagination. The very idea of it reminds us of the stained statues of Venus and Eve by the English sculptor Gibson.

Tintoretto never imitated Michel Angelo's style, though there is sometimes a pleasant reminiscence of it in his drawing—in an outstretched arm, per-

haps, or the foreshortening of a torso—what no charitable person would think of calling an imitation. If we are to judge therefore of the meaning of this motto by the example of his works, we would suppose that he intended by it the cultivation of a spirited and expressive outline, such as Michel Angelo first set the example of, united with a warm and life-like tone of coloring; that is, the best drawing and the best coloring in one. In his *Miracle of St. Mark* he has succeeded in reproducing Titian's color with the most admirable drawing; and in a number of other pictures he has united the drawing of Michel Angelo with a color at least as good as Titian's though in a different style. Rubens also combined a more brilliant coloring than Titian's with the most rigorous and expressive drawing, and the two seem to be exactly suited to each other. Tintoretto never followed after the physical extravagance of Michel Angelo, but kept prudently within the bounds of possible humanity. If he anywhere indulged in colossal fancies, they are to be sought for among the ruins of his *Last Judgment* in Santa Maria dell' Orto.

The question naturally arises, whether Tintoretto visited Florence and Rome during these underground years of self-instruction, or at any later period. It would seem as if either his enterprising spirit or his admiration for Michel Angelo would alone have been sufficient to carry him thither, but there is no record that he ever passed beyond the frontiers of the Venetian state. Italians have never been much given to travelling, each being satisfied

with his native city, and thinking it the finest in the world, and why should any one belonging in Venice, and having enough to occupy him there, desire to leave it, even for a temporary absence? If Tintoretto went to Rome at all, it is more likely to have been at this time, in pursuance of his studies, than after he had become celebrated, for the sake of being entertained by cardinals and princes. It would be more in accordance with his character.

The influence of Leonardo's treatise on painting is visible in Jacopo's darker reliefs and may have suggested to him the little figures in wax and clay and their houses. We do not hear of this elsewhere in the history of art, and his biographers all make a special point of it, as if it were quite original with him. He could acquire in this way practical experience of three different kinds.

First; he learned to reproduce the effect of artificial light, for which he afterwards became especially noted. It was by this kind of rather superficial skill that he achieved his first victory over public opinion.

Secondly; he thus learned the art of grouping figures in composition. It was easier to do this on a small scale than on a large one; and his marionettes could be moved about more quickly and satisfactorily than living models could be in the same manner. By the use of artificial light he also became accustomed to the use of deeper shadows and thus acquired a bold and effective chiaroscuro.

Thirdly; by suspending his images to the ceiling he was enabled to study the foreshortening in per-

spective of figures from below, a science very useful in the representation of angels and other celestial personages, and one hitherto little cultivated in Venice. And finally he practised himself in the drawing of elongated figures to be placed high up on the walls of churches and public buildings, so that they might appear of the right proportions when seen from below. Nothing can give a clearer sense of the difficulties an historical painter is obliged to contend with, than the fact that he has to consider in such cases not only what expression his drawing will have in itself, but also how it will appear in a different perspective from that in which he paints it. It is not less of a triumph than that of the celebrated violinist, who, having broken one of his strings in the midst of a performance, finished the concerto successfully on the other three.

In such solid courses of masonry, did Jacopo Robusti lay the foundation of his art and his greatness as well. Having obtained familiarity with all the details of anatomy, perspective, light and shade, and the dramatic positions of the body, he was able to work henceforth confidently and quickly, for the most part without the aid of living models; and could therefore design his compositions with more freedom and originality. We hear little of his studies in anatomy but they must have been a most thorough preparation; to judge from the grace and suppleness of his nude figures and the great variety of attitudes in which they are represented.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY WORK.

"The hero is not fed on sweets;
Daily his own heart he eats:
The chambers of the great are jails
And head-winds right for royal sails."

NONE of the great artists of Italy suffered so much from lack of encouragement, patronage, and appreciation as Jacopo Robusti; and this, no doubt, had its influence in determining the bent of his genius, which was always more or less serious, and often with an undertow of deep pathos. Especially in early life, when we should expect him to be cheerful and light-hearted, many of his paintings have a decidedly grave, almost sombre, cast, which he did not escape from until better success crowned his efforts. He had no influential friend to advance his interests, and he was obliged, therefore, to push his way to the front very much in the American fashion. The ingenious devices by which he obtained satisfactory orders proves him to have been a person of business tact, and not without some shrewd information with regard to human nature.

The Roman pontiffs rewarded the artists who have given them distinction in a princely manner, though not beyond their deserts; and the Duke of Tuscany presented Benvenuto Cellini with a house in Florence, in return for his statue of Perseus; but there were no such beneficent patrons in Venice. The only support that art received there on a large scale, came from the government, and from the chief dignitaries of the churches. It is almost amusing now to read that the chiefs of the illustrious Council of Ten paid Victor Carpaccio five ducats, or about nineteen dollars, per month, like a house-painter, for his work in the Ducal Palace; and the dignitaries of the Church always considered that whatever was done at their request ought to be a semi-gratuitous contribution. Such fine largesses as Titian received from Charles the Fifth and the Duke Alphonso never fell to Tintoretto's share. He was even sometimes obliged to resort to arbitration to obtain his just dues. He worked for little, and often for nothing, apparently feeling satisfied if he could obtain an outlet for the pictorial ideas that crowded his mind. There is no record of a more unselfish devotion to an elevated pursuit.

Jacopo, therefore, being aware that no amount of knowledge is of much value without practical experience, began by offering his services to artists of the second class, who made a business of decorating benches in the piazza of St. Mark. In those vigorous times when spring beds were unknown, and even prelates galloped about on horseback, the place of the modern sofa was largely supplied by benches of

oak or other hard wood, with high backs, in a preceding age elaborately carved, but now left plain and smooth to be ornamented with arabesques, small portraits, and even pictures from sacred or profane history. Not only benches, but the panels of cabinets, the woodwork of fireplaces, and almost any piece of household furniture that presented a sufficient surface to paint a picture on was likely to be made use of in the same manner. Such was the fashion of the day. The artists who served for this superior kind of decoration would seem to have had a sort of exchange, or exhibition room, in St. Mark's Place and almost formed a guild by themselves. At the top of the profession was Schiavone, whose pictures, so little thought of then, have long since been distributed among the different museums. Jacopo attached himself to him, in order to follow in the footsteps of his former master, and offered his services as a free gift, in order to acquire the steadiness of hand that can only come from continual practice. In consequence of this, Jacopo's earlier pictures resemble Schiavone's in coloring, and a number of them have been mistaken for Schiavone's and so reported by different writers.

One of his first independant commissions was not unlike the escapade of a college boy, and we could wish that Ridolfi had given a more complete statement of it. Having learned that a new clock was to be placed in the citadel—probably the clock-tower at the gates of the arsenal,—he accompanied the workmen to whom the business had been consigned, and having made friends with the officer in

charge, Jacopo was permitted to decorate the face of the clock after his own fancy. We are not informed that permission was obtained for this from the illustrious Council of Ten, nor what they thought of the affair afterwards.

The first substantial return that came to him from such arduous efforts was helping Schiavone to ornament the palace of the Zeno family, near the church of the Crociferi. The Zeni were among the noblest of the old Venetian families; Renier Zeno having been chosen doge nearly at the time that Dante was born in Florence, during the heroic days of the Venetian doges. Next in order to Victor Pisani and Pietro Loredano, in the list of great Venetian sea captains, comes Carlo Zeno, who captured the great Genoese galleon, (the largest vessel that had so far floated in the Mediterranean, and, perhaps, like the *Great Eastern*, too large to be altogether manageable according to mediæval methods,) and divided with Pisani the honor of having finished the last desperate struggle between Venice and Genoa with a glorious victory for his native city. The family continued to be prominent in peace and war until the last days of the republic.

In the *Ca' de' Zeni*, then, Jacopo made his first appearance as a serious artist, painting the full-length figure of a woman on a panel in the ceiling, which gave such good satisfaction that he was soon afterward engaged to paint an historical picture with many figures on the side of the palace fronting the Campo San Paolo. The subject of this, *The Conversion of St. Paul*, is so characteristic of Tintoretto

that it seems as if he must have chosen it himself, and it is much to be regretted that such an early fruit of genius, even if immature, could not have been preserved, but at the time of Ridolfi's writing there were only a few patches of it left. Another work, which he performed with Schiavone's assistance, was the *Story of St. Barbara*, arranged as a frieze around the walls of a chapel, with a figure of St. Christopher in the opening above; but Ridolfi does not indicate clearly where it was located, and now nothing is known of it any more.

The easiest success in life usually comes from technical dexterity, united with quick wit and a docile nature. This appears to have been the case with Schiavone, who was somewhat younger than Jacopo, and yet had thus far taken the lead of him. He had, for the same reason, succeeded in retaining the favor of Titian, and this was no doubt of assistance to him. Such men are, however, like small yachts that sail about bravely in a harbor, but cannot venture on the high seas. After this commencement at the Zeno palace, we find the previous order of affairs reversed. The mental superiority of Jacopo now gives him the advantage, and he soon leaves his amiable friend far behind. He did not, however, forget Schiavone's kindness; they had been fellow-pupils together, and they always remained most excellent friends. It is reported that Tintoretto once said that it would be well if all other artists would follow Schiavone's example, though they would do ill not to design better than he did, which was perhaps as sincere a compliment as he deserved.

That Schiavone should have obtained the decoration of the library in the Ducal Palace in competition against Jacopo, appears like a just recompense of fortune, and also a fair decision, for he was the best person in Venice for work of that kind.

It is a pleasure to read Ridolfi, because he brings us closer to the time of which he writes than any author of the present day is able to. It is like listening to the tales of a grandfather. He says again: "But now let us briefly refer to the works which Tintoretto executed in the spring-time of his youth, and which gave promise of the more mature productions of his after years. At this time, the works of Palma Vecchio, of Pordenone, of Bonifacio, were renowned only in Venice, whereas universal homage was rendered to Titian; and it only remained for Tintoretto to make himself estimated at his full value—for practising one's self in public labors gives opportunity for further study and for advancement in the general estimation,—wherefore he shrank from no fatigue in overcoming those difficulties which usually beset the inexperienced. There is no path more difficult to traverse than that of virtue, all covered with stones and thorns; and the reward of noble effort is a breath of vapor, which nourishes not and soon disappears."

It is to be regretted that we cannot know more of the spring-time of this aspiring spirit. Scarcely anything remains to mark this integrating period of Jacopo's life. We are unable to trace the development of his talent through an interesting series of phases, as we can in the life of Raphael, until we

reach the perfect fruition of his maturity and art. That he painted smaller pictures at this time, portraits and imaginative pieces, there can be little doubt, but they have disappeared, and there is no way of identifying them, if they were to be discovered again. There are pictures in various galleries, attributed to Tintoretto, which do him little justice, and may belong to his immature efforts; but a close comparison between a painting in Dresden and another in Florence is quite impossible.

Ridolfi says: "In those days which may be called the happy ones of painting, there were growing up in Venice many highly endowed youths, who were making good progress in art and were accustomed to expose the fruits of their labors in the *Merceria*, in order to test the sentiments of the spectators. Tintoretto himself exhibited in this way the results of his communion with God and nature, and among the pictures thus shown were two portraits of himself with a bas-relief in his hand, and of a brother of his playing the guitar. These were painted by lamplight in so wonderful a manner as to cause amazement to all; and one gentle soul, inflamed with poetic ardor at the sight of them sang as follows:

> "Si Tinctorettus noctis sic lucet in umbris,
> Exorto faciet quid radiante Die?"

Literally translated: "If Tintoretto shines thus in the shadows of night, what will he accomplish when the radiant Day has risen?"

This is the first instance in which we hear of

Jacopo Robusti being called by the name of Tintoretto; though he may have received that cognomen when he first came into Titian's atelier. It would seem to have been already a title with which the public was familiar. In the days of Mantegna and Filippino Lippi, when painters worked for the glory of God and the holy saints and not at all for art or their own reputation, such theatrical effects of light were wholly unknown, nor do we hear much of them after this until a later period, the age of the eclectic school. They have their value, as sheep painting and still-life pictures have, and if Tintoretto could find no other way to attract the attention of the giddy Venetians, who will blame him for making use of this? Effects of light were a sort of stock in trade with him; and if this is to be considered a symptom of the decline of art, then so far Tintoretto shared in that decline. It cannot be denied that, unless taken as a specialty, as in Rembrandt's case, it indicates a lack of simplicity. There is no reason why an easel painting should be destroyed unless by a conflagration, and yet Ridolfi evidently did not know what had become of these two portraits.

Tintoretto is reported to have set a trap for his former master by painting a spirited historical scene and placing it on the bridge of the Rialto, where Titian would be certain to pass by it, sooner or later. There were of course plenty to inform him what so distinguished a man had to say of it, and the story goes that Titian was much attracted by it, and praised it warmly, without being at all aware who

was its author. Yet he may have perceived whence the picture came, and been only too glad to do Tintoretto justice for once.

He painted as Byron wrote poetry, in order to relieve his mind; at least there is no other way of accounting for the prodigality of his early work. Ridolfi enumerates quite a catalogue of pictures produced at this time, for which he received, at the best, but a small remuneration. Their size and the number of figures they contained prove that they must have been struck off with ease and rapidity; sometimes no doubt with too much haste. To the Church of Mary Magdalen he gave an oil painting to be placed in the square above the frieze, representing Christ discoursing to the penitent saint, and in the opposite square another of the Magdalen receiving the sacrament from St. Maximian at her death; subjects of the very finest, which do not appear to have been repeated by any other painter of the first rank. One cannot help referring here to the coarse power of Titian's Magdalen in the Pitti Palace, a savage creature of whom nothing better was to be expected than a brief, emotional repentance, and also to Murillo's Magdalen in Madrid, with dishevelled hair and the skull beside her. Any one can perceive the superiority of Tintoretto's conception, but how far his performance equalled it, remains in the dark, for this also has gone with the rest.

Ridolfi gives a long list of works executed during the first seven years of Tintoretto's manhood, but they are little more to us now than the catalogue of warriors which Homer recounts as being slain by

Diomed and Achilles. They are only names to us, but they at least indicate that he was engaged on an elevated and interesting class of subjects, very different from those that Titian was at work upon about this time, and those of Bellini before him. Two of them are peculiarly significant, both on account of their character, their great size, and the conditions in which they were painted. About the year 1546, he painted *Belshazzar's Feast* in fresco on the façade of the house of the ordinary men at the Arsenal; and this is noteworthy from its being the first of Tintoretto's works to which Ridolfi assigns a definite date. Now if we accept 1512 as the time of his birth, he would at this juncture have been thirty-four years old, with comparatively little to show for it for so active, enterprising, and rapidly working a person. This is the best, and perhaps as good a reason as we require, for preferring to accept the later date referred to in the necrology of St. Marcillian. Ridolfi writes in a glowing vein of the merits of this fresco, and the public enthusiasm when it was first displayed. It was, no doubt, a highly dramatic work, with a great many fine and characteristic figures; and when we consider the dismal list of subjects with which he afterwards adorned San Rocco, we cannot regret too much its premature disappearance.

For fifty years past, Venice had been the scene of a perpetual Belshazzar's feast. The luxury, the splendid establishments of the nobles, their gorgeous entertainments, the revelry of young aristocrats, as well as the pomp of state ceremonies and processions, had been constantly increasing, while the

political importance of Venice and the national prosperity were rapidly declining. The government treasury was empty, while the income of the nobles and of wealthy plebeian families was only exceeded by the most prosperous period of Venetian history. The Grand Canal, as it appears now, was built up chiefly during the sixteenth century, and the largest private palaces in the city were begun at this time, and many of them still remain unfinished. The fashion of decorating the fronts of houses was an index of the levity and thoughtlessness that resided within. The costumes of men and women, so simple and graceful in the fourteenth century, had been growing more and more flamboyant during the past hundred years. The richest velvets and brightest colored silks were worn alike by both sexes. The heels of ladies' shoes were of a surprising height. We use such costumes now for masquerades, and that is what they are the proper exponent of. Meanwhile the Venetian navy, the sole protection of the state, was declining both in efficiency and the number of its ships.

Too much importance has been attached to the evil consequences of the League of Cambray. Venice suffered from the coalition, but quickly recovered most of the territory that she was deprived of by it; while the other powers engaged in that piratical alliance were all obliged to pay dearly for their cupidity, one after another. Her pecuniary loss was enormous, but a prosperous community will usually recover from the severest war-debt in the course of fifteen years. How much solid property there was

in the state may be known by this, that, in one of the later exigencies of the republic, the sale of patents of nobility at fifty thousand ducats apiece was taken advantage of by no less than seventy families. Now there is no city of the United States, except New York, where such a transaction could be effected, even if people cared for titles as much as formerly. If Venice had possessed a spirit in 1540 like that of Prussia in 1810, the state might have preserved its eastern empire, or even improved upon it.

For at that time its empire was still four times as large as that of Athens during the reign of Pericles. Besides its possessions in the mainland of Italy, it owned the coast of Dalmatia, the Morea, Cyprus, Crete, and nearly all the Grecian islands. The peril of the republic lay at Constantinople. The Turks had seized Rhodes, Tenedos, Negropont, and were preparing for fresh aggressions. They had the advantage of being close to the scene of action, and their land forces were equal to the power of France or Spain; but they were no match at sea for the naval tactics of the Italians. The Venetians were no longer obliged to maintain an expensive mercenary force and pay General Colleoni twelve hundred ducats a month; their Italian territory was now protected by the jealousy between the Austrian and Spanish branches of the Hapsburg family; and by concentrating the energy of the state on one point, they might have supported a fleet that would have swept all opposition from the Mediterranean. When the final struggle came, they fought with desperate valor, but they were not properly prepared for it.

No nation can afford to waste its substance in long-continued revelry. There were reflective and serious men in Venice, who saw the handwriting on the wall and trembled for the future. Tintoretto must have been one of these. A man who is true to himself is a patriot of necessity, and with his ardent and deep-toned nature, how could it be otherwise? Painters and musicians express their feeling in their different arts. We do not hear that the Illustrious Ten rewarded him suitably for his work at the Arsenal. We can believe that, disgusted at their frivolity, he went to the Arsenal and set up a protest and warning to his degenerate countrymen in the very birthplace of Venetian glory.

After this, having heard that a new palace was being erected near the Ponte St. Angelo, he was determined to decorate it, and went to the padrone to offer his services. He met, however, with a cool reception; the owner had no intention of ornamenting his façade, but finally accepted Tintoretto's proposal to do the work for the cost of the colors. Here he represented a cavalry battle on the lower portion, and above it an historical scene with many figures (but the subject already forgotten an hundred years later), with beautiful female figures like Caryatids in the narrow spaces. The action of the knights was so spirited that it appears to have been remembered after the work had been obliterated; and however much we may deprecate painting the outside of houses with works of genius, it may be admitted that the effect in this case must have been magnificent. It is easy to imagine it.

There are a number of easel pictures in various galleries out of Venice attributed to Tintoretto among which a good many may be set down as of doubtful authenticity. A few of them, perhaps, belong to this formative period of his life, but the comparative examination of them is difficult and would hardly repay even a connoisseur of infinite leisure. I remember a picture somewhere ascribed to Tintoretto, with a mule or a donkey in it—it may be in Florence, but I cannot recollect—which struck me at the time as being a youthful production. It was of a light, dusky-brown tone, and not especially interesting. His *Madonna with St. Mark and St. Luke* in the Berlin Gallery might be classed with it, or perhaps have been painted a year or two later. In the Prado at Madrid there is a *Chaste Susanna*, a daring picture, but of stainless purity, which I am inclined to ascribe to his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year. The expression is noble, but it is not drawn with a free hand. The only picture in Berlin that does Tintoretto justice is the one containing three half-length portraits.

In the Venetian Academy there is a *Madonna* ascribed to Tintoretto, standing statue-like on a pedestal, with devotees kneeling on either side, while a semicircle of cherubs without bodies are suspended like lanterns around her head. We might suppose that this juvenile design was the artist's first independent effort had he not been Titian's pupil, and if we did not know, from certain evidence, that it could not have been painted until after his sixtieth year. It is doubtful if he ever touched a brush to it.

We have now arrived at the authentic works of Tintoretto,* and after so much has been lost there still remains enough to make, and as some think, to unmake, a great reputation.

In the Venetian art of the sixteenth century we meet with a certain class of religious subjects which are peculiar to that city, and representative of the time. In Florence we find the religion of domestic life—holy families, and social congregations of saints; in Rome, the glory of the Christian church—the victory of Constantine, and the acts of the apostles; but in Venice, scenes of pageantry, wedding feasts, processions, and presentations. Of this not very religious description of painting, Paolo Veronese was the head master, and in his hands it became still less religious. He certainly carried it to a pretty high pitch, and it is not surprising that he was summoned before the Inquisition to give an explanation of the levity with which he treated sacred subjects. Neither does it seem to me that the reproof which his judges administered to him was wholly undeserved.

Tintoretto could not escape the prevailing tendency any more than the son of a millionaire can escape the influence of inherited wealth, but wherever he had to deal with this element he infused into

* Yet we must not neglect to mention his fresco on the little house of a dyer, presumably a friend of the Robusti family, representing Ganymede carried aloft in a state of nature by Jupiter's eagle, a serio-comic subject which always provokes a smile from one sex and sympathetic anxiety from the other. "He did not," says Ridolfi, "portray a tender, delicate boy, such as the poets describe to us, but rather a strong, muscular fellow, and yet with so much feeling and spirit that the figure could not have been more powerfully painted."

it the earnestness of his own nature. With him ceremonial splendor was always subordinated to some spiritually human quality, which outshone it as daylight does the brightest chandelier. His *Wedding Feast at Cana* is not attractive as a banquet scene, but for other reasons.

In the modest little antique church of Santa Maria del Carmine, near the *Campo Margherita*, we suddenly come before a painting, which will naturally astonish any one who sees it for the first time, for it is almost a Titian and a Raphael united. "Why," he says, "have I never heard of this?" In fact there is no more faultless picture between the Alps and the Apennines, and few that are less celebrated. It may not be more perfect than the *Europa* of Veronese, but it attains to a higher kind of perfection. It has not the fascinating grace of Raphael, but it possesses the ideality of Raphael, which is something much better.

The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple.

It is difficult to imagine a more perfect composition than this. The Madonna, with full, womanly dignity, but with an expression of tenderness and religious humility, supports the infant Saviour, while the high-priest, a splendid-looking old man, bends forward to receive him with equal gravity and tenderness. The Saviour is not represented as prematurely intelligent, but full of life and eagerness at the recognition of the high-priest as a spiritual instructor; Joseph stands at one side, leaning easily on a stick, and resembles strikingly Raphael's Joseph

in the *Holy Family* at Munich, but is somewhat older, and has a more intellectual expression. It is the finest Joseph that I know of anywhere. Next to him stands a handsome lady with a Florentine face, bright and keen-looking, holding two white doves in her hands; and a group of eight or ten spectators, mostly in shadow, complete the circle.

The Virgin is not especially beautiful, but classic regularity of feature in her position would have looked somewhat cold. Tintoretto, therefore, concentrated all his force upon her throat and breast, which seem to glow with a light reflected from her child. At the right of the high-priest, that is, on the left of the picture, is one of Tintoretto's characteristic figures, a young mother with her babe. She is looking upward, with an expression so pure, naïve, loving, and altogether womanly, as to captivate every spectator. There is no female figure in the Vatican more original, or painted with more delicacy. The composition is well balanced, without effort, or evident intention, and everywhere carefully and soberly painted. In coloring, it is better than Schiavone and not quite equal to Titian. The general hue is a rich golden brown, lighted in places with brighter tints; a tone well suited to the cheerful gravity of the subject. The figures of the high-priest, of Joseph, and of the woman seated with her babe are among Tintoretto's best; but they are all free, graceful, and lifelike. There is, however, something better in it than its perfection as a work of art, and that is the moral and intellectual quality of Tintoretto himself.

The *Presentation in the Temple* is mentioned by Ridolfi as having been painted previous to Tintoretto's work in the Arsenal, which would place it somewhere about his twenty-sixth year. Later writers mention it as the earliest, or one of his earliest works, still extant in Venice; but here we have the artist in the full maturity of his powers. There is not that boldness of design in it which is characteristic of the middle period of his life, but neither does it show any signs of youthful tenderness or timidity. We do not discover in it signs of his preparatory studies, the use of artificial light, and drawing from plaster casts, which appear intermittently until his sixtieth year. According to this clue, it would seem likely his *Fall of Man* and *Death of Abel* belong to an earlier period than the *Presentation in the Temple;* but there is a boldness of design and originality in coloring in those two pictures which properly mark the transition to a later style. I am inclined to believe, on the whole, that Ridolfi is right, and the fact only causes us to regret the more the disappearance of all preceding paintings. From internal evidence, one would suppose it had been executed on Tintoretto's return from a visit to Florence; as his *Last Judgment* may have been after a subsequent visit to Rome. The only works by Tintoretto which resemble it closely are the *Miracle of St. Agnes* and the group of saints in the left-hand upper corner of his *Paradise.*

For the church of San Benedetto he painted a number of pictures, of which only two now remain, the *Annunciation* and the *Woman of Samaria.* These

resemble the preceding not a little in their coloring and the quiet grouping of the figures, and are well worth visiting, though not so decidedly works of genius and inspiration. We are informed that they were painted about the same time as the *Presentation*, and this would seem to be quite likely.

There is no picture of Raphael's, except his *Entombment*, painted at or before the same age, which is a match for the *Presentation of Jesus*. It ought to have made Tintoretto famous, and yet it did not. He was obliged to wait seven years longer before obtaining the celebrity he so well deserved. He could not say, as Dr. Johnson did in London two centuries later:

> "Slow rises worth, by poverty oppressed,"

for he does not appear to have suffered from poverty. Either he had inherited a good maintenance from his father, or the old dyer, proud of his son, and especially of his own foresight in regard to him, still supplied him generously, yet the situation could hardly have been satisfactory. Neither could he, as Titian had, years before, threaten the government with deserting his native city, to seek employment and better patronage in Rome, for the pillage of that city by Bourbon and Orange had spoiled it as a centre of the fine arts; and, though Paul Third had brought about a temporary revival, Rome never became again what it had been under Julius and Leo. Milan was in possession of the Spaniards, and, in fact, everywhere except in Venice and Florence, the despotism of Charles the Fifth was crushing out

local independence, and with it all intellectual and artistic life. Titian still reigned in Venice, and it was not until his powers commenced visibly to decline, that Tintoretto came at last into public favor.

It is highly probable that he made the journey to Rome about this time (perhaps with the hope of obtaining better commissions), for the next paintings of his we meet with indicate such a style as can hardly be accounted for, except by some foreign influence. The muscular Ganymede in the house of the dyer may also be explained in this way. Ridolfi says:

"Nor did he cease his efforts to become known as the most daring painter in the world; so he now offered himself to the Holy Fathers of the *Madonna dell' Orto*, for whom he proposed to paint two large walls in the *Cappella Maggiore*, occupying a space fifty feet in height. The prior laughed at the idea, and, thinking that a whole year's income would not be sufficient to pay for such a piece of work, declined the offer. Tintoretto, without becoming disheartened, replied that he would ask nothing for his labor, and required only a guaranty of the cost. Upon reflection, the wise prior decided not to let such an opportunity slip, and made an agreement with him for a hundred ducats. When the professors saw that Tintoretto was engaged for so important a work, they began to scoff at him; and surely no further attestation of his merit was necessary, since love of art reduced to such an extremity can only suffer injury, not inflict it."

The Church of the *Madonna dell' Orto* is at the

extreme north of Venice, looking across to Murano and the Tyrol. Titian's residence and garden were not far to the west of it, and Tintoretto now lies buried in its precincts. Next to St. Mark's, it is the finest of Venetian churches, having been built at the close of the fourteenth century, when Gothic architecture was at its prime. The height of the wall, in the chapel referred to, will give some idea of its dimensions; and it is remarkable also for the exquisite carving of its windows. There are half a dozen points of view within it, which tempt the amateur draughtsman or colorist. As a rule, Venetian churches are not highly pictorial; but this and St. Mark's are exceptional, though the gloomy grandeur of *San Giovanni e Paolo* and of the *Frari* is well suited to the sepulchral monuments which they contain. The trip in a gondola from St. Mark's Place to the Dell' Orto, either outside by way of the Arsenal and English Garden, or under the Bridge of Sighs, and through interior *Canaletti*, is one of the pleasantest.

The Last Judgment, and the Worship of the Golden Calf.

It would be well if engravings or photographs of these two immense pictures could be circulated freely in England, America, Australia, or wherever the descendants of Hengist and Horsa are dominant, to instruct them what a continuous worship of the golden calf for several generations may finally result in. Certainly there is a spiritual connection between the two subjects; and it is significant that they were

chosen by the artist himself, and not by the priests of *Santa Maria dell' Orto.* They might indeed have served as a warning to the materialized Venetians of that day, and to all others who are likely to fall into that chasm hereafter.

Both these grand pictures have been repainted and to a certain extent spoiled as works of art. This, however, may be said of restoration; that a partially injured picture may be carefully touched up in places, especially in the drapery and shadows, to very good advantage sometimes. This prevents it from having a dilapidated appearance, and those portions which are still well preserved appear to better advantage. Repainting a picture wholly changes its character; it ceases to be the work of the original artist, and becomes that of some other person. It is a rule on board ship never to allow two sailors to braid the man-ropes, for the difference in style will be noticeable even at some distance. How much more will this be the case in a picture or a statue.* In the present instance, it was certainly better to repaint the pictures, so that we can at least see what Tintoretto's designs originally were, than to permit them to remain in the patchy and partially effaced condition that Ruskin found them in when he wrote *The Stones of Venice.* They are at least interesting now in the manner that Kaulbach's huge historical pictures in Berlin are interesting; and they serve to mark an era in the development of their

* For this reason I do not believe that the Laocoön, or any other fine statue could have been sculptured by any two or more artists, as stated by Pausanias, or some other ancient writer.

author's genins. Their metaphysical quality is of a high order.

The *Worship of the Golden Calf* is the more real, original, and interesting of the two. It has also the advantage of being in somewhat better preservation, several of its most important figures still remaining almost as Tintoretto left them. There is a slight amount of mannerism in it, but, as a whole, it is a powerful work. It has an invigorating effect upon the spectator.

The way in which Tintoretto idealized his subject is worth noticing as an illustration of his own character. He has not represented a calf on a high pedestal, surrounded by kneeling worshippers, whose faces are distorted by brutal superstition, while an angry Moses is dashing the tables of the law down from above; but the calf is being carried in a festal and joyous procession, ornamented with gold chains and precious stones. In the distance are seen the tents of the Israelites with many of the occupants resting or lounging in front, while the procession winds around the base of the mountain which Moses has ascended. What more delightful subject could there be for a painting, or one which would better develop the possibilities of art, than a procession winding about the base of a mountain? Four stalwart men support the idol on a marble slab, while a number of women are seated on a ledge of rock to see the procession pass. One woman, an exquisite figure, is nursing her child; others are taking off their ornaments as an offering to the false deity, whose praises are being chanted by a group of

artificers in front. High up in the mountain Moses is seen receiving the ten commandments from Jehovah, surrounded by a group of angels to whom distance lends enchantment.

The calf is almost the best piece in the picture. Except for its color, one might suppose it had been painted from a live animal, instead of a statue. It is every inch a calf. Tintoretto had a poetic faculty of humanizing animals, and this one seems to say: "Good friends, do you know what a fool you are making of me?" It is as if the social order were inverted, and some clownish fellow selected to preside on this highly important occasion. He knows that he is out of his place and feels more foolish for being conspicuous.

The strongest and handsomest men would naturally be selected for carrying the idol, and the difficulty of supporting such a burden, would give rise to striking and original positions, which Tintoretto has not failed to take advantage of. It is doubtful if Leonardo, or any other, could have improved on his drawing here. The originality of this group is not less than its perfection, and the figures remain still almost uninjured. There is a slight reminiscence of Michel Angelo in the drawing of the lower limbs, but this may be on account of the unusual strain which is brought upon their muscles. We admire the full-bearded man in front for his magnificent figure; and in advance of him there is another bending over to lift the chains and jewels in the basket; but we like still more the beardless youth, who walks behind, and is looking up at

Worship of the Golden Calf.

Moses on the mountain, his face radiant with "the new birth from above." He still supports the calf, but idolatry exists for him no longer. After him comes a majestic woman, much admired by Ridolfi, pointing forward with her arm, but with her head turned towards the throng that presses behind. She is a priestess, and her attitude is that of sacerdotal authority. The drawing of the whole group has that calm, inevitable repose which indicates the acme of art.

Who, now, are the men that are bearing this burden? They are somewhat idealized, but they seem like portraits. They have the look of artists about their eyes. The sacristan will tell you that the foremost is Tintoretto himself; the next to him, *Paolo Veronese*; the youth in the rear is Giorgione, the young, the beautiful, the glad, while the priestess was painted from Tintoretto's wife, and Titian is hidden on the other side of the calf. Yes, this broad-shouldered, deep-chested man, a finer figure than any Hercules or Apollo, is the master himself, and, if his face were not somewhat injured, it would be the best portrait we have of him. However, the next carrier, also full-bearded, with the dark, imaginative eyes, cannot be Paul of Verona, for Paul at this time was barely twenty-one. He resembles Rubens somewhat, but Paris Bordone still more, and no doubt was intended for Paris Bordone. The third carrier, with the upturned face and spiritual expression was evidently copied from the earliest portrait of Giorgione; and the fourth may well be intended for Titian, though all we can see of him is a

bearded lip and a pair of herculean legs. His being hidden in this manner has perhaps a moral significance; but they are a glorious group, and no other painting in Venice, or perhaps in the world, can boast the like of them. Tintoretto appears here as if he were about thirty-one or thirty-two.

The priestess is incomparable, and Ruskin told the sacristan that only Raphael or Tintoretto could have drawn such a figure. It is barely possible that she was a portrait of Tintoretto's wife, though he does not seem to have been married till after this time.

There is something of mannerism in the attitudes of the women who are seated on the rocks above, as well as in the folds of their dresses, and this is the only fault I can perceive in this mighty work. They do not recall the manner of Michel Angelo so much as that of Bernini, and may be considered as prophetic of his breezy statues. In the left-hand corner of the picture, however, there are two women, one seated and the other bending over her, who recall the Sistine Chapel most vividly. The one who is seated is, in form, attitude, and very nearly in dress, the Libyan Sibyl, taken from a different point of view. There is no mistaking it. This ought to be sufficient evidence that Tintoretto visited Rome not long before the production of these works, both of which are remarkable for their intellectual power, and indeed are more like Tusco-Roman than Venetian paintings.

This is Ridolfi's description of the *Last Judgment*:

"The subject of the other painting is the *Last Judgment*, in which are represented the terror and

despair of that dreadful day. In the upper portion stands Christ as Judge, the Virgin and St. John kneeling before him, and the penitent robber with the cross upon his neck; on the other hand the religious virtues, the means of defence against divine wrath. Upon the clouds, somewhat retired, the saints are seated; in the centre angels are ascending and blowing their trumpets to awaken the dead for judgment. On the left side is seen a multitude of men and women, falling precipitately, pursued by St. Michael's brandished sword. And, as Tintoretto wished also to show the resurrection of those whose graves were in the water, he had the singular idea of representing in the distance a river filled with bodies tossed about by the waves. He further depicted the boat of Charon, laden with the damned and conducted to the Inferno by demons, resembling wild beasts and impossible monsters; and, wishing to show the manner of the resurrection of the bodies, he painted some, standing near by, who had already returned to the flesh; others have death's heads, and rise from the earth with leafy branches sprouting from their arms; others leap from their graves in fury, and many, in the confusion, fall into the abyss, entwined with demons. Words cannot describe the prodigious invention here displayed, the wonderful attitude of the figures, the wild activity of the bodies, or the art shown in the movement of the river, for works of this sort can only be faintly outlined, not fully represented with the pen."

Tintoretto was rather too young yet to construct a *Last Judgment*. *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine*

Comedy were both written after forty. Goethe began to write *Faust* in his youth, but found he had not a sufficient measure of experience for it, and postponed the work till towards the close of his life. Still the picture has the grand manner, and must have required daring and fortitude for its execution. We feel that the man who could paint it might have climbed the Matterhorn, or led a cavalry charge at the battle of Leipsic. The composition does not resemble Michel Angelo's *Last Judgment*, except in a general way. Tintoretto might have conceived it all without going to Rome; but we find a nearer similarity in the drawing, and it must be confessed that in the frightful appearance of his demons he has surpassed all rivalry.

For covering two such enormous walls, he was paid less than seven hundred dollars, allowing for the difference in the purchasing power of gold. What assistance he obtained in executing them is not now known, but it could not have been much. He probably painted the greater part with his own hand, and, though he was the swiftest of all artists, two or more years at least must have been required for their completion. There is no evidence of haste about them, nor do they appear to have been anywhere slighted; though their coloring is supposed to have suffered from the use of a cheaper and less durable blue than ultramarine. They are full of fresh, vigorous intellect, of bright faces, and graceful attitudes. The gap in Tintoretto's life, from his work at Ponte Angelo, until he commenced the *Miracle of St. Mark*, or from his twenty-seventh to

his thirty-first year, is sufficiently explained by them. One would like to have been present at their first exhibition; to have seen the concourse of citizens and heard the criticisms and admiration; but they have long since gone away; and the only visitors to the church now are foreign travellers and a few pious Venetian peasants.

CHAPTER V.

THE ART CHARACTER.

" Beings by me shall still be known
Who make love, light, and life their own."
Faust, Part II.

THAT art has nothing to do with morality is a statement which Victor Cousin, the French philosopher, has been held responsible for, but many others have said it before and since his time. With conventional morality art has certainly as little affinity as conventional fashions have with it. Neither has it ever been the direct object of art to serve as a handmaid for moral problems or ethical formulas. It is not to be supposed that any lady would appear at her own table in the costume of Titian's innocent Flora, nor that the women of ancient Greece were as negligent of their attire as the Venus of Milo. Literature also has its Romeo and Juliet, the deceptions of a Mascarille, and the shrewd knavery of a Reineke Fuchs. The erotic verses of the Minnesingers are better poetry than the didactic Meister-song. " If I make a work of art," said Goethe, " the moral will come of itself."

This, however, is taking a narrow, limited, and even prejudiced view of morality. The morals of mankind are not to be defined by stringent rules or conventional prescriptions. The man who tries to live in that manner is in danger of becoming like an empty cask. Real morals are the best customs or habits of mankind, varying in different climates, races, and communities, fluctuating with the spirit of the age or the needs of humanity; not easily definable, more a matter of feeling than thinking; here decided and irrefragable, and there evanescent as clouds in the sky. The morality of a German is different from that of a New-Englander, and the New-Englanders again differ from the Virginians. Each thinks that he is correct and that the others are somewhat abnormal and eccentric. Now what do we know of the manners and customs of past ages, except through their art; their literature, sculpture, and painting; and does not this prove, if other proof be wanting, the close relationship between art and morality, taken in its broadest sense? Is not even the Apollo Belvedere a moral image, making always the impression on us of a culture that is superior to clothes?

Yet underneath the best habits and customs lying close to the fountain head of human intelligence is the transcendental sense of right and wrong, which is continually criticising, correcting, and amending custom, so that it is again and again brought into serious and obstinate conflict with conventional morality. It is this repeated schism and reconciliation between the internal life of man and its formu-

lated expression which constitutes religious history. It was the conflict of the Saviour against Jewish traditions of morality, and the struggles of his disciples against Græco-Roman tradition that formed the perennial subject of mediæval art. The more profoundly the artist realized this fact, and the more perfectly he represented his realization, the higher is the estimation, generally speaking, in which he is now held.

Art originates in imitation, but if it were nothing more than that, it would have little value. Even the most realistic art possesses a quality not to be found in that which it represents. The hand of man gives it immortality,—or at least permanence of form. In nature all things are mutable: only mind endures. A beautiful rose is painted so that its likeness may be preserved after the flower has faded. Family portraits serve to teach children how their ancestors appeared. Unless a landscape retains some transitory effect of light or shade, it has little value. So we ascend to those rare expressions of the human face or attitudes of the body, like Caravaggio's *Card Players* or the *Discobolus of Myron*, which painters and sculptors perpetuate for hundreds and thousands of years. When this purely objective kind of art is united with remarkable skill, it possesses a high value, but the highest it can never have.

The next step comes when the artist begins to infuse his own personality into his work. When, in crossing an Alpine glacier, we come upon three stones placed one above the other, we recognize

that this has happened by no freak of nature, but that human agency has placed them there for a guide or warning to us. We are cheered by the signal in that desolate waste, and go on our way rejoicing. So the carved paddles of the Pacific Islanders are interesting, because they indicate an attempt of those rude savages to escape from a life of mere physical wants into a better kind of activity. The development of personality in Italian art, from Cimabue, who had none of it, to Michel Angelo, in whom it was most powerful, is, as the student traces it from one generation to another, like the gradual unfolding of spring into summer. We notice that it goes hand in hand with progress in workmanship, and the discovery of perspective, the knowledge of anatomy and chiaroscuro. The progress is not always a regular one; Giotto, who gave it the impulse, had more personality than some of his successors. In the old Byzantine pictures there is none at all, nor could there be under a civil and religious despotism that everywhere crushed out individuality. Grimm observes quite rightly that on the gates of the Baptistry at Florence, which were designed near the beginning of the fifteenth century, while the flowers and animals are imitated to perfection, the faces and forms of men and women have not yet acquired complete individuality. They are in the process of emerging from a general type, a transition from the generic to the specific, but the personality of Michel Angelo is so powerful that it overawes his technical skill.

The personality of the artist, however, must be a

pleasant one, or it excites curiosity instead of admiration. This was the case with Gustave Doré, who astonished the world thirty years ago with his original and prolific designs, but the public has long since ceased to take an interest in them, because the man himself had not a superior nature. Once on coming out of the Doges' Palace, after a morning's study of Tintoretto's *Paradise*, I noticed in a shop window, on my way across the Piazza, two photographs from French paintings then very popular, one called *The Man Who Laughs*, and the other *The Man Who Weeps;* and I was horrified at the ghastly personality which I perceived in them. It seemed as if the possibility of another Reign of Terror lay concealed in those unholy creations. This may have arisen partly from an excited sensibility; but, to take examples of a higher kind, there are many who feel a prejudice against Rubens on account of his strongly sensuous flavor, and others dislike Corregio for the soft effeminacy of many of his creations. Though no impartial person would condemn Rubens and Corregio for such small peculiarities, it requires a certain amount of character in an artist to be purely objective, to keep himself out of his work. Yet there are many who have succeeded in this, even among the French.

To paint fine religious pictures it is necessary to have a religious nature; that is, not a pietistic nature, but to be profoundly respectful, with a clear sense of the underlying moral and intellectual *unity*. Raphael had this if ever a man had. So had Perugino, Albert Durer, and Gian Bellini. I have

said before that Goethe's songs and ballads could only have emanated from a pure and beautiful soul. Let it be said again, there are passages in *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister*, which for fine religious feeling surpass anything in *Paradise Lost*. So it was with Raphael.

A love of harmony lies at the base of every artist's character. If this is born in him, it soon becomes the corner-stone, to which all his activities are correlated. According as the feeling is stronger or weaker, he rises or sinks. He finds discord and confusion without him and within, and his sensitive nature is constantly irritated by this. He finds himself unable to remodel the actual world, so he constructs an ideal dominion of his own. The form which this tendency now assumes will depend on the other gifts and peculiarities of his nature. He may express himself either in sound, or color, or language. If he becomes an orator he will attempt to remodel civil institutions. In this manner the artist builds up his intellectual life as bees cumulate cells upon cells. No good poetry was ever derived from a love of rhyming, or a good painting from fondness for pretty colors. Such tastes, as is well known, are often very misleading.

The superior artist ought not to be a specialist, but a man of wise culture and diversified interests. He should learn from other arts beside his own; as Ridolfii says, poetry should play the part of eloquent painting, and painting of silent poetry; he should find interest in new inventions, strange discoveries, the news from foreign countries, and great

political movements. Everything beautiful will of course be clear gain to him. Tales of patriotic devotion, of heroic courage, and noble self-sacrifice will be his inspiration. He should study Plato, like Shakespeare and Raphael. He cannot know too much, so long as knowledge does not interfere with faithful work. Emerson says:

> "He must be musical,
> Tremulous, impressional,
> Alive to gentle influence
> Of landscape and of sky,
> And tender to the spirit-touch
> Of man's or maiden's eye;
> But, to his native centre fast,
> Shall into Future fuse the Past,
> And the world's flowing fates in his own mould recast."

The contrast in the first book of the *Iliad* between the sullen anger of Achilles and the furious rage of Agamemnon has frequently been admired, and there is a similar contrast in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* between the gay and light-hearted Rinaldo and the grave and solemn Tancred in his suit of dark mail. There was the same difference between Tintoretto and Michel Angelo. The lives of both were possessed with that deep religious earnestness, that uncompromising sincerity, which led Emerson to speak of Michel Angelo as the conscience of Italy. They were each a compact of intense feeling, united with great physical energy; men who would necessarily follow out their own destiny, or dash themselves to pieces against any obstacle that might be in the way. Yet in the two men this fiery impetuosity expressed

itself so differently that, while they were more alike than any other two artists that we know of, to a superficial consideration they appear as dissimilar as possible. Michel Angelo, who had the stronger character of the two, studiously controlled the force within him, and this self-control was the cause of that reserved and taciturn behavior for which he is so well known. Tintoretto, on the contrary, often gave full rein to his vehement feeling, and allowed it to carry him as far as his otherwise prudent and sensible nature could possibly permit him. This explains the terrible energy with which the one sometimes attacked his marble, and the desperate manner with which the other threw himself into his painting. Fortunately they possessed exceptionally strong constitutions, such as could not easily be worn out.

Tintoretto was called Furioso by the Venetians, on account of this trait. He grappled with the work before him as if he were fighting the Turks, and only those who had experienced this concentration —the life-and-death struggle—could understand him. Vasari's saying, that he possessed "the most singular, capricious, and determined hand, with the boldest and most extravagant and obstinate brain that had ever yet belonged to the domain of painting," may fairly be attributed to Titian's influence, and is just the way that a cool-headed, unimaginative person regards such a character. Vasari, who for some mysterious reason passes by Tintoretto with a very brief reference, less than what he has given to many a third-rate painter, seems quite unconscious

that this statement would apply quite as well to Michel Angelo, whose genius Vasari considers beyond the reach of criticism; yet there were thousands of people in Florence and Rome at that time who looked upon the works of the Sistine Chapel as little else than the production of a bold, extravagant, and obstinate brain. There are plenty more in our own time who hold this opinion of him.

It is this union of intense feeling with moral energy which founds an heroic character. It is the same spirit which filled and electrified Luther, Cromwell, Joseph II., Mirabeau, Charles Sumner. Fortunate he who possesses it and is not destroyed by it; which is likely enough to happen unless it be joined to a well balanced mind. When heroism is engrafted on a person of weak judgment, it sometimes results in the most pathetic of catastrophes.

I have seen an engraving of the young Tintoretto, but who the engraver may have been, or where the portrait now is from which it was taken, my most diligent inquiry has failed to discover. However, I believe it to be genuine from the shape of the forehead and the general contour of the face—a long oval with a full English chin and short beard. It represents him with a frank, manly, open countenance, clear-eyed and full of decision, yet refined and unusually sensitive. Such a tender, tremulous mouth shows plainly that he must have felt keenly and suffered deeply. The face bears a decided resemblance to the carrier who is supporting the golden calf already referred to, but suggests a person perhaps ten years younger. He is a handsome, intelligent,

amiable-looking fellow; quite a pleasant contrast to Titian's shrewd, keenly scrutinizing countenance.

By far the finest portrait of him, however, is the one painted by Paul of Verona, in his great *Wedding Feast* in the gallery of the Louvre, where Tintoretto appears playing the viola. Here we have a strong, resolute looking man, about forty years of age; a figure conspicuous beyond all others in that splendid assembly of European notables. He stands out from all the rest of the assembly like a marked man—a veritable Agamemnon. In every feature and in every limb is seen the union of strength and symmetry. It seems as if here, at last, we had come upon the perfect man, physically and mentally, and that nature, for once, had expressed her internal life consistently in the outward form. He is evidently a whole man and not a fraction of one. He looks like a soldier, and no doubt he had that in him, as well as many other possibilities that never were developed. He might have been another Carmagnola if his inclination had not fortunately led him in a different direction. The contour of his forehead in this and all his other portraits resembles that of Michel Angelo. Others have observed this, but perhaps it has not been noticed before that the drawing of his right knee and foot is nearly identical with that in Michel Angelo's Moses, a double tribute to the correctness of the sculptor and the observation of the painter. It is the attitude of firmness, and the fact that he is playing on a musical instrument adds to its expression. Tintoretto himself was equal to the finest of his own designs.

Otherwise, we find him to be one of the highest kind of men of whom we have any knowledge. There is no stain on his character at any period of his life, nor any reproach of youthful indiscretion; none at least has come down to us. Even his impetuous ardor, which sometimes carried him beyond the limits of conventional politeness, does not appear to have led him into situations which he might afterwards repent of. Vasari, besides many others, has testified to the amiability of his nature, and his charming social qualities. He lived in a large, generous manner, trusting in his own strength and abilities to provide for the coming years, but at the same time without extravagance or ostentation. His devotion to his profession has already been referred to; a devotion in itself as noble as that of the patriotic statesman or the philanthropist. Above all, what is rare enough among the brotherhood of artists, he was evidently superior to either jealousy or vanity, and even when commissions were few and difficult to be obtained in Venice, he still remained in friendly and cordial relations with his nearest competitors. His friendship with Paul of Verona is nearly as unique in painting as that of Goethe and Schiller in literature. It is much to his credit that his love of music, of which he was himself a skilful performer, was not of the convivial sort.

Of his sincerity, purity, and refinement, his pictures afford the best evidence. You feel that in looking at them for the first time. He is no sentimentalist, nor does he shrink from the plain facts of life, but he represents them with a delicacy rare

enough in those times. He could not have painted a picture like Titian's Magdalen, nor would he, like his friend Paul, have represented one of Christ's apostles picking his teeth at a dinner party.*

If he was obliged, as in the *Miracle of St. Mark*, to paint a tyrannical oppressor, he preferred to represent him as a narrow-minded man, hardened by conventional usage, rather than a savage and low-minded brute. His purity and refinement of feeling are most conspicuous in the elevated types of his women †—in his *Ariadne*, his two *Eves*, his group at the foot of the Cross, and even in the *Magna Pecca-*

* *Inquisitor*—That fellow dressed like a buffoon, with the parrot on his wrist—for what purpose is *he* introduced into the canvas?

Paul—For ornament, as is usually done.

Inquisitor—At the table of the Lord, whom have you placed?

Paul—The twelve apostles.

Inquisitor—What is St. Peter doing, who is the first?

Paul—He is cutting up a lamb to send to the other end of the table.

Inquisitor—What is he doing who is next to him?

Paul—He is holding a plate to receive what St. Peter will give him.

Inquisitor—Tell us what he is doing who is next to this last.

Paul—He is using his fork as a toothpick.

Inquisitor—Were you commissioned by any person to paint Germans and buffoons and such-like things in this picture?

Paul—No, my lord. My commission was to ornament the picture as I judged best, which being large requires many figures, as it appears to me.

[From Mr. Edward Cheney's *Collection of Documents Relating to Venetian Painters.*]

† There are a few curious exceptions to this, which will be considered in due course; but compare his *Adam and Eve* with Marc Antonio's wood-cut of the same subject, said to be from a design by Raphael.

trix. There was an almost feminine tenderness of feeling in him.

His single fault as an artist was a disposition to haste; and yet that did not prevent him from finishing some pictures to an almost miraculous perfection. But he was impatient of small work, and especially of indifferent work. If an insignificant man, or a dull, spiritless woman came to him for a portrait, instead of making the best of a bad situation, he would reproduce them as still worse than they were. He was ambitious of great achievements, and wished for large opportunities. He liked to draw figures the size of life, or even larger, and a great many of them. The side of a house was not too broad a space for him to work on. His imagination was not always poetic, but it carried him forward in a mighty current, and often to the highest pitch of excellence.

An American poet has celebrated the heroism of the scholar, which he could do with better grace, since he was barely a scholar himself; but the heroism of the true artist goes beyond that. Both have their seasons of discouragement, when they feel unequal to the difficulties before them; as if they were in a dense forest, shut in by doubts, with no pathway of escape between the darkening trees. The scholar, however, can accomplish much by perseverance alone, whereas to the artist, perseverance is rather a dangerous friend. He must watch himself as carefully as the astronomer watches the condition of the weather when taking an observation. He cannot trust himself wholly when the *tramontana* is blowing. Neither will it do to give up his work

always when his mind is weary and lassitude sets upon him. He must control himself sufficiently to maintain a lively interest in spite of fatigue, and yet decide resolutely when it is the time to stop. He must cultivate all the imagination that he can, all the passion that he can, and yet keep it well in hand during the most fiery moments of composition. The severe training by which he has acquired his skill of eye and hand, though replaced in part by facility of execution, must still be maintained till death or old age arrives to tell him that his work is over. "If I neglect practising a single day," said von Bülow, the pianist, "I notice the effect on my playing; if two days, my friends notice it; and if three days, the public notices it." When the artist feels that he has lost his mental tone, no creature can be more miserable, and he has to regain it by study, exercise, and self-denial. Every great undertaking is for him an ordeal that he dreads, and after it is over, he looks back upon it as a soldier does upon a battle which he feels he could not fight again. This continues to be true for him even after the demand for great enterprises has become a craving of his nature.

Every good painting has a right to its existence, but its ultimate value will depend on its effect on character. A marvellous piece of imitation challenges every one to be more painstaking, correct, and truthful. If a shoemaker sees it, this will tend to improve the quality of his shoes; and so, even from a single example, its influence penetrates a wide circle. Still more does an ideal work of art,

which sets before us an example of superior manners and elevated virtue. Why is it that we are so stimulated by the unexpected sight of a fine portrait? It attracts us like the presence of a celebrated person. If you place it in a shop-window, a crowd will collect about it, and every man will go away feeling better for having seen it. Can this be accounted for by the admiration for technical excellence? Still deeper is the impression made by an historical picture painted with adequate feeling and skill, especially if the subject be a religious one. Titian's *Tribute Money* is more popular than his *Venuses*. Here, then, we see the importance of character in the artist himself. It is the sincerity of Tintoretto, a sincerity so innate as scarcely to be conscious of itself, which casts the light by which we view his painting.

CHAPTER VI.

ONWARD.

IN the Academy of Fine Arts there are two paintings of twin size, hanging on either side of Titian's *Ascension of the Virgin*. One is the *Fall of Man*, and the other the *Death of Abel*; and they are supposed to have been painted by Tintoretto near or during the time he was at work on the *Last Judgment*; and they are evidence of an entirely new and original color treatment, such as had not appeared before in Italian art. Of a grave, almost sombre tone, something between Rembrandt and Velasquez, they prepare the mind of the spectator for the seriousness of the subject. Their sobriety is attractive and restful.

The death of Abel is always a painful subject; for, as he was not a Christian, he could not, according to mediæval thinking, receive the martyr's crown, although no saint in the calendar deserved it more. The tragedy thus remains unrelieved by any spiritual compensation, and Tintoretto could not have safely deviated from this treatment. Cain could not be punished for his crime, for in that case the human

race, in theory at least, would have come to an end. It is a solemn fact that crimes have still to be condoned for the good of the community. Even a king of Prussia was unable to punish the minister who conspired with a foreign court against the welfare of his son. Such a painting possesses an intrinsic nobility, even if the subject is unpleasant.

There are pictures that we admire and others that we love; and in the latter class Tintoretto's *Adam and Eve* deserves one of the highest places. The difficulty of representing our first parents so that they may be agreeable to the demands of modern taste is almost insuperable, and we must take a deep plunge, as Schiller says, into classical antiquity in order to become *en rapport* with them. In dealing with this problem Tintoretto has certainly succeeded more cleverly than Raphael, whose design is generally known through the small woodcut of Marc Antonio Raimondi. He has placed Adam with his back toward us in the foreground of a delightful landscape, and Eve opposite to him with some sprays of alder across her lap. This arrangement is not too artificial, for she already holds the apple in her hand, and with its possession comes the consciousness of modesty. Her figure is not especially graceful but rather heavy, and in her limbs we notice for the first time the effect of Tintoretto's study from Volterra's casts. The expression of her face is that of a wilful girl who follows what she considers her destiny, in spite of the warning of her parents to the contrary; and her *coiffure* would make the fortune of a Paris hair-dresser if he had wit enough to

imitate it. The belief is gaining ground now that Eve was, after all, in the right, and the expulsion from Paradise was properly a rise in life. Certainly those who have lived in an earthly paradise at any time have usually found advantage in being driven out of it. Almost anything is better than a life devoid of objective interest.

The head and back of Adam are very expressive. It seems as if this were the only back that had ever been painted; every muscle, rib, vertebra, and hollow are represented, but none of them obtrusively. He looks like a large boy who has just come out of the river and is drying himself in the sun. His attitude and figure are indicative of a good-humored simplicity. A leering face in the bark of the tree (which Eve clasps with one arm) is suggestive of the serpent.

Each of these two pictures is the best of its kind. Their tranquillizing influence must be due to their color tone rather than to such diverse subjects. The true lover of art will return to them after completing the circuit of the gallery, and find comfort in them. They are unique; and, so far as I know, Tintoretto never painted in the same style again. The nearest approach to it is his *St. George and the Princess* in the Ducal Palace.

The Miracle of St. Mark.

Tintoretto was now almost midway in the journey of life, and as yet had not obtained more than a foothold in it. He had outlived Giorgione, and

had not yet acquired either fame or popularity. A change, however, was at hand, and the direction from which it came was the Guild of St. Mark, in whose fraternity, according to Ridolfi, he had influential relatives. They commissioned him to paint a picture, nearly twenty feet in length, of the miracle of St. Mark rescuing a devout slave from torture and death. This gave such good satisfaction that they immediately enlarged the order to include three other subjects from the life of their saint, namely: a ship of the infidels rescued by St. Mark in a storm; the body of the saint disinterred from the church in Alexandria; and the transportation of his body to Venice.

It is related that after Tintoretto had stretched his canvas in the place assigned for it in the guild hall, and had drawn the figures of his design upon it, a certain number of the members, who formed a sort of clique, expressed much dissatisfaction with the design, and even made an effort to have the contract abrogated. There were not wanting foolish persons to inform Tintoretto of this fact; whereupon he immediately rolled up his canvas in great wrath, and had it removed to his own house before any vote could be taken. By such precipitate action he brought the brotherhood to their senses, and stirred up no little indignation against the faction who had created this disturbance. A committee was despatched to the artist to extend apologies and entreat him to return to the work. This, however, they found it difficult to persuade him to do, and it was not until after several weeks' time and a

good deal of small diplomacy, that he complied with their request.

The first of this quartette was very much the best, and is now preserved in the Academy of Fine Arts. It is to be feared that in this instance, as sometimes afterwards, the prospect of much to do had an unfavorable influence in the perfection of Tintoretto's handling. From what Ridolfi says of the rescue of the infidel ship, it must have been a most interesting picture, but it has long since disappeared, and is probably secreted in the castle of some country nobleman of the quadrilateral, who does not appreciate its value. The other two have come into the possession of the king of Italy, and it is no longer easy to obtain a view of them, but to judge from the subjects this is no very considerable loss.

The *Miracle of St. Mark* is the most popular of all Tintoretto's paintings, and the pride of the Venetian Academy. This is probably owing to its lively action and the brilliancy of its coloring. It is twenty feet in length and nearly as much in height, and contains about thirty figures in the most varied postures. The picture is also remarkable for its easy, natural grouping. Its first exhibition was attended with much public excitement, and Tintoretto's merit was fully admitted on all sides. He became the centre of congratulations, not only from his friends and neighbors, but from distinguished visitors in the city, and others who had hitherto treated him with indifference. It made an epoch in his career. The clouds were at last dispelled, and his position assured to him as an artist of the highest rank.

The subject was a decidedly national one. A Venetian who has been captured and enslaved by Turks or Algerians, is condemned to torture and death for offering prayers to his patron saint. At the critical moment, however, St. Mark descends from the sky in a blinding flash of light, and the instruments of torture are shattered in the hands of the executioners—a glorious event if one could believe it. Tintoretto has chosen the dramatic moment when one of the infidels starts to his feet in astonishment to show his broken hammer to the judge, who, as is the habit of semi-barbarous countries, is presiding over the execution, ; while another, whose mind works more slowly, does not yet realize what is taking place. The judge himself appears half stupefied with surprise, and a number of Turks, men and boys, stand about in various attitudes of astonishment and curiosity.

No subject could give a painter much wider range of costume or variety of action, while it would tax his skill in foreshortening and chiaroscuro to the utmost. St. Mark appears turning over in the air like an eagle when he is about to catch the fish dropped by an osprey—so much so that it seems as if Tintoretto must have seen an eagle stoop on its prey somewhere in the mountains, and taken note of the action. It was this figure which so much excited the admiration of M. Taine, a critic whose opinions are always of value, whether in art or literature. He says of it (to quote from memory): "Here is a man head-downwards in the air, his clothes flying, and yet he does not appear unnatural

or more surprising than the occasion requires." St. Mark is certainly not more surprising in this instance than some performances we see in a hippodrome. For those, however, who prefer to see people standing on their feet, the turbaned Turk holding up the hammer is an equally fine study. It is, in fact, one of Tintoretto's best pieces of drawing, full of life and elasticity. Less than a quarter of his face is visible, but his attitude is expressive of astonishment from his toes to the ends of his fingers. It is also emphatically the figure of a Turk, moulded into its peculiar form by the religio-sensual life of his race.

Equally fine, and to one who considers the legend very affecting, is the captive Christian who lies on the ground like a patient on the dissecting-table, numb with apprehension and despair. The suppleness of its drawing, the muscles being all relaxed, is a contrast to the muscular tension of the Turk beside him. Many of the figures in the group are full of interest, especially a soldier in a tight-fitting leather jerkin, leaning over on his right hand, and a woman with a child in arms, who is as indifferent to the whole proceeding as if it took place every day. In the lower left-hand corner is a spectator who looks as if he had walked in from the nineteenth century—perfectly modern in expression, dress, and attitude. In the background is a fence and marble doorway which resembles the Rucellai Gardens, in Florence, and the sky-line is gracefully broken by pendant branches of a vine above. The only fault that can be found with it is one that has already

been referred to. A number of faces among the spectators look so much alike that it suggests immediately that they may have all been taken from the same model. However, this is not much, and we soon forget it in admiration for so many excellencies.

Its coloring is magnificent: fully equal to Titian at his best, and superior to that of any of Titian's larger works, excepting perhaps the *Madonna* of the Pesaro family. If we compare it with Titian's *Ascension of the Virgin*, which hangs very near, we see at once that Tintoretto's coloring, at the same age, is more refined than Titian's. As in all his best pictures, the color-tone of the *Miracle of St. Mark* is suited to its subject. The canvas glows with a sort of triumphal splendor. It is the perfection of brilliant coloring, and there is hardly another instance of it on so grand a scale. Its general tone is a golden brown inclining to chocolate; but there is no lack of variety in the different tints. It attracts the eye of the spectator immediately on entering the Academy. The light that emanates from St. Mark is not the conventional oreole sort, but such a strong, bright light as might be expected during the performance of a miracle.

The proximity of the *Ascension of the Virgin* affords a fair chance to compare Titian's drawing with Tintoretto's, and it is much to the advantage of the latter. The group about the Christian slave is natural, unconstrained, and full of animation. The men stand lightly on the ground, and occupy their places without premeditation. There is animation

everywhere, and the action of the different figures unites them in a harmonious whole. In the *Ascension of the Virgin*, the drawing of the Madonna may fairly be called perfect, but the attitude is not a difficult one. The cherubs are also well drawn, but they are not united in a definite manner. Each one is by himself; and the same is true of the Apostles. If one of them were omitted he would leave a gap in the picture, but would not break the chain. A more severe test, however, comes when we compare the Turk holding up his broken hammer with the Apostle, perhaps St. Mark, who is in a similar attitude. It has been supposed that Tintoretto in this instance imitated Titian's figure. If so, he certainly improved upon it. In one case we see a man full of life and elasticity, and in the other a model holding up his arms according to dictation. A close comparison of the lines and shading of their arms proves the advantage in Tintoretto's case of the thorough study of anatomy, and an accurate knowledge of the way in which different movements affect distension of the muscles; and this is wholly without effort or ostentation. When we look at the clothes of Tintoretto's figures, we know that there is a human body inside of them; but with Titian's we do not feel so sure of this. His forms have not the same resilience.

According to Lanzi, the *Miracle of St. Mark* was painted in Tintoretto's thirty-seventh year. If we accept, however, the later and more probable date of Tintoretto's birth, it would be attributed to his thirty-first year. If he had painted half a dozen

more like it, as he might have done well enough, his fame would have risen to the very zenith. Whether his failure to do so was owing to the lack of generous patronage, or to the idiosyncrasy of this rare master, it is no longer possible to determine. The *Miracle of St. Mark* is not, however, a work that appeals strongly to the heart, for there is not a noble, elevated countenance in the whole of it,—not one that we care for so much as we do for the face of the ascending Madonna,—and for such a subject it is difficult to see how there could be. It claims our admiration, and deepens our sympathy with suffering humanity; but it has no moral or intellectual lesson for us.

Ridolfi states that this miracle happened in southern France during the heresy of the Albigenses, a supposition that would account for the architecture of the painting much better than for the presence of so many Turks. In fact, it is difficult to distinguish who are intended for Turks in it and who, if any, may not be. The judge has features like a European, but there are many such among the higher orders of the Mohammedans, as might be expected from their Grecian concubines.

Tintoretto made at least two preparatory studies for the picture, one of which was presented by an English lady of rank to Charles Sumner in honor of his championship of the anti-slavery cause in the Senate of the United States; and never was a gift more appropriate. It was willed by Senator Sumner, not quite so appropriately, to his colored friend, Mr. J. B. Smith; and is now in the possession of

George Harris, Esq., of Boston, having been purchased of Mr. Smith's heirs for a paltry sum. Like all Tintoretto's sketches, it was hastily and forcibly executed, his object being, apparently, to obtain a transcript of the ideas in his mind so far as they concerned attitude and dramatic action, with but little regard for other considerations. Neither is there any hint in it of that brilliant coloring which is the chief glory of the finished picture.

FAUSTINA DEI VESCOVI.

The three great Florentines never were married. Art was their mistress, and they gave up their lives to her with unreserved devotion. Perhaps they were greater for this social self-sacrifice. Andrea del Sarto, who tried the experiment, made a lamentable failure of it; and the domestic unhappiness of Albert Dürer has become proverbial. Schaeffer's little book about him, called *The Artist's Married Life*, whether true or not, is a valuable study as showing how a man may be worried very nearly to death by his wife, without having any ostensible cause for complaint. In spite of all this, there is much comfort in knowing that the chief Venetian painters of the sixteenth century were all married, and, so far as we hear, happily married. It is in keeping with what we know of them otherwise, and with the human quality of their art.

When or where Tintoretto became acquainted with Faustina, the daughter of Marco dei Vescovi is uncertain. The Vescovi family is not to be found

in the golden book of the Ducal Palace. There is no palace of that name in the city, nor does any Vescovi appear in the annals of Venetian history. The conclusion is, therefore, that they came from some place on the mainland; perhaps near Padua, where Jacopo's brother was settled with his family; but nobody seems to know. The word means bishop, and as they could not very well have been descended from a bishop, we may presume that the name originated during that integrating period of Italian nomenclature, after the tide of barbarian conquest had subsided, and that the Vescovi family was one of the oldest. Otherwise Faustina is almost as mythical to us as the Fornarina. We do not even know the date of her death. She is said to have been the model for the priestess in the *Worship of the Golden Calf*, and served also for one of the ladies in waiting in Tintoretto's *Nativity*, but no authentic portrait of her is known, and there is no certainty about it. No doubt her husband painted her a number of times. We may suppose she was a sensible person, since she preferred a superior man who was not socially her equal.

Tintoretto was, therefore, fortunate in the two leading personal events of his life: in having a father who appreciated his talent and cared for him wisely; and in marrying a wife who appreciated his character,—for it is character which a cultivated young lady will naturally prefer to temperament or appearances. Tintoretto was not one of those dear fellows who are so convenient in a house, but have no public actuality.

During the greater part of his married life Tintoretto lived, together with his father-in-law, in the *Palazzo Camello*, or Camel Palace on the *riva* or brook of the same name. The rear of this building comes out on the *Canale dei Mori*, where there is a half-length statue of a Turk in a turban, and passes by the name of the *Casa di Tintoretto*; so that people sometimes purchase photographs of it under the impression that it is the house where Tintoretto was born. There is a medallion of Tintoretto and a partially effaced inscription set in the wall above the window of the *concierge*. The Palazzo Camello is a much finer example of mediæval architecture than most of those on the grand canal. It is sheathed in white marble, carved and ornamented with a chaste luxuriance. The round arched windows of the ground-floor recall those in the upper story of the Ducal Palace, though much smaller, even in proportion. So do the short, stout columns, with their leafy capitals, in the first story, and the row of Gothic windows with their fretted balcony above them. The narrow marble balconies at the angles of the *primo piano* are of exquisite workmanship; and in fact the wonder is how so many varied details could have been harmoniously united on a façade less than fifty feet in width, yet every line suggests delicacy and refinement. On the right hand, above the wide doorway, there is a bas-relief, somewhat mutilated, of a man leading a camel with a heavy pack. There must be some legend connected with this piece of sculpture which is now forgotten. It has not exactly the appearance of a coat-of-arms.

Tintoretto's income from his profession would not have enabled him to live in this magnificent style, but for the assistance of his father-in-law, who came to Venice to join his daughter and her husband. Marco dei Vescovi died in 1571, and was buried in a vault of his own purchase in Santa Maria dell' Orto. There is no record that Faustina's mother was buried with him, or any other member of his family, so that the evidence is conclusive that he came to Venice after the death of his wife, and we may almost presume that Faustina was the last of the Vescovi race. The old nobleman wished, naturally, to live in a manner consistent with his rank.

Ridolfi does not have much to relate of Tintoretto's household, but we fancy his wife's aristocratic notions must sometimes have troubled him. There are no people so prudent in expenditures as those who are obliged to sustain a high social position. Faustina, as is still the custom in many Italian families, had charge of the exchequer, and required a strict account of her husband for every ducat he spent. Men do not like to be examined too closely in such matters, and Tintoretto acquired a habit of informing her that he had given his money to the poor, or to the fund for prisoners—a statement which she could not very well circumvent. She was equally exacting in regard to his personal appearance, and this resulted in his wearing his cloak in a more negligent manner while in the vicinity of his own palace than on other occasions. However, if they had lived unhappily together, we should probably have heard of it.

They had three children whose names are known to us, if not others. Marco, named for his grandfather, was presumably the eldest; Marietta, the gifted daughter, was born in 1560; and Domenico, who inherited his father's talent without his genius, perhaps even later than that time. What Marco's occupation was is uncertain, and he appears to have left no family to succeed him. He remains to us, therefore, merely as a name. Domenico became a painter, evidently because it was his father's profes-fession, as he might have became a dyer, a doctor, or a shoemaker for the same reason. (Cicero had very much such a son.) He obtained commissions through his father's reputation, and after his death inherited his position of painter to the Ducal Palace, where he filled up such spaces as were still vacant with works that might be interesting if they did not suffer by comparison with those about them. A *Madonna* of Domenico's now in the Venetian Academy is even better than the one there by Tintoretto, which resembles it in design. He was certainly a very good painter, perhaps the best in Venice after the death of Bassano, and has been too much disparaged of late. Of his character we can judge something by one of Ridolfi's anecdotes.

A certain merchant, having taken a fancy to a *Magdalen* painted by Domenico, offered his father, in the absence of the son, thirty ducats for it, which was certainly a good price for those days. At any rate Tintoretto thought so, and delivered the picture to him for it; but when Domenico returned and found his picture had been sold he was very much

incensed, and his father, in order to pacify him, was obliged to seek out the merchant and beg of him to exchange it for a picture by his own hand; whereby it would seem that the merchant was much the gainer and Domenico the loser.

Marietta was a child according to her father's desire, and grew ultimately to be one of the most noted portrait painters of the sixteenth century. She seems to have lacked inventive genius, but there is more spiritual life in her faces than in those painted by Domenico. Her skill must have been a great satisfaction to her father, if for nothing else, because he could have her company so much of the time in his old age. It was one of his characteristic freaks to take her to his studio dressed as a boy; but why he did so is not very clear. She received invitations from the kings of both France and Spain to come to their capitals as court painter, but she could not be induced to leave Venice and her father; nor is it easy to imagine that any one who was well situated in that enchanted city could be tempted to seek fortune elsewhere.

It has been already noticed that Tintoretto in his earlier years lived a very retired life, avoiding society or whatever might distract him from the diligence of his studies; but, having acquired the mastery of his profession, he somewhat relaxed this severe discipline, and was nothing loth to enjoy such entertainments as were agreeable to his wife and children. It is not surprising that so dramatic an artist should have been interested in the theatre. He invented new costumes for the impromptu theatricals that

took place in their social circle, and enlivened the plays his friends acted with humorous sayings, so that he became more in demand for such occasions than was altogether convenient for a busy man. He played the lute, and sang delightfully; and invented besides other musical instruments such as were not seen before or since. He was fond of dress, but without ostentation, and always appeared in good taste, as one can imagine from the coloring of his pictures. In his old age, influenced by the wishes of his wife, he adopted the long cloak of the Venetian aristocracy.

The names of the distinguished personages whom Ridolfi recounts in his acquaintance have long since ceased to find an echo in the halls of fame. Even Giovanni Francisco Otthobono, Grand Chancellor of Venice, famous in the literature of his day, is now less real to us than the portrait Tintoretto painted of him. He came too late to make the acquaintance of Cardinal Bembo, or of Theobaldo Menucci, better known as the originator of the Aldine editions, in which the contraction of his given name has mysteriously overshadowed that of his family. Tintoretto had one important friend, however, whose fame will endure so long as Italian art is remembered, and that was Paolo Cagliari, or, as he is commonly designated, Paul Veronese.

When Paul came to Venice is not definitely known. He is said to have been born in 1530, but if we examine his portrait of himself in the *Marriage at Cana* it becomes evident that he certainly could not have been eighteen years younger than Tinto-

retto, and very unlikely that he was even twelve. The last portraits of him also represent quite an old man, and, as he died in 1588, it seems as if he must have come into the world several years earlier than the date that has been assigned for his birth.

Of all Tintoretto's immediate cotemporaries, Paul was most nearly his equal; and he has often been considered his superior on account of the unfailing excellence of his coloring. There is, however, little variety in his paintings, and he is decidedly lacking in seriousness. The *Rape of Europa* is his one poetic picture. Giorgione lived in gayety and amusement, but he was always in earnest when he painted. Paul of Verona did not care for revelry, but he liked the sunny side of life. Tragedy was unknown to him, and for this reason he has never won a place in the affections of mankind, notwithstanding his gigantic talents. There is a prosaic regularity about his work; he possessed neither the originality of design nor the poetic fire of Tintoretto. It is possible to imagine how Titian acquired his tone of coloring; but whence did Paul derive the beautiful silver sheen of his painting, unless it were the inspiration of a summer moonlight night in a gondola between the islands. He also had a partiality for large patches of light-blue—what used to be called verditer blue.

How rare is a friendship between such men! Great artists especially seem to be separated like mountain peaks—the higher the farther apart. Neither is it easy for rivals in any occupation to remain good friends. There was no very cordial intimacy between

any of the English or American poets of the last half century. In painting, rivalry is more direct and penetrating. It is not only a matter of fame, but often a question of bread. Paul and Tintoretto were frequently competitors for the same commission; sometimes one obtained it, and sometimes the other, yet there seems to have been no interruption of the cordial attachment which existed between them. This may have had its origin in an united opposition to Titian's too extensive authority, but it continued long after Titian had ceased to be a prominent actor on the Venetian stage.

They had much to give and receive from each other. Paul was one of the greatest of dramatic painters, and as remarkable for his drawing as for his color. From seven to ten years the junior of Tintoretto, whom else could he learn his art from so well? It is not related that he was ever Tintoretto's pupil, but at the time when he left Verona for Venice the *Miracle of St. Mark* was in the meridian of its celebrity. Whoever will compare that picture with the masterpieces by Paul of Verona in the same room, and also with those in Sala XV., will be satisfied, I think, of a certain similarity between them in drawing and in the arrangement of attitudes and groups. There is no reason why this should not have been so. Tintoretto had little to learn from Paul in the way of his art, except perhaps in the criticism of particular works; but the substantial, common-sense character of the latter, must have been a decided help to him. Men of Tintoretto's impetuous nature always require some one, either a man or a woman,

who may serve them as a sheet-anchor to hold fast by in dangerous weather. A distinctively creative intelligence is apt to lose magnetism in its high flights of imagination, and can only regain it by contact with a more sensuous and purely terrestrial life. In addition to his even temperament and unfailing cheerfulness, Paul was prudent, judicious, and as self-centred as a pyramid. Such a friend is invaluable.

Pietro Aretino can hardly be estimated among the number of Tintoretto's friends, for they finally came into violent collision; nor does it appear that Tintoretto ever solicited his favor or patronage, as was the case with many young painters. Aretino was a man who depended for his celebrity on the weaknesses of human nature, and the ground tone of his character has been fitly described in the following epitaph:

> Condit Aretini cineres lapis iste sepultos,
> Mortales atro qui sale perfricuit:
> Intactus est illi,—causamque rogatus, Deus
> Hanc dedit; ille, inquit, non mihi notus erát.

Which Mr. F. B. Sanborn has freely rendered as follows:

> Old Time, that all things will devour,
> Beneath this stone hath hid the head
> Of Aretine, whose verses sour
> Spared not the living nor the dead:
>
> His ink has blackened the good name
> Of princes, whose enduring fame
> Survives the coffin and the pall;

And if he never did blaspheme
Our Lord himself, the cause, I deem,
Was this,—he knew Him not at all.

There are men who pretend to be atheists, and yet live in fear of God, but Aretino would seem to have been a genuine one. He was a malignant fellow, a sort of human scorpion, whose jests were like poisoned stilettos. Few examples of his wit are still in existence, and it is difficult to understand how he could have acquired the influence he is supposed to have possessed. He was a brilliant letter-writer, a talent which was valued during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries more highly than it is at present. Young scions of the nobility were proud to count him as a correspondent. He gained his ends with the upper classes by a mixture of servility, drollery, and impudence. Everybody was afraid of him. Even Michel Angelo in far-off Rome, with his magnificent reputation, suffered from Aretino's insidious criticism. You would have supposed from his argument that he, Aretino, was the highly virtuous man, and Michel Angelo a corrupter of public morality.

He exacted tribute from the nobles in money and jewels, and pictures from celebrated artists. His portrait, painted by Titian, is in the Pinacothek in Munich: a dark-complexioned man, rendered still darker by the expression of his face, with eyes like black diamonds, his arms akimbo, and the settled look of a professional gambler. In his own time his face was as proverbial as that of Queen Victoria or General Grant, and might be met with in all the shops of Venice "on pipe-heads and on china ware."

The early promise of Tintoretto could not escape the sharp observation of this old lynx, and apparently late in the year 1544 Aretino arranged to have him decorate one of the interior walls of his palace with two mythological paintings, which served as the occasion for the following letter:

"*To Signor Jacopo Tintore:*

"Your two historical paintings, the fable of *Apollo and Marsyas*, and the story of *Argus and Mercury*, which you, although so young, have painted on the wall of my room in barely as much time as it would take to design them, have given great satisfaction to me as well as to others,—persons of experienced judgment having pronounced them to be beautiful and natural, and the postures lifelike and charming. If, however, rapidity in producing what we desire is attended by poor performance, what pleasure can we feel in the quickness of its completion? Promptness of execution is the result, assuredly, of a clear conception of what one has to do, just as you perceive mentally where you should place the light and where the dark colors. In a similar manner your nude and draped figures are made to stand out in suitable relief.

"But though your brush, my son, gives evidence by your present achievements of the fame your future works will win for you, do not permit yourself to become egotistical, nor forget to be grateful to God by whose gracious mercy your mind is no less fitted for the study of righteousness than for that of painting. For you know that the former can exist

without the latter, but the latter cannot endure without the former. Philosophy is a science, and so is theology, and so is war: and as one sort of timber is good for sailyards, another for oars, and a third for the ship's hull; and one kind of wood is more suitable for laths and another is better for stairways; so it is that talent, which varies in all the several professions, enables you to surpass the sculptor in painting, the sculptor to surpass you in sculpture. But no effort of genius nor skill of hand is to be compared to righteousness, for this alone is a virtue not of genius nor of skill, but of soul and spirit; not given us by nature, but inspired within our hearts by Christ.*

"P. ARETINO.

"VENICE, February, 1545."

Considering the source whence it came, this is certainly a remarkable document. It might have been added as an afterpiece to the conversation in *Faust* between Mephistopheles and the young student.

I once met a reformed gambler, with eyes like gimlets, who entertained me with an account of his past life, and ended by inviting me to attend a temperance lecture which he was going to deliver that evening in the vestry of a suburban church. I respected the man for his good intentions, and repressed the smile that was rising within me. Aretino, however, never made the slightest pretension to moral reform, and Tintoretto must have been greatly disgusted at receiving this piece of smooth-

* It seems as if this letter must have been written under the influence of opium, for it cannot be turned into good English.

tongued hypocrisy instead of a purse with eighty or a hundred ducats. Although he might be willing to accept Aretino's patronage for a fair equivalent, he had neither fear nor respect for the cynical old scoffer, and we may suppose also that he exhibited the letter to his friends, who must have laughed heartily at the affectation of piety from such a reprobate. In course of time this also must have reached Aretino's ears, and accounts for the collision between him and Tintoretto which followed some time afterward.

Tintoretto heard at length that Aretino had been circulating jests and unfavorable criticisms at his expense. He perceived that the struggle was coming which comes to every man of independent character, and quietly resolved how he should meet it. When he happened one day to meet Aretino in a public place he greeted him cordially and expressed a desire to paint his portrait; wished he would call at his house (probably not yet the Palazzo Camello) for that purpose. What happened when they were fairly within doors is something of a mystery. Ridolfi's account of it is not very clear; but certain it is that Tintoretto, having captured his game, did not let Aretino go again until he was thoroughly frightened and cured; Ridolfi asserts that he made Aretino weep. Men who make a weapon of their tongues are not usually more courageous than women of the same ilk; and Aretino coined no more witticisms on Tintoretto.

We have now reached a point in the life of this artist

so that, by looking forward a little also, we are able to make some estimate of his genius and rank as a painter; as the chemists say, take a qualitative and quantitative analysis of him; which we shall accordingly attempt in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GENIUS OF TINTORETTO.

"IN two great masters of considerable genius the vigorous activity and the fertile productive power of this later epoch culminated. One of these is the Venetian Jacopo Robusti, known as Tintoretto (1512–1594). He at first frequented the school of Titian, but he soon withdrew and studied henceforth with the express intention of combining Michel Angelo's outline with Titian's coloring. He certainly thus acquired more exact and more plastic forms by means of deeper shadows and more forcible modelling; but the irreconcilability of these contrasts made him, for the most part, lose the clearness, delicacy, and harmony of the coloring of the Venetian school, without affording an essential compensation for the loss. He belongs, indeed, to the boldest and most unfailing painters known in the history of art; his pictures are immense in number and extent—a circumstance especially produced by the fact that the Venetians were never fond of frescos, and preferred adorning the walls and ceilings of their large and splendid halls with gigantic oil paintings. Tintoretto produced marvellous things in the execution of these

works; and not the least admirable part in them is that for a long time he guarded himself from the danger of falling into coarse decoration painting. It is true, it could not be otherwise than that his style no longer reached the height of the Titian period, that he aimed only at great effects of light and shade, and at length he also fell into gross mechanical painting.

"Some noble altar-pieces belonging to his earlier period are in the churches of Venice and elsewhere in galleries. There are also some ably treated mythological paintings. Among the numerous pictures with which he adorned the Doge's Palace, there are many excellent ones, happily conceived, and beautifully painted. In the great Council Hall, he executed a gigantic oil painting of *Paradise*, thirty feet high by seventy-four feet broad—a tolerably wild medley, it is true. The *Marriage at Cana*, in the sacristy of S. Maria della Salute, and the *Miracle of St. Mark* in the Academy, are important compositions. In the Scuola di San Rocco there are more than fifty large oil paintings, among them a *Crucifixion*. He appears more pleasing on other occasions than in these colossal works; in his numerous portraits, for instance, which, from their able conception and excellent coloring, occupy a high rank."—Lübke's *History of Art*, vol. ii.

Dr. Wilhelm Lübke was professor of the history of art in the University of Stuttgart, and belonged to a rather academic school of criticism, that has flourished in Germany for more than sixty years. Professor Kügler, who was its best-known repre-

sentative thirty years ago, published a handbook of German and Italian painting, which for a long time served as an authority on the subject, and held its ground almost without opposition. It has since, however, been largely superseded by the more elaborate works of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Tyrwhitt, and other English writers. Dr. Lübke's *History of Art* was translated into rather flamboyant English in 1869, and accepted immediately as a requisite study in the University of Oxford; and not without reason, for no such work had ever been published or even contemplated before in England. It was also favorably received in America, and has been very generally read by those who are interested in European art.

That it should have its limitations is not surprising when we consider the vast extent of the subject and the varied material of which it consists. Dr. Lübke, though somewhat formal and conventional, is not, however, a scholastic pedant; and, like all the better class of German writers, he recognizes the superiority of the spiritual conception to the material form, even in a domain where form is of absolute importance. This, and this only, from the very beginning, would make his work a success. He has, beside, a fair breadth of vision, and his book is happily filled with large views and elevated thought. He respects the mystery of genius; he never attempts to draw too decisive a conclusion, or measure his subject by stringent and inviolable rules. He is impartial and dispassionate, never favoring any particular style or school of art at the expense of another. He indicates no preference for either the classic or romantic,

recognizing that each has a peculiar value of its own.

Professor Lübke possesses an almost Homeric faculty for interesting the reader in those great masterpieces of human skill, with whose description his pages are mostly filled. With clear insight he traces the development of the art idea through all its Protean changes from the earliest times to the present era. His work is almost a philosophy of history, and no student of the progress of civilization can neglect to consider the light which it casts on that subject. It has suffered somewhat from the English translation, for, though Dr. Lübke often takes advantage of the facility with which words are compounded in his native language, he generally expresses himself in neat, direct, and intelligible sentences.

There are, however, weak points in his cosmic topography. To appreciate a great work either in art, literature, or statecraft frequently requires long and patient contemplation, with many tentative experiments, before we finally succeed in penetrating it. Sometimes this can only be done in gifted moments of receptivity, which have to be watched and waited for. A busy, active life is unfavorable to this, and so is the necessity of finishing an extensive history within a reasonable time. Among a multitude of objects which all have a certain value, some will, of course, interest us more quickly than others. It is doubtful if any single critic can bring himself *en rapport* with all the different geniuses which Italy produced during the sixteenth century. How nu-

merous are the sincere admirers of Raphael, and how few and rare those who can appreciate Leonardo da Vinci. Now that we take up Dr. Lübke again after some years, we are surprised to find a number of instances of what appears to be erroneous judgment on his part, which we had formerly accepted on his good reputation. His book is better as a whole than in the separate parts. While he evidently has comprehended the merits of the chief Florentine artists and differentiates between them in a satisfactory manner, in his treatment of the great Venetians he appears rather as a man who is groping in the dark and attempting to express something which is not yet distinctly visible to him. At the same time he comprehends sufficiently well the relations which these two schools of painting bear to each other.

The extract previously quoted is all that Dr. Lübke has to say about Tintoretto, and is discouraging enough. It is so unfairly compounded that we wonder whether it was written from memory or from the report of a second person. It is given here not so much on account of Dr. Lübke's authority as a writer, but rather as an example of the superficial criticism that Tintoretto has been subjected to for the last half century. Truly it requires a cool-headed observer to spend the winter in Rome, and April in the galleries of Florence, and after doing justice to such widely different talents as those of Titian and Correggio,—then at last to estimate Tintoretto and Paul of Verona without prejudice or constraint. One can imagine the historian

of art entering the Doge's Palace at Venice, and as he surveys Tintoretto's *Paradise*, which Dr. Lübke has reported as "a tolerably wild medley, seventy-four feet in breadth," saying half aloud: "Is it possible that I must also criticise a picture like this?" It is not a wild medley at all, but a work as full of grace and dignity as any in the Vatican; and this will be demonstrated in the proper place. The mistake may have arisen from Tintoretto's representing his angels, like those of Michel Angelo, as flying in the air, instead of being stationed at conventional intervals about the throne; but the error is so obvious that there can be little excuse for it.

An equally bold solecism is the statement that Tintoretto for a long time guarded himself against the dangers of coarse decorative-painting, but that at length he also fell into a gross mechanical mannerism. This is said, no doubt, in order to make Tintoretto conform to the general rule of Italian art in the last half of the sixteenth century; but it is easily refuted by the facts of his life. To satisfy ourselves on this point, it is only necessary to examine the dates of his principal works and consider the age at which he produced them. The *Miracle of St. Mark*, which holds the place of honor in the Academy of Fine Arts, was painted by Tintoretto in his thirty-first year,—a fresh, vigorous, and perfectly finished work. Ten years later he commenced a series of paintings in the Ducal Palace, with which he appears to have taken more pains, perhaps on account of being favored with a better

light there, than with his numerous pictures in the Venetian churches. The *Crucifixion in San Rocco*, which has generally been considered his masterpiece, and is, in its way, without a rival, was finished in his forty-eighth year. The four exquisite paintings in the Sala dell' Anti-Collegio, perhaps the most perfect of his works, and conceived in an equally simple and refined manner, belong to the sixtieth year of his life; and the *Paradise*, in which Tintoretto's powers obtained their most complete and harmonious development, was not begun till after he was seventy. In truth, a gradual though somewhat irregular improvement may be observed thoughout his whole career; and though he was not in all instances equal to himself, we cannot find an opening anywhere to justify a statement that he fell into a gross decorative style of painting.

The occasion of this misjudgment may have arisen from a superficial consideration of his sketchy and roughly finished productions in the Scuola of San Rocco. These, taken by themselves, certainly give color to the suspicion that in the later portion of his career Tintoretto fell away from the high standard that he held in the beginning. This idea disappears, however, on careful investigation. We find that the pictures in the Scuola were not painted in course, but at intervals during more than twelve years, and that meanwhile Tintoretto was occupied with works of a wholly different order. Neither can they be called coarse or decorative, for they contain many of the master's noblest conceptions, and decoration only supposes an intention to please the spectator, and

not a vestige of this can be discovered in them. They are, for the most part, awfully serious compositions, full of energy and pathos. It has been concluded, therefore, that Tintoretto painted them in this rough manner because, in the dim, religious light of San Rocco, more carefully finished pictures would not express so well what he wished to convey to the spectator. In a number of Venetian churches there are pictures painted by him in the same style and apparently for the same reason; though the rule does not always hold good even in San Rocco.

What is the first qualification of a painter? Drawing.

There are, however, four distinct stages of this.

First. The artist should be able to draw, correctly and easily, a living object, a man, for instance, in a position of repose. Unless he can do it easily he has no talent. To be able to draw a house, a ship, or even a tree, is nothing.

Secondly. The artist should be able also to draw the same figure in motion, or from memory. This is to the first what shooting a bird on the wing with a rifle is to hitting a target. Some idea of the difficulty of it may be obtained by reading Leonardo's treatise on painting, which reveals a degree of self-devotion to his profession that to most people would seem incredible. He recommends the student to carry about with him a note-book, in which he can sketch rapidly both striking attitudes and the transient expressions of fear, anger, love, anxiety, as he happens to meet with them.

Thirdly. To draw the figure so that it may appear to the best advantage in the space which is allotted to it or in relation to other figures in the same picture. This requires a fine sense of proportion, an architectural sense, and is an art in itself. This is what connoisseurs call "breadth," though it is doubtful if they have a clear conception of what they intend by the term. There is a head of *St. John*, by Correggio, formerly in the collection of Mr. James J. Jarves, which is drawn so as to almost fill the canvas, leaving only a few square inches of background. In this way great force is added to the eager spirituality of the face; but it would not be so well to paint the portrait of a young lady in the same manner. The exceptional power of Leonardo's *Mona Lisa* is owing largely to the breadth of its drawing; and William Hunt, in his picture of *Niagara Falls* emphasized the height of the cataract by leaving only a small strip of sky above it.

Fourthly. The artist must *feel* the life of his subject in the lines of his pencil; for not otherwise will his representation appear lifelike.

It is true, however, that the number of artists who have fulfilled these requirements are not very many. Leonardo was the first to give breadth to his drawing and animation to his figures. Michel Angelo was only a short distance behind him; and Raphael learned from Michel Angelo. The early energies of Giorgione and Titian appear to have been concentrated on the evolution of color. Giorgione's pictures are as great and peaceful in tone as those of the Florentine Raphael. Titian was at

length recalled by the warning voice of Buonarotti to the possibilities of his own genius. If we follow his pictures in series (so far as is known), from the age of forty, we find a continual effort to cultivate dramatic effect; but no one could ever fill a canvas better than he. Tintoretto, of course, had heard of this criticism and determined to profit by it. It was on this account that he sent to Florence for the casts from Buonarotti's statues. The Florentine painters of the *quattrocento* considered drawing only with reference to the form and expression of the features, in which certainly they attained great proficiency. There are not any more finely individualized heads than those by Botticelli, Fra Angelico, and Ghirlandajo.

It is not to be supposed because Leonardo gained the prize in the celebrated contest of the cartoons, that he was a better draughtsman than Michel Angelo, for on another occasion the decision might have been reversed. It proved, however, that they were very nearly equal in that respect. Tintoretto might as well have said: *Il disegno di Leonardo*, instead of the well-known motto which he set up in his atelier; for his drawing more frequently resembles the cartoon of the *Battle of the Standard* than the frescos of the Sistine Chapel. Rarely are we reminded in his figures of the majestic outlines of Michel Angelo; perhaps in the outstretched arm of Ariadne, and in the group of the *Nine Muses* at Hampton Court. Tintoretto, however, never imitated any one. He was too true to himself and to nature for that. He sometimes borrowed pictorial ideas,

as has been the custom with many of the most inventive painters.

The four great masters of drawing are Leonardo, Michel Angelo, Tintoretto, and Rubens. These, and these only, have succeeded in representing the human figure in difficult positions and with such facility that we feel sure the effort was not a forced one. Raphael was a splendid draughtsman and in the *Fire in the Borgo* he has represented both men and women in a great variety of lively attitudes; but when you compare his sketches with those by Leonardo, you discover that there is a difference in favor of the latter. Neither did he create anything like Michel Angelo's group of the *Seven Cardinal Sins.* Paul of Verona also treads closely up to their skirts. His drawing is more spirited and expressive than Titian's, and the flying figures on the ceiling of the Doge's Palace do him no slight honor; but his fondness for conventional life and heavy drapery fixed a certain limit to his genius in this direction. In purity of drawing Tintoretto surpassed them all, for his outlines are free from anything like peculiarity.

All artists have a tendency to draw or model figures like their own. This may be observed in the first schools of instruction, and so on up to the greatest. An English sculptor, wishing to model a group of Michael and Satan formed the latter so nearly after his own image that there was no mistaking the likeness. Michel Angelo had a thick-set and remarkably strong physique, and the effect of this in his drawing, even of children, is well known. So also the more slender and elegant figure of

Raphael had its influence in his work. Tintoretto possibly escaped this slight aberration through the natural felicity of his constitution. To judge from Paul's full-length portrait of him, he possessed such a well developed and symmetrical form as one rarely meets with. Any imitation of this in his own pictures might pass for a presentation of the typical man. He painted many such figures, but also others of various modes and statures.

He may have avoided another slight error in drawing, through his own, or the Venetian respect for nature.

There is in Rubens's paintings a certain physical exuberance, exemplified in his high-toned color and fulness of outline, by which they are easily distinguished. Not a few people mistake this for sensuality, and feel a strong dislike for it; and it certainly deprives most of his religious pieces of the devotional feeling which should belong to them. The peculiar, feminine grace of Raphael's style is more attractive and has helped greatly to make him popular. He acquired it evidently in the study for that progressive series of Madonnas in which he has excelled all others, but it became a habit with him, almost a mannerism, and it is quite out of place in such a subject as the epileptic boy in his *Transfiguration.* Tintoretto's drawing is so disinterested that he can hardly be said to have a style of his own. There could be no better evidence of the purity of his character than the fact that *self* is nowhere apparent in his works. They are to be distinguished more readily in this than by any other token.

There is a class of connoisseurs with whom style in art is everything. In their opinion, what the artist requires is to express himself, and it makes slight difference in what way he may do this. "Oh, one of Rembrandt's etchings," they say, "how delightful!" without considering, perhaps, even what the subject of it might be. They admire Van Dyck for his superior air of gentility and Correggio for his sensuous sensibility. Form, which even to the sculptor is only the objective expression of an idea, appears to these critics as the expression of a subjective personality. To estimate the true value of a superior work of art from such a standpoint is impossible.

Without admitting the dominion of style, we like the personality of an author or artist whose work has been found interesting. It affords a favorable light in which to view other productions by the same hand. Style has also a value of its own as representative of character. It gives strength and solidity to the improbable creations of the artist's mind. When we listen to a good piece of music, we wish to know who the composer of it was, and cannot wait until it is finished before we learn this. We feel the man behind his work. Goldsmith was a more gifted writer than Dr. Johnson, though we do not feel he was equal to him in other respects; and there have been those who could not appreciate the statues in the chapel of the Medicis and yet were interested in them because they had heard it said that Michel Angelo was the conscience of Italy. Yet is it not also true that the style is best

which contains least of the individual, and approaches most nearly to an universal standard. Do we not like Milton and Goldsmith the better for their style, and Carlyle and Pope in spite of it? Is not even Shakespeare more satisfactory in *Cymbeline* or *Julius Cæsar* than in the double superlatives of *Richard II.*, or the tropical luxuriance of *Romeo and Juliet?* The artist who throws himself heartily into his subject will of course imbue it strongly with his own nature, but he may do this either in an objective and disinterested manner, or in an egoistic and subjective one. The degree of either will depend on the state of mind he may be in for the time being. Correggio's drawing is most pure in the *Reading Magdalen* and least so in the *Ecce Homo* of the London National Gallery.

A vigorous style usually indicates a strong character, even if it be also a florid style, like that of Rubens. A delicate, intangible, and evanescent style is the token of a refined and elevated nature, as we perceive in Plato, Wordsworth, and Fra Angelico.

There can be no doubt that Michel Angelo when he was at his best, that is, when he was perfect master of his own forces, was the greatest of all draughtsmen. No other has drawn with such intense vitality, and, as Aretino said, he expressed more by outline alone than many painters could in their finished pictures. Next to him in vitality comes Leonardo; but in expressiveness of outline, Tintoretto. Even in the roughest scene-paintings of San Rocco, Tintoretto's drawing is delightful. You feel that he always hits the mark, that his hand is

unerring, and your eye follows his lines with such pleasant confidence as you may feel perhaps in listening to a master of oratory. No wells of Burke's or Gladstone's English are so pure as the outlines drawn by the "little dyer."

His lines are inevitable, and it seems as if they could not have been otherwise. He is equally successful in representing a group of persons regarding a single object, as in the *Martyrdom of St. Agnes*, where there can be but little variety either in attitude or expression; or, as in his *Crucifixion*, where a large number of men are employed in a variety of different occupations. His St. Mark appears descending like an eagle from above, and yet the motion of his garments is so perfect that we only admire that, and do not think of the undignified attitude. In his picture of *Paradise* the archangels are represented as flying into the picture, and they seem no less angelic because we can see the soles of their feet. In the *Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne*, Venus is floating horizontally above the heads of the lovers, and yet her action is neither ungraceful nor constrained. When we see a man pitch headlong over some obstacle we feel a sympathetic shiver, but if we behold an acrobat suddenly turn over in the air we are filled with a pleasant astonishment. Thus it is with these figures of Tintoretto's. They belong to the miracles of art.

There is no miracle, however, like the spiritual and intellectual life of man; and to convey this in the expression of the face, the movement of the limbs, and the attitude of the whole body, not only

taxes the skill of the artist's hand, but the deepest faculties of his mind. He cannot depend on his models for this, but rather on the study of human nature. He must be an artist and a dramatist as well. Memory and imagination are both called to his assistance. There are certain conventional forms for the expression of joy, anger, fear, astonishment and other passions, which we may find at any time in the illustrated papers of New York and London. They have been common in all times and countries; but these will not serve the ideal artist. He must take observations from real life, and even study to avoid what is conventional. No other portion of his work makes such a stringent demand on his power of origination.

The expression of the face attracts more attention, and is more readily understood than the pose of the body. The Dutch painters have excelled especially in giving a variety of lively and graphic expressions to their faces; but their conceptions are not often of an elevated type. The Preraphaelites, on the other hand, found their chief difficulty in representing an expression that was not elevated. Attitude, however, will tell the truth sometimes, when faces are constrained to lie. Does not a dog indicate his state of mind by the motion of his tail? Likewise every movement that a man will make, even if it be affected, has some direct relation with his mental processes. He may betray indecision by the position of his feet; and a woman disclose her vanity in the tips of her fingers. The posture of the head represents a great variety of mental conditions.

Michel Angelo has been praised for the freedom and originality of the attitudes of his men and women; but what was the genesis of this freedom and originality? Every one of them represents a great idea in the thought of their master. He knew what his prophets and sibyls were thinking of, though we can only surmise it. It is the mystery that attaches to them which repels some people and attracts others so strongly.

There is a mystery underlying Tintoretto's work, but of a different kind. His aim was constantly to give a more beautiful and refined expression to familiar ideas. He could express emotion in his faces when he chose to, but he more frequently displayed his power in the inclination of a hand or the folds of a mantle. Some of the most important personages in his pictures are represented with their backs to the spectator; and yet that back will signify to us more than some of his faces. This is the case with the figure of Adam in his *Fall of Man*, the Madonna in his *Crucifixion*, the most prominent figure in his *Presentation of the Virgin*, and many others. There is a picture formerly owned by Mr. T. G. Appleton, and attributed by him to Bassano, but by others to Tintoretto, called *Il Coconotte* by the Italians, from the resemblance of one of the heads in it to a cocoa-nut. Whether it was by Tintoretto or not, it belongs to this class of paintings, and there is something irrisistibly good-humored in the expression of that thinly covered scalp. That the painting should have been named from it is a proof of its importance in the composition. Tintoretto thus dis-

tinguished his work from that of others, and also remained more true to nature.

Chiaroscuro.

Professor Lübke, in mentioning that Tintoretto's shadows are deeper than those of Titian, neglected to explain what he attempted to accomplish by this. One glance at the Venetian pictures before Tintoretto's time gives a ready interpretation of it. Bellini's richly colored paintings possess so little shadow that they sometimes remind one of stained-glass windows, and the two fine portraits by Giorgione at the entrance of the Pitti Palace would be as flat, except for their internal light, as the canvas they are on. Previous to Michel Angelo's visit to Venice, Titian painted in the same manner, though he afterwards gradually changed until he came nearly, though never quite, on Tintoretto's ground. The *Flora* and *Bella* in Florence, with his portrait of Aretino, where the man seems to be emerging out of a dark room, form a progressive series, which corresponds with the date of their production.

Whether Tintoretto sacrificed too much in his effort to give roundness and fulness to his figures, is a debatable question. There can be no doubt that he sometimes did so, and in other instances he seems to have struck just the right medium, so far as that may be possible. If we compare a Venus of Titian or Pordenone with one of the best of Tintoretto's nude figures, we see that while the latter excels in

outline and roundness, it by no means equals the flesh-tint of the others. It is a conventional saying that Titian's Venuses are the perfection of coloring, and nothing could be more like flesh than they appear, but they certainly are not the perfection of light and shade. It may be doubted if the illusion of shadow, which is produced by that peculiar neutral green, which is the legitimate co-relative of pink, could have been carried so far as to produce the effect that Tintoretto desired. As soon as we take notice that the shadows in a picture are paint, our interest in it is greatly diminished.

Tintoretto's ambition, evidently, was to paint a man so that he could walk around him ; and he may be said to have succeeded in this. His portraits are not faces, but heads. His landscapes, also, where he chose to exert himself, are scenes that one can walk into. No one has ever understood the mystery of aërial perspective better than he ; and Leonardo, who has written so much about it, did not begin to comprehend it so well. His skies have a far-off, appealing look, and if they do not partake of the ideal climate of Correggio, they have the Italian climate, which is surely good enough. In this way he attained to the greatest depth in his pictures and solidity for his figures. However, as good chiaroscuro always requires a careful and delicate handling, in those works which Tintoretto considered, either from their position or from some other reason, not worth the trouble of finishing nicely, the light and shade is often of a poor quality.

Coloring.

He was the only artist, except perhaps Schiavone, who succeeded in appropriating Titian's art of coloring, and when he chose to exercise it, he was quite a match for his master. His earliest work of importance, so far as is known at present, the *Presentation of Jesus in the Temple*, is chiefly of a deep golden brown, almost exactly in the style of Titian. The *Miracle of St. Mark*, painted more than ten years later, shows a decided improvement, and is generally admitted to be equal in coloring to Titian's famous *Ascension of the Virgin*—some eminent critics considering it even superior in that respect. This indicates that Tintoretto had mastered Titian's most valuable secret, and was not merely an imitator, like those musicians who play in the style of their instructor for a few years and then fall away from it. Some of his portraits could barely be distinguished from Titian's, but for an indefinable personal quality which separates the two men and shows itself especially in the expression of the face.

The reason why Tintoretto never acquired a style of color by which he might be known is perhaps because he had so often adapted his color to the character of the subject in hand. His *Crucifixion* is painted in one style, and *Il Paradiso* in another; one is grave, almost sombre, and the other bright and joyous, without being brilliant. The *Death of Abel*, again, is painted with suitable gravity—a most serious work, in different shades of brown; while *San Rocco in Heaven* has an effulgence like the clouds of an Italian sunset.

The last may have been an unconscious imitation of Correggio, but Tintoretto commonly preferred quiet and subdued tones, soft greys and browns, and a fine dark red, like the color of ancient terra-cotta. At times he painted without much apparent regard for color. One of his pictures in the Ducal Palace is chiefly of a dusky green, not agreeable to the sight; and there are many in the School of San Rocco which appeal quite as little to the admiration of the cultivated observer. What rule can be proved by these exceptions is not very clear, for the explanation we have already given for San Rocco will not apply to the Palace of the Doges, which is one of the best lighted galleries in Europe. Neither is it likely that they were painted in periods of lassitude or mental depression, for such could only account for careless or prosaic work, and not for this entire change of manner. It is possible that they arose from some caprice or experimental emotion, which proved as unsatisfactory to the painter himself as the pictures have to others.

Generally speaking, however, Tintoretto's coloring is of the noblest quality: subdued, dignified, harmonious, with an undercurrent of vital strength, and keenly penetrating to those over whom color has an influence. It is better than Raphael's coloring, or Rubens's, or even Correggio's. If Titian and Paul of Verona have surpassed it, this is only in uniform and invariable perfection, for there are isolated cases, like mountain summits, where he seems to rise above them both. If he lacks something of their mediæval splendor, he is nevertheless more in keeping

with modern ideas of taste and refinement; and so far a better study, or model, for artists of the present day.

His handling belongs to his time and the school of Titian; but it differs in delicacy and fineness, as the fur of a sable does from that of a bear. The best of his portraits and his smaller mythological pictures are finished with almost magical nicety. In his larger works he developed a rougher, bolder, and more vigorous manner, as is not unsuitable for painting on a grand scale; and then there is the San Rocco series, where, in one instance, he has painted a tree with only four or five strokes of the brush. But many of his largest works, however, are also finished with care and precision. In his *Presentation of the Virgin* there is a flight of semicircular steps, which are represented as carved with arabesque tracery, and this carving is painted with such accuracy as is almost incredible, when the perspective of it is taken into consideration. Few painters would care to introduce such an accessory, if they could very well avoid it; for it is not like painting the figures on a brocade dress, where the folds seem to conceal any slight irregularity of drawing, but here the least deviation from mechanical exactness would offend the eye at once. I have often wondered at the immense faculty of a man who could set such a task for himself, when others would have been contented with more commonplace methods; and this is but one instance out of many.

In facility and celerity of execution he holds the first, second and third place. He covered acres of

canvas, and though it must be confessed that he sometimes painted too rapidly, we should attribute this rather to the ardor and vehemence of his nature than to a mercenary desire to complete the work before him.

Composition.

Leonardo says of the judgment to be made of a picture that the first point to be considered is whether the figures have their proper relief, according to their respective situations, and the light they are in; and, secondly, that by the order and disposition of the figures, they appear to be accommodated to the subject and the true representation of the history in question. Leonardo gives a practical opinion from the artist's own standpoint, and there is good sense in it, for even if the drawing is only moderately good and the original conception faulty, a picture in which the shadows are skilfully arranged will still have value as a work of art, and without this not very much. Yet to appreciate and enjoy a good historical picture, it is necessary to go behind all technical merit, and consider the idea or set of ideas which were in the mind of the author when he first conceived the design of it, and estimate the quality of these and their appropriateness for the subject.

In the Dresden Gallery there are two *Madonnas* of very great celebrity; one by Raphael and the other by Holbein. Public opinion has always coincided with the best criticism in pronouncing Raphael's much the greater of the two, and yet, in

a secondary sense, Holbein's is the better-painted picture. Raphael's is more ideal, but Holbein's more real; and though there may be no limit to ideality in art, there is nothing thus far apparent to prevent it from being united with a substantial reality. Raphael's semi-transparent coloring is well suited to the celestial quality of his ideas, but if we compare the hands of his Madonna with those of Holbein's, we perceive that the latter have the *similitude* of a human hand, and the former only the *appearance* of it. Nevertheless, if Holbein's *Madonna* were four times as perfectly painted, it would still be unequal to Raphael's, owing to his more elevated and harmonious conception of the subject. It is Raphael's design (which has its influence, even in a bad engraving) that has given this picture its world-wide fame and made it an object of devotion to thousands, who have never beheld the original painting. The parentage of this design comes from the irrepressible ideality of the man. And the reason why the supreme painters of history have been always the most ideal, is clearly because only such a beacon light and spiritual magnet would lead them to that dizzy elevation from which they look down upon the rest of us.

The ideal of the Venetians was color, and nature as expressed by color; that of the Florentines was intellect and the spiritual life of man. None of the great Venetians possessed the intellectual superiority of Leonard, Raphael, and *Agnolo*, as Robert Browning calls them. Consider the noble heads that are ranged about the table in Leonardo's *Last Supper*;

the spirituality of his St. John, and the divine sufferance in his face of Christ. The picture is effaced now, only the outlines being left as a funeral monument of its greatness, but we know what it must have been from Morghen's engraving and Leonardo's other works. So Raphael's cartoons for the tapestries are probably the finest pictorial designs ever invented. Paul of Verona, in dramatic effect, may have matched them, but not in their elevated conception. Tintoretto sometimes equalled them in moral power, but only once or twice in the typical beauty and dignity of the characters introduced. In fact, he too frequently falls far short of them.

In his own city, at least, Tintoretto was pre-eminent as a master of design. He alone possessed the simplicity and refinement of the Roman school, and carried it with him nearly to the seventeenth century. The attitudes of his figures have the same purity and truthfulness as his drawing, and their drapery is in harmony with their attitudes. He did not clothe the Madonna and the saints in costly raiment, to give them an aristocratic air. Where he excelled particularly was in the natural, unconventional grouping together of men and women. We see the back of one, the head and shoulders of another, and part of the face of a third, as if we came upon them accidentally. What few artists appear to realize, is that every person in a scene has a definite relation to his nearest neighbor, as well as to the central action of the piece. I think it is owing to Tintoretto's recognition of this that his scenes have such a strongly vital effect. His people all seem to have been drawn

to their places irresistibly, and belong to the ground they stand on, like trees in a forest. The characters he introduces are interesting, and if they are not of a noble mien, neither is there any attempt to make them appear so.

His originality was boundless, and the wonder is, with such an impetuous nature, that we find so much repose in his drawing. He leaped from figure to figure, and the only limit to his inventive faculty was the space he had contracted to cover. He was as prolific as nature herself, and, though he has been complained of like Shakespeare for introducing too great a number of characters into his pieces, yet it must be admitted that more is gained in volume than lost in the quality of the material selected. With the help of these additional forces Shakespeare's plots move forward in an irresistible manner; and there is something of the same kind in Tintoretto's pictures. However novel and surprising his methods may appear to us, we soon become interested in them and recognize the fulness with which he expresses his meaning.

Leonardo broke through the narrow formalism of his time, and Tintoretto broke through the formalism of Leonardo. In fact, he cast aside all previous rules and formulas, holding continually fast to nature, like a good horseman. He thus gave a genuine stamp to his work and acquired a greater freshness and originality, but it was not always to his advantage. In Leonardo's *Last Supper*, the figures are ranged at the ends and on one side of a long, narrow table. Christ and his disciples are thus seen more

favorably by the spectator, but it is not the way in which thirteen or fourteen men dine together. Everyone notices this peculiarity in the picture, and submits to it as an artistic license—a pardonable compromise with truth. It is doubtful, however, if Tintoretto anywhere permitted such a liberty to his pencil. There is a study of his for a *Last Supper*, in the Pitti Palace, in which the figures are placed around the table in the usual manner. If this plan had been carried out in Tintoretto's best style, it might have rivalled the *chef-d'œuvre* of Milan, except for this, that as Christ and St. John are in perspective at the opposite side of the table, they do not appear of such dignity and importance as properly belongs to them. This difference, however, was a vital one, and the best justification of Leonardo's plan is that Tintoretto was unable to contrive an improvement upon it. For such a subject as the *Martyrdom of St. Agnes*, where she is in the centre of a surrounding group, the naturalistic method is clearly the best, and acquires additional force from its truthfulness. So likewise in the *Miracle of St. Mark*, and most of Tintoretto's compositions. He could not, and probably Leonardo would not, have conceived such an absurdity as Raphael's boat on the Sea of Galilee,—a boat which it would have been more of a miracle to sail or row in than to have walked off upon the water. They would have solved the problem in a different manner, even at the expense of artistic effect.

Tintoretto's designs were not always of a noble quality. Ruskin, who was the first to sound his

praises as he deserved, but a critic who always rushes to extremes, condemned some of them most emphatically. Geniuses of the ardently imaginative order, even such as Shakespeare and Byron, suffer inevitably from periods of dulness and apathy in which they continue their work, perhaps from daily custom, without being aware at the time of its inequality. A writer is able to revise and improve his manuscript afterwards, but the painter has not so good an opportunity. Tintoretto was also of this sort. The tides of the Adriatic only rise at Venice about two feet, but the tides in Tintoretto's spirit were like those of the great ocean.

Sometimes, we may suppose, he recognized this fact and took it into consideration, but on other occasions he appears to have been unconscious of it. Even if the *Madonna* on a pedestal in the Academy of Fine Arts, which has all the stiffness and formality of the early Florentine painters, with only a shadow of their compensating spirituality of expression, be unjustly attributed to him, there are large works in the churches of San Rocco and San Cassiano which are so devoid of vitality and make so slight a return to the spectator's inquiring look that we cannot but suppose that they were painted in moments of lassitude and mental inertia. The same may be said of a number of his pictures in private collections. Even some of his carefully finished works in the Ducal Palace are disappointing, from a lack of inspiration and apparent interest in his subject. The better *Madonna* in the Academy also, though it contains some fine portraits, possesses

little merit as a composition. There is quite a difference, sometimes, between a work of genius and a picture painted by a genius.

Some of his pictures, which seem to me to be failures, have been, notwithstanding, highly praised by sensible critics. One such is the *Sposalizio*, or the *Betrothal of Christ to St. Catherine*, a curious legend of the Church of Rome, of which there is no mention in the four Gospels. The conventional monotony of it is somewhat relieved by two chaste and radiant angels, who are flying toward the ceremony (as you will see two doves flying together), and the uninteresting figure of St. Catherine serves as a foil to set off their beauty; but, as a whole, the picture, though finely colored, is tame and prosaic. More surprising is it to read that Tintoretto's *Venice, Queen of the Sea*, which covers the ceiling of a chamber in the Ducal Palace, was "a once unrivalled creation, now almost destroyed by a clumsy restorer"; for the lean, ungainly figure of Apollo, resting on a cloud as if he were in a reclining chair, would be enough to spoil it, even if the stiff, bold-faced, brocaded Venetia is permitted to pass examination. Yet there may be something in both pictures that appeals to a certain class of cultivated minds.

In the *Miracle of St. Mark* and a few other works he has introduced three or four faces of nearly the same features. This is not a serious fault and yet it is worth mentioning.

Doctor Johnson says of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* that the last portion of it is not equal to the first,

being coldly written, too much in imitation of Plutarch, and containing incidents which ought either to have been improved or omitted altogether. If Tintoretto had happened to belong to the Roman school—if he had possessed more of the grand manner—he might have been called the Shakespeare of painters. He resembled Shakespeare in his breadth of mind, his depth and tenderness of feeling, his seriousness, his tremendous energy and disregard of fame. It is these personal qualities which form the background of his painting and make it valuable for all time. For, if you consider it, how was Shakespeare great, except through these qualities? Others have equalled him in the technique of the poet and dramatist, but no other has surveyed human life so broadly, treated it so vigorously, and followed it in all its windings and protean changes with such loving fidelity. Tintoretto also knew human nature well, after the fashion of the artist, who deals with the outward expression of thought, and within certain limits produces perhaps a deeper influence. His final charm lies in his tender sensibility, his sympathy with the joys and sorrows of mankind, as reflected in his two greatest works, the *Paradise* and the *Crucifixion*. Even in his early painting of *Adam and Eve*, there is something that appeals to us irresistibly. He had a quality peculiarly his own, which cannot be described, but we feel it like the presence of a beautiful woman.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOONTIDE.

JACOPO ROBUSTI was now at the summit of his fame, with the best years of his life before him and the physical constitution that bade defiance to the ills of flesh. Outwardly, however, we hear little of him during the next ten years, and the works that are accredited to this period of his life, though of the highest excellence, are not very numerous. To atone for this we meet with a breadth of design, a depth and tenderness of feeling and elevated conception in them such as only the *Worship of the Golden Calf* has indicated before. They are imaginative works of the highest class.

It is also certain that during this period he painted a large number of portraits. This is always the most lucrative kind of art, if the time which it requires be taken into consideration, and especially if the subject be of noble lineage. In the Madrid Gallery there are some twenty portraits by him, and probably fifty more in different parts of Spain. All the Spanish officers stationed in Lombardy, and Spanish grandees travelling in Italy, wished to have a Venetian portrait

to carry back with them. These were paid for, as were the wars of Philip II., with the gold of Mexico and Peru.

He must have painted hundreds of portraits altogether. The Ducal Palace is full of them. He did not attain to the honor of painting the Doge until the election of Girolamo Priuli, in 1559; but there are procurators, admirals, and other dignitaries in good number. It was customary to portray the two procurators seated together in their ermine robes.

In this important branch of art Tintoretto comes next to Titian and surpasses Giorgione; though some of Palma Vecchio's portraits, especially the *Roman Belladonna* (if he painted it), and the three buxom young women in the Dresden Gallery are more interesting than any of his. Titian's *Flora* and *Violante* have the quality of ideal pictures. They are better than portraits; but Tintoretto never troubled himself to improve on the character of his subject. There is also too much similarity of expression among them; but he atoned for this by his marvellous light and shade, so that his heads often seem to be detached from the canvas. He *could* bring out the individuality of his sitter as if he possessed a divining rod for the purpose.

There is no slight inequality in his portraits, however; nor is it easy to explain the fact. He would sometimes paint a nobleman carelessly, and then expend the full force of his genius on a plain-looking girl. He does not seem to have been favored with commissions for beautiful women, and this seems strange, for there are always plenty such to be

found in any Italian city. It is noticeable that the portraits of living persons introduced by Tintoretto in his historical pictures are of an unvarying excellence, and he proved his gratefulness to Girolamo Priuli in a substantial and enduring manner. It would not have been like him to expend his strength on a sitter who was overbearing or had an unpleasant reputation; and there must have been many such among the Venetian aristocracy.

In the gallery at Madrid there are two portraits of young ladies by him, either of which is worth an hour's study. One is said to be a Venetian and the other is evidently a Spanish girl; neither are beautiful, and the Venetian is so corpulent as at first sight to be almost repellent; but if you continue to look at her you will find gradually dawning upon you, as often happens in real life, a character as solid as her physique, and so sincerely good-natured that you cannot help becoming interested in her. She is dressed in full party costume, very low neck, with a short scarf of thread lace,—and how that lace is painted! It is evidently thread lace, and you can lift it up and let it fall again. Neither is the solid breast beneath it less of an illusion.

The Spanish girl is pretty and attractive, with her hair combed in a roll above her forehead; and she shows in her face the intense feeling of the Celt-Iberian race,* but it is the expression and structure of her eyes that claim our consideration. All the

* An amiable young Spaniard once said to me, "When I hate a man I not only want to kill him, but all his relatives," and he meant it. Yet a more amiable fellow was nowhere to be found.

record of her short life is in the painting of those eyes; her love, hope, anger, and disappointment. The lines of joy and sorrow are interwoven in the space about them. Their clearness and ophthalmic texture are equally remarkable. Her hand has taken hold of her dress at the neck in a momentary impulse of feeling, which the painter caught and perpetuated. These two plastic portraits combine all the advantages of painting and sculpture.

One of his best in Venice is the portrait of Carlo Moresini, now in the Academy of Fine Arts. It is painted in a charmingly quiet and sober manner, without a stroke too many or a line too full, and of a rich deep color nowhere overstudied; a rare reflection of intellectual purity. It is one of the few of Tintoretto's male portraits which has an amiable expression,—a refined, right-minded man, who seems to be little troubled by the responsibility of his rank. It is noteworthy that one of Moresin's descendants, or of his family, proved to be the last of the heroic Doges. To this period may be attributed the three fine portraits on one canvas in Berlin. They are not equal to Titian's *Lavinia*, but still one of the most interesting pictures in the gallery.

In the Church of S. Francisco della Vigna, in the north-easterly corner of the Venetian delta, is a much repainted Tintoretto of the *Entombment of Christ*, still valuable on account of its design and because it brings his genius in close comparison with that of Raphael. Grimm has unravelled the series of studies by which Raphael prepared himself for this subject, changing the figures and attitudes in

one drawing after another. It was perhaps the most important work of his Nazarine period, and peculiarly significant because Raphael had no great liking for sorrowful subjects. He was too light-hearted and life too pleasant for him to be attracted by them. Tintoretto never made such a preparation for his work, except in one instance, which happened accidentally, or perhaps in the course of nature, from his having been required to paint the *Crucifixion* three times in succession. It is because Tintoretto trusted to his correct eye and the inspiration of the moment that his compositions are so charmingly original at times, and again tame and commonplace. They either rise above excellence or fall below it.

There is nothing like Raphael's air of spiritual superiority. It defies comparison. If we did not like it we should resent it, but it is as irresistible as the self-confidence of a long-established aristocracy. It carries with it a conviction of infallibility. Nowhere is it more conspicuous than in the *Entombment.* He rejoiced in the power of his genius, even when his pure spirit was pained by the delineation of severe suffering.

What had Tintoretto to offset this almost supernatural faculty? Surely he had nothing except his Venetian coloring and the strong Venetian sense of reality. What the coloring of his *Entombment* was is now a difficult guess, but there are untouched portions of the canvas which show it was in no way slighted. So far as reality is concerned, the angel hovering above is its only limitation. Otherwise it

would not be easy to imagine how either design could be better than it is.

In Raphael's treatment, the spiritual centre of the scene is in the expression of the face of Christ, who still seems to contain a certain ethereal vitality, although his physical life is ended. Grimm may be right in supposing that only Raphael could have succeeded in this. In Tintoretto's work the spirituality emanates from a mourning angel of rare beauty, who hovers just above the group of disciples bearing the body of Christ. In Raphael's design the Saviour is carried by an old man who raises his shoulders, and a strong man who lifts his feet; and among the Greeks these two are supposed to have represented Sleep and Death; but Tintoretto has disposed the burden of Christ's body among a number, so that the Saviour appears to be borne along by a general sympathetic movement rather than by the effort of any individual. We do not even perceive how this is done, and we do not care to know. Only Tintoretto could have represented the action thus, for drawing had become to him like a language in which we have learned to think. All the attendant figures are fine, and the majestic-looking, full-bearded man behind must have been intended for Joseph of Arimathea.

The mother of Christ has fainted by the way, and is being supported by Mary Magdalen and "the other Mary." This forms a second group of mourners, which is being repassed by the procession as it turns in the winding road. The contrast between these groups is harmonized by the angelic presence

above, from whom a radiance is diffused over the whole scene.

Thus Tintoretto succeeded in giving a perfectly fresh and original character to a subject that had become proverbial in Italian art.

One of the most popular of Tintoretto's pictures, though by no means a profoundly satisfying work, is his *Wedding Feast at Cana*, which he painted somewhere about 1555, for the Brotherhood of the Crociferi. Since the refectory in which it was to be placed seemed to him too small for a picture of the required size, he doubled its dimensions in appearance, by reproducing the architecture of the room, with a deep and luminous perspective in his canvas. It is rather a painting of fine attitudes and skilful chiaroscuro than of noble heads and beautiful faces. The three ladies seated together at the end of the table nearest the spectator are an exception to this; but the room is looked at lengthwise and the tables similarly arranged, so that only a few of the guests can be seen distinctly; while the servants appear much more important. Christ and the Virgin are at the farther end and seem to be a long way off. The best figure in the piece is a servant girl pouring water from one jar into another; and next to her a lady in a red dress, leaning across the table to show the wine in her cup to one of the disciples.

It is therefore not an historical picture in the true sense, but a huge *genre* painting; which is, however, raised above the general mass of *genre* work by having a spiritual import. This is conveyed to us in an objective symbolic way by the bright light

which falls on the table, irradiates the heads of the guests, and glistens on the rafters above. This is all that Tintoretto would seem to have made out of it —all that the subject meant to him. The design gives people a satisfaction which they are not very well able to define. It arises, perhaps, from a sense of cheerfulness and ample hospitality. Its coloring is so perfect as scarcely to attract attention, and fortunately is well preserved.

This painting is now in the church of Santa Maria Salute, an edifice as conspicuous for its position and its dignified proportions, as for its coarse ornament, and lack of elegance in architectural details. A building with a large dome always becomes a landmark, and numberless pictures of Venetian scenery have been painted by modern artists in which *La Salute* forms the principal object.

After an interval of seven or eight years, Tintoretto was recalled to the church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, and there executed two large works of such importance as to deserve a careful and detailed analysis. Is not the true measure of a work of art the praise that we can bestow on it?

The Miracle of Saint Agnes.

The difficulty that Protestants, and especially Americans, find in placing themselves *en rapport* with mediæval art arises largely from an ignorance of the legends of the Catholic Church. Protestants know little enough concerning the heroes and martyrs of their own faith, and it rarely happens that they

have learned any part of the mythology of the other great branch of Christianity. We know by hearsay that St. George was a hunter of dragons, and St. Christopher, a good-humored giant who bore travellers across a dangerous river; but how many can tell what St. Roche, St. Michael, or St. Giustina of Padua were canonized for? We know enough of the erratic doings of the Grecian demigods, and is it not time we were better informed concerning these spiritual heroes and heroines to whom we owe so much.

The painting now before us is a rarely perfect union of classic and romantic, for it contains the essential elements of both without loss or violence to either; yet few of the visitors at Santa Maria dell' Orto, who admire the fine drawing, rich, vigorous coloring of it, and the expression on the face of St. Agnes, have any but a vague idea of what is supposed to be taking place in the scene before them. Even the names that have been given to it are partially erroneous. It has either been called the *Martyrdom of St. Agnes*, or *St. Agnes Working Miracles*; whereas it is one particular miracle, and not a series of them, which forms the subject.

The story of St. Agnes is simply as follows, and is supposed to be well authenticated. She was a beautiful Roman girl who lived in the reign of Diocletian, or about 290 A.D., and was greatly admired by the son of the city Prefect, by name Sempronius, who offered to marry her, promising all that wealth and luxury could give. She, however, did not wish to marry a pagan, and refused his offer, telling him that she intended to be the bride of Jesus Christ,

and preferred a life of single holiness to all the wealth of Rome. Thereupon young Sempronius became very ill, and his father, having at length discovered the cause of his malady, went to the young woman himself and entreated her most earnestly to become his son's wife. She, however, continued in the same mind, and the Prefect, finally discovering that she belonged to the sect of Christians which Diocletian had determined to suppress, had her arrested and carried before the altars of the gods. Then, as she refused to pay homage to them, he had her condemned to be tortured and put to death.

Young Sempronius, however, entreated his father to spare her life, and at his father's instigation seized upon her to carry her to his house by violence, but had no sooner laid his hands on her than he fell down dead upon the ground. The Prefect was filled with great sorrow at the death of his son, and Agnes, moved with compassion for both of them, and in the true spirit of a Christian, prayed fervently that he should be restored to life; which accordingly happened.

When the Prefect saw this miracle, he wished to spare the girl's life, but the populace, instigated by the augurs and soothsayers, rushed in and carried her off. At first they attempted to burn her alive, but it is said that the fire would not harm her, and she was finally put to death, like St. Paul, by the sword.

The picture, like so many others in Venice, was painted to suit its position in the chapel, and is con-

sequently more than twice as high as it is wide. This, with its semicircular top, gives it a peculiar shape; but Tintoretto overcame the difficulty of the situation by filling the upper portion with a group of beautiful angels. Here his studies in foreshortening stood him in good advantage, for the chapel is comparatively so short and narrow that if these angels had been painted of natural proportions they would have appeared abbreviated and misshapen from beneath. He succeeded, however, in giving them a graceful and natural appearance; and in one sense they are the only proper angels that ever were painted, for they seem to be much lighter and more ethereal than the figures below; such as might be expected to float in air. Their faces are not distinctly visible, and this also is true to nature in such cases.

The group below is one of Tintoretto's best. It is like a scene from Shakespeare in its reality and completeness, and also possesses the repose and elegance of the classic manner. There is reason for this. Classic art was originally Greek or Roman art, and romantic art is essentially Christian art.* Now in the miracle of St. Agnes we have the noble Roman pitted against the noble Christian, and the Christian is victorious. Tintoretto has selected that moment in the drama which indicates this most plainly,—the moment when young Sempronius was just coming back to life. The true artist makes his most important decisions more by feeling than reflection; but this instance might be called a case of plenary inspiration.

* See the second chapter of *The Real and Ideal in Literature.*

The kneeling figure of Agnes in celestial raiment, her face strained with a tremendous moral effort, is the focus of the work, and everything in it is related thereto. Near her is the lamb with a pathetic humanized look of sheepish loyalty, and behind her a centurion in armor of the sixteenth century. It is the most difficult of all successes in art—a tragedy; more difficult, it would seem, in painting than in sculpture, if we would only recollect how few of them there are. Away with your simpering Madonnas of Florence! This is real life. Not one of them, nor even Titian's matronly Virgin going up to heaven in adoration, deserves a place beside this kneeling child.

If the academic theory of the German professors were true, that every man has an acme in his life after which his powers necessarily decline, the *Miracle of St. Agnes* might be considered the acme of Tintoretto, for it combines depth of feeling with maturity of thought and remarkable technical skill. It suffers from its cramped position, and from the same fault as the *Miracle of St. Mark*—that is, among the spectators there are several who have a family likeness,—but if he afterwards succeeded in grander conceptions, yet he created nothing intrinsically better.

The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple.

Some account has already been given of Titian's treatment of this subject, and it becomes interesting now to compare it with that by Tintoretto. It has

been suggested that the latter was painted before the former, and that the coincidence in the figures of the Virgin and high-priest common to both pictures, originated in a compliment of Titian's to his former pupil. As Titian was over forty years old when Tintoretto was born, this is not at all likely. Either Tintoretto borrowed these figures from his master, or what is not improbable, they were painted in the same manner because it would be difficult to conceive them otherwise. There are certain differences between the two paintings, and both may be considered original. Tintoretto's high-priest is somewhat nobler, more dignified, and less embarrassed by his clothing than Titian's.

Both pictures seem to me equally well painted, though Titian shows his age somewhat in his drawing, and still more in the darkening tone of his color. It is like the acting of a veteran tragedian who is afraid to throw himself vigorously into his part. Tintoretto's, on the other hand, suffers from time in a different way; that is, it has been slightly injured by a most careful and considerate restoration.* Both pictures have been greatly admired, but Tintoretto's is the most popular of the two, and this is probably because it is the more animated and human. There is a great deal of fine architecture in Titian's *Presentation*, which, however, gives it a rather cold effect, especially the flight of rectangular marble steps which the young Madonna is

* The most serious injury done in this case may be noticed in the face of the child mother, formerly very attractive, who is seated upon the second step. The eyes have been painted out.

ascending, with the dark subterranean passage-way at the side of them. Tintoretto improved upon this treatment by giving his staircase a semicircular form, with the rise of each step carved with a winding tracery. Thus all stiffness is taken out of the picture at once. Then he has drawn his perspective in such a way that the spectator seems to be close to the staircase instead of at a distance, and looks up at the figures of the high-priest and the little Virgin outlined against the sky. The attitude of the former is full of kindness and consideration for the child who is climbing the steps toward him, and he happily still remains as Tintoretto left him. The Virgin is ornamented with a halo, a rare occurrence at that period of art, but necessary here to give her diminutive figure more distinction.

When we stand before the carelessly collected group in Titian's picture, we notice a graceful lady very finely drawn; opposite us at the foot of the steps, and somewhat in the rear, a man of commanding presence, with his head slightly raised, who resembles the Mocenigo who was Doge afterwards during the visitation of the plague in which Titian died. But the characteristic personage in the picture is, after all, the grand old peasant woman with her basket of eggs; though there are certain supersensitive people who dislike the work on her account. Tintoretto has made the central object of his scene a matronly woman pointing out the Virgin to her child. She is drawn in a manner which seems like a compromise between the grace of Raphael and the force of Michel Angelo. Is it an idle fancy to suppose

that she is a representative person, a prophetic sibyl who perceives the halo about the Virgin which the others are unconscious of, and recognizes the future significance of it. Her pose and action are magnetic; she is one of the celebrated figures of Venetian art.

In the shadow of the temple wall there are several half-naked beggars lying on the steps. They also are looking earnestly toward the Virgin (and one has started up with a gesture of astonishment), as if they felt the ceremony had a peculiar significance for them. It was customary in former times to permit beggars to rest on the steps of churches and even palaces, and it was considered inhospitable to drive them away.

Does it often happen that beggars take such a lively interest in an every-day ceremonial? The other spectators, with the exception of the woman and child just referred to, treat the affair with comparative indifference. The old woman with the basket of eggs, in Titian's picture, is looking directly away from the Virgin. From what we already have learned of Tintoretto's mental and spiritual constitution, it is safe to conclude that this arrangement was intentional with him. We may well believe that he perceived as much in his own work as any critic is likely to discover in it. Every historical picture was to him an opportunity to express the thought and feeling with which his ardent spirit was burdened. He has, at any rate, given to his *Presentation of the Virgin* an unity, vitality, and significance which is not to be found in Titian's. The impres-

sion which one picture makes on us is very different from that of the other. One is poetry and the other is prose.

Lessing wisely remarks in the *Laocoön*, that for the poet design is difficult and execution comparatively easy, while the reverse is true of the painter and sculptor. The poet certainly is not required to make the same effort in the use of fine language that the painter must in order to use his brush skilfully; and yet how many poets have been celebrated, in their own time at least, for nothing better than a graceful diction and the ingenious treatment of such subjects as are common to the poetry of all times. It is also true that in painting the best of designs may be spoiled by the inferior execution, and yet what is it except design that makes the difference between Raphael's *Transfiguration* and his *Madonna of the Baldichino.* A repetition of the same design, as we see in some painters of high merit, also becomes tedious. Grand or beautiful conceptions are not easily attainable in any of the arts.

The picture is full of imaginative power. Every figure in it has a distinct individuality. We dislike to leave them, and wish we could follow out the future course of their lives. The attitudes of the beggars are original and effective. It was like Tintoretto to cover over their shame with a shadow.

Tintoretto painted three *Crucifixions*, all original and interesting; and the last, one of the greatest of pictures.

The earliest of these, according to Ridolfi, was

painted for the church of San Cassiano, and is the earliest example of that whimsical humor of the master which developed itself so luxuriantly a few years later, and caused so much injury to his reputation. It is, however, a delightful painting, and well worth a trip in a gondola.

All the accessories are exaggerated in it, and the principal objects are made subordinate. In the foreground there is a thick fringe of dry grass and brambles, and in the distance another fringe is formed by a line of spear-heads belonging to the Roman soldiers. Between these two fences the crucifixion is evidently taking place, but Christ himself is not the most prominent figure in it. The three crosses are at the right hand, almost in profile, against a beautiful summer sky; while the Holy Virgin and her friends are on the left, separated from Christ by a number of soldiers conspicuous for their fine drawing and characteristic attitudes. One is on a ladder, receiving the inscription for the cross and a sponge from another below. Christ's red mantle lying in the foreground, with spears of grass across it, is especially noticeable. Nothing could be more unusual than such a treatment, and yet it is also very impressive. The seriousness of the work is engraved in every line of it; so that it is interesting to watch how the expression will deepen on the faces of those who gaze at it.

It is the specialty of genius to discover something beautiful in what is common and homely. How often have we been pleased at sight of the long rustling grass which is found in spring about fences

and gates, but who before or since Tintoretto has thought of emphasizing this in a picture? Ruskin says: "As a piece of color, this *Crucifixion* is notable for its extreme modesty. There is not a single very full or bright tint in any part, and yet the color is delightful in it throughout; not the slightest touch of it but is delicious. It is worth notice also, and especially because this picture being in a fresh state we are sure of one fact, that, like nearly all other great colorists, Tintoretto was afraid of light greens in his vegetation. He often uses dark-blue greens in his shadowed trees, but here, when the grass is in full light, it is all painted with hues of sober brown, more especially where it crosses the crimson robe. The handling of the whole is in his noblest manner."

I think sobriety, rather than modesty, expresses the style of its coloring. Bright green is always a difficult tint to deal with, but Ruskin seems to have left the season of the year out of his reckoning. Grass is green in northern Italy at Easter, but not the long, dry grass which still remains uncut from the previous year. This recognition of truth in details never fails to add something to the general effect of a work of art.

In the church of Saint Sebastian there is a *Crucifixion* by Paul of Verona, which is in all respects a remarkable contrast to the preceding, and exemplifies how a picture may fulfil all technical requirements, and yet be as radically vicious as a sonata of Beethoven's played by machinery. The figures in it are well drawn, gracefully arranged, and

realism as Donatello's statue of St. George: no other such horse exists on canvas; he is springing out of the picture, and in another moment will be on the floor of the Academy. But this is not all; his nostrils are dilated, and his eye is as expressive and intelligent as that of an intellectual man. His head is turned from the crucifixion, but he is conscious of what is taking place and, full of rage, would like to trample down the executioners, as horses have sometimes been known to trample on their master's enemies. His rider is naked to the waist, and has evidently turned from the spectacle with a feeling of shame and sorrow. The rider is Tintoretto himself; and whoever has owned and loved a beautiful horse cannot fail to understand what the artist intended here.

The design is more modern and elevated even than that of the *Crucifixion* in San Rocco. Christ is distinguished from the two thieves, not only by his position, but also by his dignity of drawing; his stoical repose in pain. The latter are twisted and contorted on their crosses as only Tintoretto could have represented them; for even Michel Angelo, being a sculptor originally, could not give such suppleness to his figures. The group of women near the Saviour is not brought out in such strong relief as one might wish, but is tender and pathetic. The whole picture is perfectly finished, full of action, and atmospheric as a Correggio.

The Four Philosophers.

In 1561, the Senate decided to decorate the library in the Palazzo Reale in an artistic manner, and

although Titian was now in his eighty-fifth year, the business was given in charge to him, and he divided the work between Schiavone, Paul of Verona, Zelotti, Salviate, and others, quite overlooking Tintoretto, who was more distinguished than any of them. This may have happened because the new Doge Girolamo Priuli had preferred to have his portrait painted by Tintoretto; but it is not absolutely necessary to suppose this, for Tintoretto's artistic methods were so different from those of the others that his work could not easily be harmonized with theirs. The affair, however, attracted public attention, and much was said about Titian's old grudge toward his brilliant pupil and the unfairness of the distribution. Therefore the committee who had the matter in charge thought it best to give Tintoretto some compensation (particularly since it seemed as if the Doge's judgment was also brought in question), and allotted Tintoretto four narrow spaces in the library for him to try his best on.

This was an excellent arrangement, for it made Tintoretto independent of the other painters, who were occupied with decorative work and gave him an opportunity, if he chose to do so, to rise above them. Neither was he slow to avail himself of this favorable chance. In one of the spaces he delineated a Diogenes (according to Ridolfi), and in another an Archimedes distinguished by his square, but whom the rest were intended for has not come down to us. Diogenes is known by his attitude, and the one next him is presumably Zeno, as the most suitable companion for a cynic.

Of all Tintoretto's drawings these approach most nearly to the style of Michel Angelo, and yet if they were placed in the Vatican they would still look different from the other paintings about them.

They are, technically, the final summing up of Italian art. The two philosophers are supposed to be seated in narrow arched niches with fluted demi-vaults. This is represented so perfectly that, as Ridolfi says, they seem almost to be separated from the wall on which they are painted, and if you stand directly in front of them it seems impossible to believe that it is a flat surface before you. No such illusion is to be met with in Titian or Raphael; only Leonardo was also sometimes able to produce such effects. Their coloring is powerful without being either rich or grave. There is no word that exactly describes it. Graceful little figures of genii with globes lean against the arch above.

Ridolfi particularly admires the figure of Diogenes as the most original and characteristic of the four. He says: "The figure is powerfully colored and indeed magnificent, both because of its very accurate drawing and the natural posture of the body. He is thinking, with his legs crossed and his chin on his arm, which is resting on one of his legs. One can even perceive in it the genius of that philosopher, wrapped in his profound meditation." The one we have called Zeno is reading from a large volume which rests upon his knee while his foot rests upon the other knee. It requires great skill in an artist to make such an attitude appear natural. His hair is matted from neglect and his clothing consists

of a single robe, as would be characteristic of the true Stoic. The last of the four, who is much better dressed, and who is writing in a book, with four large folio volumes under his feet, is drawn in the noblest manner, but his face is concealed from us; and we feel that if he should lift his head we might behold Plato himself. So far as artistic skill is concerned these philosophers are the *Ultima Thule* of painting.

CHAPTER IX.

SCUOLA OF SAN ROCCO.

NEXT in size and consideration to the Ducal Palace and the principal churches of Venice are the halls of the different city guilds, monuments now of the industrial methods of the past. The more important trades, like the manufacture of cloth, leather, and glass-blowing, had each a guild to itself, while other guilds were formed from a number of trades, or from various industries in a particular quarter of the city. It is only possible to understand the contentment of the Venetian middle classes in submitting so long to the government of a privileged oligarchy by recognizing the broad field of political activity which the organization of the guilds afforded them. These were powerful self-supporting corporations, which by their supervision of manufactures succeeded in maintaining a high standard of excellence ; and at the same time charitable institutions which provided for secondary education, the relief of the poor, and the support of widows, aged, and disabled persons. They were related to the Ducal government much as American town and city governments are to those of the

States. At times of public danger they often loaned large sums to the public treasury, and were in many ways a source of stability and inherent vigor to the commonwealth.

The guild halls served for the meetings of the brotherhood, as schools for their children, hospitals for the sick, and at last as repositories of art. They have not the grandeur of the town halls of Germany and the Netherlands, and yet are not without some interest of their own. Every guild had a patron saint to whom its hall was dedicated, and by whose name it was better known than from the description of industry to which the brotherhood appertained. We have seen what important assistance was given to Tintoretto by the Brotherhood of St. Mark at the most critical period of his history, and he was now to receive still more liberal patronage from the guild of San Rocco.

In 1488 the *Scuola* of San Rocco was removed from a building on the Grand Canal near St. Stephen's to one of more ample dimensions erected near the church of the Frari, according to designs by the Florentine sculptor, Sansovino,* who as an architect also was considered much above his merit. It must have been long in building, however, (work probably interrupted by the disaster of Cambray,) for two distinct styles of architecture are visible in it, one belonging to the fifteenth and the other to the sixteenth century. It is an oblong structure of two lofty stories, much shut in by walls

* According to Ridolfi ; but others say they were by Tullio Lombardi in 1525.

on either side, and gives an impression of dry and dignified respectability, much like the imaginary architecture of Michel Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. Sansovino's genius, if he had any, only appears in the carved leafage of the capitals, which are graceful and refined. Certainly it might have been better designed—either for a school or a hospital, for it is much too dark within; and between its shape and the watery surroundings there is a feeling about it as if you were on a huge canal boat.

San Rocco, or Saint Roche, was one of the latest and most authentic of the saints of the Roman Catholic Church, and perhaps that is the reason why we know so little about him. He was born in Montpellier, France, during the reign of Philip the Fair, the most terrible of French kings, whom Dante has represented as a giant on the summit of Purgatory lashing Pope Boniface with his chariot reins. Saint Roche was eight or ten years of age when the *Purgatorio* was written. He was canonized for a life of charitable devotion to the sick and suffering, especially during the great pestilence known to history as the black death, which came in the middle of the fourteenth century. Instead of running away from this scourge he boldly advanced to meet the danger, journeying to Italy where it was most severe, and saving many lives there, both by careful nursing and, as it was supposed, by his pious exhortations. He was himself taken violently ill and yet recovered beyond all expectation. On his return to France, like most of the benefactors of mankind, he was falsely accused and sent to prison, and he either

died there or soon after he had been released. In 1385 his body was carried to Venice and is supposed to have been interred in the church which bears his name. Great importance was attached to the fact that he died at the same age at which Christ was crucified. His life offers no striking or especially salient characteristics. Many others have done as much and have disappeared nameless in the gulf of time. Yet he is one of the most popular saints of southern Europe, and many churches and charitable institutions have been dedicated to him.

Ridolfi thus describes the manner in which Tintoretto gained the commission for decorating the new *Scuola*:

"Now about the year 1560 the members of the Guild determined to have some conspicuous picture painted in the dining-hall, and they requested the best painters of the city to furnish designs for the ellipse in the middle of the gallery. Tintoretto was among them, and having secretly obtained the measure of the space, while the others were busying themselves drawing their designs, he painted with marvellous quickness St. Rocco in the midst of the sky, met by God the Father, with angels standing around and carrying the banners of their several orders; and, without saying a word to any one about it, he had it fixed in its place.

"When, on the appointed day, Paul Veronese, Andrea Schiavone, Giuseppe Salviati, and Federico Zuccaro came to show their designs, and Tintoretto was asked to unfold his, he uncovered his canvas, which he had skilfully concealed with a cartoon, saying he

had drawn a design concerning which they could not make any mistake; and if his prompt service did not please them, he would make a present of it to St. Rocco, from whom he had already received so many favors. The painters were astonished at seeing such a beautiful picture brought to so great perfection in so short a time; and gathering up their drawings they told the members of the Guild not to concern themselves further, since Tintoretto had through his enterprise carried off the honor. Notwithstanding, the members of the Guild, irritated, insisted that the picture should be taken down, as they had given no order of that sort, but had only asked for a sketch of the device, that they might confer the work on the one who could show the best design; but being obliged to keep it (both because their laws did not allow them to refuse anything which was given to the Saint), and, as the picture was considered to be very good, they decided upon a majority of votes that Tintoretto should be duly commissioned. Hence they received him into their brotherhood, and decreed to him the charge of all the paintings that should be necessary for the rooms of the Guild. Moreover, they assigned to him an annual pension of one hundred ducats for the rest of his life on condition that he should furnish one finished picture every year."

What Tintoretto expected to gain by this mad frolic does not appear very clearly. It certainly could not have promoted his chances of success with the committee of the Guild. Indeed they appear to have been exasperated by it, and only recovered

their good-humor on Tintoretto's diplomatic presentation of the picture. His rivals also had reason to be indignant, and no doubt packed up their sketches with a good deal of disgust. This is more likely than, as Ridolfi says, that they acknowledged themselves vanquished by Tintoretto's superior skill. Ridolfi's enthusiasm for his favorite master is not very different from Vasari's idolization of Michel Angelo. If Tintoretto actually gained the commission by this piece of legerdemain it does little credit to the sense and judgment of the examining committee.

The simpler explanation is that it was intended for a great pictorial joke; and finally accepted as such. We cannot help sympathizing with men like Schiavone and Zuccaro, artists of the second rank, who were always called to compete for a prize with so little chance of gaining one. The choice lay from the first between Tintoretto and Paul; and since the latter was an ill painter of religious subjects the final decision of the judges would seem to be the best they could have made.

Tintoretto was at work in San Rocco from this time forward until 1578, or from his forty-third to his sixtieth year; but in rather an irregular manner, for we do not find any account of his painting there again until 1565, when he finished the *Crucifixion*, which must have been begun from ten months to a year previously. It is probable, however, that he meanwhile painted other pictures there of which there is no record. From 1565 to 1572 he completed the greater number of the largest pictures which we now see there. This disposes of Ridolfi's

statement that he painted them as rapidly as possible so that he might continue to draw his annuity after his work had been finished; which is Ridolfi's way of accounting for the hasty manner in which many of them were executed. Even if this were the true cause of it, he certainly earned his wages, for the *Crucifixion* alone could not now be purchased of the brotherhood for ten times the money that Tintoretto received for all of them. The extent of canvas he covered in San Rocco must have been nearly equal to half an acre. On the walls of the ground-floor there are nine large paintings by him; in the second story there are thirteen on the walls and twelve more on the ceiling; and in the Crucifixion room twenty-eight more including ten vignettes of single figures and heads of children.

We come now to a new departure in this man of many changes—one that is difficult to understand, and has often been misunderstood. The *Crucifixion* and most of the pictures in the same hall, together with the *Visitation*, are executed similarly to the Tintorettos in Santa Maria dell' Orto and of the Academy, but the rest defy all rules and precedents known to previous artists. It seems as if here at last the man's impetuous nature had broken through all restraint. He revels in powerful conceptions which he cannot spare time to complete, and rushes onward from one idea to another in a sort of pictorial whirlwind. If he wishes for a tree, he paints a few strokes that suggest it, and leaves the rest to your imagination. Everywhere are bold designs, powerful effects, and mighty forms, but all in an unfinished

condition. Dr. Janitschek says truly: "It is not the haste of the rapid workman that impels Tintoretto here, but his inability to control the mighty thoughts that continually besiege him and demand expression." We have noticed before the effect of this element in his character from his constant need of new and original enterprises, and now the same element enters into and controls the work itself. These rough paintings are in fact the improvisations of genius, and every stroke in them has a value that would disappear if they were more nicely finished.

A sensible man, as Tintoretto certainly was in spite of some extravagances, will not permit his surplus vitality to run away with him on unsuitable occasions, but waits for such a time as it may be not only inoffensive but an entertainment to his companions. Ruskin could understand this trait in others, because it was a part of his own nature. He considered it highly fortunate that Tintoretto was forced to undertake the task of decorating the *Scuola*, for no one else could so well have filled the requirements of the case. What use would it have been for a Correggio or a Luini to have strained his own eyesight on delicately finished pictures in the gloomy walls of San Rocco, and those of other people by looking at them there? Tintoretto, therefore, painted in such a manner as would be most effective in that dim religious light. The conditions of the problem were suited to his natural inclination.

What the members of the Guild of San Rocco thought of this rough, sketchy work, we are not informed, but there have been many to condemn it

at all times, then and now. Dr. Janitschek, a critic of the same academic school as Professor Lübke, but of too hard and inflexible a nature to appreciate the intellectual *quality* of a picture, says of it: "The wall paintings are not to be compared with those on the ceiling (of the upper hall) either in respect to color or composition. They plainly show the constantly increasing haste of the artist, in consequence of which his technique becomes more and more erratic. All represent scenes from the New Testament, but not one of them leaves an æsthetically satisfying impression. Side by side with details which excite admiration are paraded vulgarities and cynicisms in composition, and all the paintings show a degree of haste inspired by a rich but unrestrained fantasy, such as effectually hinders all collectedness and concentration of mind."

Is this rich fantasy worth nothing however? I confess that on my first visit to the *Scuola* these sketchy productions affected me in a similar way. It was because I did not understand the principle to which they owed their existence. After a time they began to impress me, and I thought I perceived a wonderful life in them—the originating impulses of a human soul acting through a most vigorous intellect. Nowhere else has the poetic imagination of this master expressed itself with such fulness and freshness. It seems as if they must have been painted after a spring rain, when all the buds suddenly turn into leaves. His conceptions here are not at all of the best, but they are all original, spontaneous. It is an imagination unclothed and

to be regarded with some slight reverence, like undraped statues. The impression is a peculiar one and different from any other—at least in Venetian art. We come nearer here to Tintoretto's own self than in his more finished pictures; for the more perfect anything is the more it tends to isolation and a separate existence. The best works of art are self-supporting.

Let us take as an instance the picture of *Jonah and the Whale*, which is on the ceiling of the upper hall, but belongs to the class of sketchy compositions. This seems like a laughable subject, but Tintoretto has made it quite otherwise. The whale occupies quite one half of the canvas, and his mouth is enormous, while his tongue seems even too large for it. Jonah is cast out as if he were a fly on a brush. Ruskin thinks that the tongue must be too large; but Tintoretto had perhaps seen a whale stranded in the lagoons and knew better. Now the sudden appearance of one of the great monsters of the deep from beneath the surface of the water is a romantic apparition. Even the sight of a sturgeon leaping into the air from the surface of one of our great rivers is exhilarating. Tintoretto has somehow caught this effect and reproduced it in a few bold strokes. His picture astonishes because it is so different from anything we had expected. It is in itself an apparition, and is better for not being well finished, because it leaves more to the imagination. The *Massacre of the Innocents* is another terribly realistic work which excites a feeling of even painful commiseration.

The Crucifixion.

Visitors to the church and *Scuola* of San Rocco would do well to go at once to the Sala dell' Albergo, which is at the farther end of the great hall in the first story, and spend at least half an hour in looking at Tintoretto's *Crucifixion*, while their minds are fresh, and before their senses have been dulled by the mighty force of intellect which meets us here at every step. The importance of this work is indicated, in a certain measure, by the benches placed before it, and more people may be found seated there than are commonly met with in the Sistine Chapel. It seems strange that we do not often hear it referred to in the conversation of travellers, or even of art critics. Perhaps the impression it makes is so holy, so profoundly serious, that we do not like to speak of it. There are certain events in history to which we can never become reconciled, because they seem to have no compensation for the evil they contain. Such are the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the execution of William Wallace, and of Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen emperors. The martyrdom of Jesus was not of this kind: there is compensation for it in every generation of Christians born on this earth, yet such are our associations with it that we cannot approach the subject even in our own minds except with a feeling of awe and timidity.

Of all subjects attempted by the great masters, this and the *Last Judgment* are certainly the most difficult. Only Tintoretto has grappled with it suc-

cessfully. Raphael, Titian, Michel Angelo, never attempted it. Crucifixions were not uncommon among Italian painters of the fourteenth century, and they often succeeded in their immature art to a more lofty religious expression than their more skilful successors; but as painting developed itself to a more perfect representation of nature they became less frequent. A philosopher can generalize calmly concerning the ruin of an empire, but the stoical Goethe wept over the imaginary sufferings of Ottilia, and the historical painter, who brings before himself the happiness, triumph, suffering, and doom of his characters in a most lifelike reality, must feel even more keenly in regard to them. Only a man of heroic mould like Tintoretto could face the divine tragedy in its completeness.

It was either Shakespeare's ambition or his inevitable tendency, to weld the real and ideal so inseparably together that, while he has portrayed his men and women to the very life, they are illuminated at the same time by the internal light of his own genius. To this end he sometimes sacrificed the literary form of his plays. It is a small matter. So it was with Tintoretto. He could not, or would not, represent a crucifixion with a classically symmetrical group of figures surrounding a cross, or after the elementary manner of the Preraphaelites. Neither would he represent it in the brilliant and sensuous coloring of Correggio's *Ecce Homo*. He depicted the event as he felt sure it must have taken place.

The time chosen is the moment when the sponge

of vinegar is lifted up to Christ, whose head is bent over with suffering and exhaustion, as if in a swoon. If the picture has a defect it consists in this—that we cannot discern clearly the expression of the Saviour's face. Perhaps it is better to be left to our imagination; and in this sense is even a more ideal treatment than the beautifully carved crucifixes by Cellini* in the Green vaults at Dresden—masterpieces of heroic anguish. There is at least a kind of relief to us in the fact; and there was, no doubt, to Tintoretto also. The colors, originally dusky, have much deepened by time, and Christ's features may at first have been more distinguishable.

There is a preliminary sketch of the picture in Florence, photographed by Braun, in which the subject is treated more boldly, the moment chosen being that in which the voice is heard saying, "This is my beloved son," and a cloudy, indistinguishable figure is floating above the cross, which Christ looks up to by a convulsive effort, while his mother is fainting in the arms of the two Marys beneath. The thieves have partially torn themselves loose from the crosses on either side, and a violent wind seems to be blowing across the scene; and the whole is of a wild and terrific aspect. Lessing rightly observes that the final step and extreme phase of tragedy belongs rather to the domain of poetry, and that the moment of suspense which precedes a catastrophe is the most suitable subject for the arts of painting and sculpture. In this instance, as in many others, Tin-

* One is said to be by Michel Angelo, but is more likely by John of Bologna.

toretto seems to have conceived his work poetically, and afterwards subordinated it to the rules of painting. This sketch is of unlimited value, for we see in it the impetuous ferment and first strokes of the artist's creative genius. It has the character of a rhapsody.

The *Crucifixion* covers one side of the room, and must be nearly thirty feet in length. It is wonderfully painted. There is the kind of darkness in it such as precedes a severe storm; and this darkness is atmospheric, so that by straining our eyes we are able to see objects in it more clearly. The landscape is so perfect that it reminds one of a stereoscopic view, and this effect can be seen even in a photograph, by placing it in a camera, as we do the photographs of landscapes. Behind the cross is a large, round halo, as if the sun were approaching the earth, and could be seen behind the clouds. The figure of Christ is one of the finest ever drawn, and vies with that of Adam, in the *Creation of Man*, on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. The muscles of his arms are corded like a rope, and that and the forward inclination of his head are the only indications of his pain. At the foot of the cross is that celebrated group of mourners—the most pathetic and deeply affecting group in the whole cycle of art. It is not a prearranged tableau, but the figures are harmoniously disposed, as might naturally happen from their duty to their master and consideration for each other.

The Madonna stands with one hand on the rough post, gazing upward to see if life is still there. Her face is turned from us, but her attitude is sufficiently

eloquent.* And here we meet with the rare knowledge of human nature on Tintoretto's part. The tears of a school-girl over her small troubles will make her look more beautiful, but it is not so with the severe agony of a mature woman—her suffering at the loss of her lover or her child. That will tear her beauty from her as if by violence. We notice this in the face of Mary Magdalen, whose features, usually so comely, are here represented quite otherwise; and, proportionately also, in St. John, whose head is thrown back in a paroxysm of despair. St. Peter, another noble head, is bending forward in tender solicitude for Mary, the mother of James, who is swooning with grief. The attitudes, and even the outlines of every one in this group, express profound mental emotion, and are a worthy study for actor or dramatist.

The ideality of the picture is concentrated about the cross and thrown into clear relief by the plain, business-like realism of the rest of the scene. On either side energetic workmen are busy with the crosses of the two thieves. Beyond these there is a line of horsemen, with spears, placed at military intervals. Observe the contrast between one of the soldiers, who is permitting his horse to graze, while he leans across the saddle with an air of affected indifference, and that of the intelligent centurion on the left, who is looking steadily at Christ, as if a higher spiritual insight was then and there taking

* The Greek artist Timachus represented Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia also with his face averted—a method which afterwards gave rise to much discussion among ancient critics.

possession of him. Beyond the line of videttes is a fine landscape, where groups of citizens and villagers, near and at a distance, are gazing at the spectacle with curiosity and horror. One incident of the scene is peculiarly characteristic. A soldier and a workman are gambling, I believe throwing dice, almost under the shadow of the cross. This gives the final touch, for no tragedy is complete without Epimetheus. An English critic observes that the tree-trunks are elaborately rounded in their woody strength, and that the foliage, both on the trees and trailing about the foreground, is finished with care and delicacy.

The style of this masterpiece is slightly different from any other in San Rocco, and whence has Tintoretto, perhaps unconsciously, drawn this difference? Not from Raphael or Correggio or Titian, this time, but he has gone across the Alps and sought from German Dürer, that plain, homelike manner which goes most directly to our hearts. It is the fortunate union of the grand Roman manner with German single-mindedness and strength of feeling which makes the work so impressive. Dürer himself attempted the same subject on a smaller scale; but, as Michel Angelo remarked to Vittoria Colonna and her friends, the result was not wholly successful. Tintoretto's magnetic nature, however, accomplished a more perfect welding. His head of Christ reminds us not a little of the one by Dürer in Nuremburg,* but it is quite possible that Tintoretto never saw that or any other considerable work by Dürer.

* The various tools scattered about the foreground also remind one of Dürer's *Melancholia*.

It is certainly one of the grandest as it is the most tragical of all paintings. Orcagna's picture of *Hell*, with its grinning Satan, like a huge grizzly bear, may have seemed sufficiently terrible to the superstitious peasants and pious monks of Pisa, but no experienced person could be deterred from a career of worldly ambition by such a spectacle. Neither do the *Martyrdoms of St. Lawrence*, or the handsome figures of St. Sebastian, filled with arrows like pin-cushions, penetrate us with poignant sympathy. We turn away from Tintoretto's *Crucifixion* as we rise from our seats at the theatre after the curtain has fallen on the last scene of *Hamlet* or *Othello*. I pity the Christian who has left that room without feeling more profoundly the seriousness of life, and how real and imperative are the obligations of religion.

The figures of Christ and the group beneath him have the effect of a group of statuary, and we are reminded again of Tintoretto's early studies from the Florentine casts. This, however, does not diminish the pathos of the work, for the tender feeling of the artist is expressed in every line of feature and attitude. It gives something of the strength and stability of sculpture, but is not on the whole an advantage.

Sixty years earlier the exhibition of this picture would have made a sensation in Italy such as still might be heard of. Times, however, had changed and the art spirit was fast deserting its favored people. The fame of it must have spread rapidly, however, for soon after it was finished we find it engraved by Agostino Carracci; and when he presented

a copy of it to Tintoretto the latter is said to have been so much pleased that he embraced Carracci most warmly, declaring that the fame of an artist would be worth little if it were not augmented by good engravings.

What relation do the three *Crucifixions* by Tintoretto bear to each other? Are they an ascending series, beginning with the one in San Cassiano and ending with the one we have just described? They are all so different both in design and treatment, each so much the inspiration of the time being, that it does not seem possible there can be any connection between them; and yet there is one which lies very close to the consciousness of the artist, and represents, perhaps, the feeling of reverence with which he entered into this subject.

In the *Crucifixion* of San Cassiano the spectator is evidently supposed to be ascending the Mount of Calvary. His head is nearly on a level with its summit, and he is not yet fully cognizant of what is taking place there. In the one in the Academy of Fine Arts he is indeed a witness of the event, but it is still objective to him; he sympathizes with the sufferings of Christ, but their spiritual significance does not fully appear to him. The treatment is still, in a manner, experimental. In San Rocco he realizes the event subjectively, and its universal meaning of immortality by self-sacrifice is finally revealed to him.

Sala dell' Albergo.

On the ceiling above the *Crucifixion* is the painting of *San Rocco in Heaven* concerning which the com-

petition took place. It is interesting, as showing the difference between Tintoretto's idea of Heaven at this time, upborne on clouds of rose and lavender, and the deeper tones in which he represented the Paradise of his last years, like a crimson aurora. Otherwise there is a divergence of opinion in regard to its value. Dr. Janitschek says in his transitory way that it plainly shows the haste with which it was colored, and is of no value whatever. Ruskin does not find that the handling has been anywhere slighted, but deprecates the coloring, which he thinks was imitated from Correggio for the sake of popularity. It has not the repose which belongs to a well considered work, but the drawing is admirable and the angels unconventional and charming. It differs from the other unfinished pictures at the *Scuola* in being *imperfectly* finished. The allegorical figures which surround it are more carefully painted and full of grace. The whole serves as a contrast to the sombre tone of the *Crucifixion*, and the two pictures intensify each other.

On the wall opposite the *Crucifixion* are two large paintings, *Christ before Pilate*, and the *Bearing of the Cross*. Between them is an *Ecce Homo*, so-called, but it is really a picture of Christ after he has been scourged. It may justly be said that Tintoretto has here missed a noble opportunity; for these pictures, though interesting, are far from what they might have been. Christ appears before Pilate in a white robe, and is dignified in drawing, though the expression of his face is not distinctly visible. Pilate and the rest are mean-looking, and meagrely

painted, so as to give Christ more distinction. This is not the way it should have been; it is not like the design of the *Golden Calf*; but such is the way in which Tintoretto happened to conceive it, and perhaps it represents his feeling at the moment. It was customary with the earlier Italian painters to represent the enemies of Christ as mean-looking men.

The *Bearing of the Cross* is properly a *genre* picture; the figures in it being all subordinated to the general action. The two thieves are nearest to the spectator, and Christ is seen in the distance against the sky as the procession winds round the Mount of Calvary. While this takes away somewhat from the dignity of the subject it possibly adds to the pathos of it; as any one who has seen a catastrophe like a shipwreck or the burning of a house from a distance can testify. Our feeling is then more contemplative, while at the same time ignorance of the true condition of affairs increases our sympathy for those who are suffering.

The small *Ecce Homo* connects the two others, and is better than either of them. Christ, after having been scourged, is lying on the ground, and Pilate lifts up his robe to cover him over. This touch of sympathy from the Roman governor makes the treatment very effective.

Sala Maggiore.

The paintings on the ceilings here belong to a later period, so we will descend to the ground-floor again, noticing by the way the magnificent broad

staircase, worthy of the chaste Sanmichele and the pride of the *Scuola*; and there above the half-way landing you will discover one of the choicest gems of Venetian art. It is Tintoretto's *Visitation*, or *Elizabeth's Visit of Condolence to Mary*, and so different from everything else in San Rocco that one is inclined to believe that it was painted at an earlier time and presented to the Guild either by the artist himself or some member of the fraternity. It is to be classed with the *Adam and Eve* of the Academy, and the *Presentation of Jesus*. Its tone of color is something between those two; deep, warm, serious, and vitalizing. Its depth is not like the skyey depth of Murillo, but more like the clear water about Capri and Elba. No calculation can give such an effect as this; it must come unconsciously, born as geniuses are born, in fortunate moments. The dress of Elizabeth is green and crimson, and that of Mary a dark-brownish red, like ancient terra-cotta. They have fallen into each other's arms. Zacharius stands behind, dressed in blackish brown; yet these tints are so harmonized by a general tone that for some moments we do not notice either the color or drawing of their dresses.

The tenderness of feeling in this picture is equal in depth to its color, so much is expressed by attitude alone. Ruskin says: "The stroke of brilliant white light which outlines the knee of St. Elizabeth is an instance of Tintoretto's habit of relieving dark forms by a halo of more vivid light, which, until lately, one might have supposed an artificial and unjustifiable means of effect. The daguerreotype has shown what

the naked eye could not, that there is actually such a sudden and sharp line of light round the edges of dark objects relieved by luminous space. The dark draperies against the light sky, the horizon being exceedingly low and the outlines of the drapery very severe, produce an effect like ravines between great cliffs,* and have all the sublimity of an Alpine valley at twilight." It is a picture that no copyist can do anything with.

Close by the *Visitation*, and nearly of the same dimensions, hangs Titian's *Annunciation*, the most perfect of his pictures that now remain in Venice. If the *Visitation* has any superiority over it, it is in a less conventional treatment of attitudes and drapery. This was a legacy from Amelis Cortona to the fraternity in 1555, apparently before the *Scuola* was completed; and the two are a priceless pair that should never be separated. Titian must have penetrated more deeply into the secret aspirations of womanhood than either Correggio or Raphael.

It was while standing before the *Annunciation*, during her first journey to Italy, that Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot) was suddenly inspired with the conception of a poem which is now known as *The Spanish Gipsy*. She does not appear to have noticed the *Visitation*; and the partiality of that remarkable woman for sensuous pictures and amorous poetry is one of the most curious facts in the archives of human nature. The poet Lowell, going from Venice to Florence in the autumn of 1873, spoke with

* A wild flight of imagination; but it serves to express the rare chiaroscuro of this picture.

enthusiasm of Tintoretto, and especially of the *Visitation*, which he wished he could carry to America with him. Titian and Raphael are the painters for women; Michel Angelo and Tintoretto the artists for men.

The gentler sex do not make good art critics, for as soon as they catch sight of a *Holy Family* in a gallery, they have no eyes for anything else; but you will find three women who feel a genuine interest in poetry, painting, or music, where one man will. Buonarotti was not far wrong, nor did he speak contemptuously, when he said that oil painting was intended for women; for they are more strongly affected by color than the other sex, as may be noticed in the way they dress.

Next to the *Visitation*, the *Adoration of the Magi* is the most perfectly finished painting in the lower hall, and contains in itself every source of pleasure that can delight the lover of art. It possesses the charm of an ingenious arrangement which has at the same time an appearance of artless simplicity. A bright light radiates from the sacred child, and towards this all other objects, animate and inanimate—the three kings, the shepherds, the troop of horsemen in the distance, the angels flying above, as well as the beams and rafters of the house,—seem to be directing themselves. Yet the variety of the composition prevents this from being readily perceived. The observer is only conscious at first of a central, streaming tendency. The lowly reverence of the Magi is well combined with their aristocratic bearing and aspect of authority.

The poetic character of the remaining pictures in this hall is strongly marked, and even Dr. Janitschek confesses that Tintoretto's drawing is at its best where his handling is most open to censure;—though this, of course, is out of character in a Venetian who ought to prize the color tone above everything. At the farther end of the room there are two narrow spaces which he filled with landscapes similar and yet different, with the Magdalen in one of them seated by a river, and in the other St. Mary of Egypt. The figures are too small to be seen distinctly, but this of itself adds to the appearance of solitude. A woman seated alone by a river: how much that suggests! What a field it opens to the imagination!

Still more does the *Flight into Egypt* excite a feeling of apprehension and sympathy. From out of a wild, chaotic landscape the face of the Virgin appears serene and holy like a beacon in a fog. She is the only true Madonna that Tintoretto has painted thus far; a beautiful face, which is carefully finished, while all the rest is rough and sketchy. St. Joseph marches beside her with hasty strides, and the donkey gives a characteristic twist of his head, such as those animals do when their minds are made up to proceed without further delay. There does not appear to be any drawing with chalk or crayon in either of these three pictures. Everything is done with the brush. Ridolfi notices the effect of distance in the *Flight into Egypt*, and this tends to prove that the coloring was more atmospheric in his time than it appears to be now. Some allowance

for the effect of time should always be made in San Rocco.

The *Massacre of the Innocents* is a subject so tragical, that, like the atrocities of Nero and Commodus, there would seem to be no compensation for it. It is pure, unmixed evil, in the perpetration of which man becomes a hopeless monster, worse than Satan himself. No other artist except Tintoretto has realized the full meaning of this. It was as impossible for Raphael to do justice to such a subject as it was for Emerson to comprehend Hawthorne's investigation of sin. Perhaps it is fortunate that the picture is not more highly finished—that we cannot examine more closely the agonized faces of the mothers and the brutal fury of the assassins. There is even a kind of truth in this, for it is a cool head indeed that sees anything clearly on such occasions. Tintoretto's noble manner of treatment is also some palliation of the subject. A crowd of women with infant children warned by the lamentations afar off, have taken refuge in the temple, from whose sanctity, however, they are driven by the minions of Herod into the marble court, and down the temple steps men and women are plunging together in one wild, frenzied, despairing mass of humanity. The foremost mother, tearing her child from the assassin, leaps forward like a diver who is plunging into the sea. Her skull will certainly be fractured on the marble flags. Another sits in her corner gazing at the dead body of her child, apparently unconscious of the tumult before her. Nowhere has Tintoretto's drawing risen to a higher flight. If it is too realistic,

that is not the fault of the artist. The subject could not be represented in an ideal manner without a sacrifice of truth. It is like one of Homer's battle scenes (though much more terrible), which modern scholars cannot realize the poetry of, because they have no experience that is comparable to it. A Roman soldier like Quintus Curtius could read them with admiration for the valor of Hector and Diomed; and even with a kind of sympathy, such as magnanimous men feel for their victims in battle.

Hermann Grimm says: "What would Rome be now if the *Last Supper* of Leonardo da Vinci had been painted in the Vatican instead of mouldering away in the damp refectory at Milan?" It seems truly like an idiosyncrasy of genius that, of a subject which Leonardo made so much, Tintoretto should have made so little. It is positively the worst picture in the *Scuola*. Yet the reason of it is not difficult to discover. All the interest of a *Last Supper* depends upon the excellence of expression in the faces of Christ and his disciples; and this could not be carried too far. Expression of thought and feeling by attitude has its limitations; and where thirteen men are seated at a table these may fairly be said to have been reached. Something still remains for gestures of their hands, but this by itself is not enough to create a dramatic effect. Yet it is chiefly through attitude and local arrangement that Tintoretto depended in the San Rocco series of paintings. Perhaps he concluded that since he could not do the subject full justice it was better not to attempt to

do so. One would suppose he might have contrived something better than the meagre, *genre*-like picture that we find in the upper hall of the *Scuola*. It may be that his object was to represent it as one might view the scene in passing through an adjoining room; and considered in this light, the picture has a poetic quality.

Tintoretto painted two other *Last Suppers*; one of which is in the church of San Trovaso, and resembles the preceding in a general way, and besides being of inferior conception, is now much restored and dilapidated. Altogether it is not worth the trouble of a visit, though it has been referred to by some critics as an important and characteristic work. The other is in San Georgio Maggiore, and is not only very different from the others, but in its elevated spiritual and mystic quality stands quite alone. In the Uffizzi collection at Florence there is the preparatory study of a *Last Supper* more quietly executed than often happened with Tintoretto's sketches, and if it had been developed in the manner of the *Crucifixion* or the *Golden Calf*, might have become an immortal work. The table is square instead of elongated, and the head of Christ, seen with a bright halo against a dark doorway, is not only spiritual in expression, but wonderfully good-humored. It is the face of one

> "Who found the Lord in his suffering brothers
> And not in the clouds descending."

A more masculine, vigorous type than Leonardo's. St. John, who was the best figure in Leonardo's

picture (if we are to trust Morghen's engraving) does not appear in this study to equal advantage, but he is as yet an unclothed idea, and might come to something better. It is the same St. John that afterwards appears in Tintoretto's *Paradise.* In answer to his question, "Master, who is it?" Christ is holding up the piece of bread and saying, "He it is to whom I give this." Judas, at the farther corner, turns aside his darkened face (a fine conception, both in form and expression), while the other apostles indicate their amazement in a variety of ways. It is a superior design, and one feels as if it might yet be made useful.

Nothing in the upper hall takes such strong hold of the imagination as the manly, symmetrical figure of St. Sebastian, fastened to a post, and dead as any stone. Two arrows have gone through his head, and one through his breast. A fourth is sticking in the post. Their drawing gives them an expression of great force. This is all there is of it.

The pictures on the ceiling of the upper hall belong to the time when Tintoretto was at work in the Ducal Palace, and are in every way a contrast to his paintings in the *Sala del Collegio.* He seems to have recovered here measurably from the *brusquerie* painting to which he had surrendered himself for some years. After having fairly earned his annuity by completing his series of wall pictures, he offered to adorn the ceiling also, after his old fashion, for whatever the trustees of the building felt they were able to give him for his work.

These pictures compare favorably with those in

the *Albergo.* They are full of originality and fine effects in light and drawing, though Tintoretto sometimes sacrificed in this way a higher motive. *Moses Striking Water from the Rock* affords a brilliant display of technical skill in the appearance of a gushing fount as seen from below. Pietro da Cortona exclaimed before this picture: "Truly I am seized with fear, and it seems as if real water were about to fall on me." This results from truthfulness of perspective and the gleaming light on the water; but how much grander if Tintoretto had represented beside it a Moses full of dignity and moral power. An animated crowd below is drinking from the stream, and collecting the water in jars.

The companion picture to this is the *Fall of Manna,* which would hardly seem to be a suitable subject for art; but it gives an opportunity for a variety of attitudes of which the most striking is that of a man who is holding a basket to catch the divine bread in its descent. It is difficult to imagine a better subject than the last one, or a less interesting one than this.

Between these two is the *Plague of Serpents,* an enormous composition, which might be termed an universal tragedy. Every attitude with which physical suffering distorts a human form is here represented. The serpents are strange, repulsive little creatures, unknown to naturalists; but here as in the *Massacre of the Innocents* the beauty of art steps in to relieve us from disagreeable impressions. Ridolfi says: "In this large composition many fine touches are introduced, which the artist has made use of in

depicting the different victims, whose bodies being bitten by serpents are contorted in every possible manner. Differences of age are made apparent by the greater or less prominence of the muscles on their bodies. He has besides shown marvellous skill in separating one figure from another by means of well regulated light and shade, arranging the figures in the distance so that they fade away very gradually. Above them all, is seen God the Father, borne aloft by a multitude of graceful angels; since Tintoretto used to always paint his figures in the most skilful and lifelike manner." Dr. Janitschek's condensed statement of this picture is also worth noticing. The *Plague of Serpents*, he says, "affords an imposing exhibition of Tintoretto's whole artistic power, so far as this can be revealed in playful mastery of the most audacious problems of anatomy and perspective."

Among the smaller pieces which surround these three, the *Visions of Elias and Ezekiel* are the most interesting, and suggestive of intellectual depth. Although the paintings on the ceiling are more carefully executed than the series around the walls, they are all intended for distant effect. In none of them has the painter troubled himself to obtain expression in the human face. Everything is accomplished by gestures and the countenances of those who are drinking from the riven rock, dying from the snake bites, and collecting the manna, are as unmoved as the faces of the archaic statues found in the island of Ægina. This would seem like a retrogression in art.

Before leaving the hall for a last look at the *Crucifixion*, it is well to observe Tintoretto's treatment of the *Temptation of Jesus*. Here we have the original of Heine's witty poem, *Ich ruf den Teufel und er kam*. Satan is not portrayed as a grim and distasteful apparition, or even as a wily, alluring personage, but as an agreeable angel, decked out with curled hair and jewelled bracelets in the prevailing style of young aristocratic Venetians.* This was not done without a reason. It was these vicious and insolent *giovanetti* who caused the ruin of Faliero and drove Petrarch into exile for the second time, besides perpetually disgracing their native country at home and abroad. No fashion could be more disgusting for young men, who ought rather to be trained with the severest exercises of mind and body. Nero also liked to have his hair dressed in ringlets, and there was a fashion of the same sort during the eighteenth century. The picture is a biting satire.†

Ridolfi says in conclusion of the *Scuola*: "From these works so numerous and skilful, one might draw infinite precepts with regard to art, by pointing out the many devices that are made use of in them; but this we will not attempt, both because it would take much time, and as we did not intend to expound here the various rules of painting, but only to touch upon such nice points as may appear in considering the works of different artists. We should not, however, pass in silence over the honors that

* See Note A in Appendix.

† Also read Mr. Eugene Benson's intrepretation of this picture in his *Art and Nature in Italy*.

are due to Tintoretto; for we can say with truth that the *Scuola* of San Rocco has ever since served as a *rendezvous* and academy for all students of painting, and especially for those from foreign countries who have come to Venice, from Tintoretto's time to the present. His works have served as models from which to learn the method of composition; grace and vigor of design, the manner of separating groups of figures that interfere by means of chiaroscuro; and in a word any technical skill that may perfect a talented artist. Nor because one does not find in him such gradations of color as gratify the taste of those who are less experienced, shall we on that account judge that these pictures were painted by Tintoretto in wilful contempt of conventional rules, as is believed by some who know too little about art.

"The painter should not always use the highest delicacy of finish, especially for those pictures which are to be suspended at a distance from the spectator's eye, for the space which intervenes between the picture and him will harmonize the strong touches of the brush so as to make them soft and agreeable in the distance. Hence it is that Tintoretto is highly commended by all good artists, for he knew how his pictures would appear when placed in position, making use of a finish proportionate to the size of the room, while preserving at the same time a frank and vigorous manner (which is of all things most difficult to be obtained by those who desire to be considered great in art), which comes from long experience and that clearness of intellect which was so remarkable in the artist of whom we speak."

Ridolfi is quite right in regard to Tintoretto's intellectual superiority, and the opinion of a professional artist on such a point is worth more than that of many academic critics. We should, however, guard ourselves against attempting too thorough a justification of this master's methods in the *Scuola* of San Rocco. At best they cannot be considered more than a partial success. They are suited to the place and should be accepted as part of it. His paintings there are much like Browning's poetry,—interesting from their broad views and penetrating glimpses of life, but not on the whole satisfactory. An experienced artist may learn much from them, but they would serve as a bad school for any young man of genius. The *Crucifixion*, *Visitation*, and perhaps the *Adoration of the Magi*, are, of course, exceptions, and to be considered by themselves.

We might even blame Tintoretto for this rash experiment, if he had not already proved his capacity for work of a better kind. He evidently wished to show that he could paint successfully in whatever manner he chose, for we find him soon after this executing pictures which are finished with incomparable nicety. After a man has done well in all other matters he has perhaps a right to try experiments. That a painter ought to put genius into every stroke of the brush is true in a certain way, but he cannot expect to make every stroke significant and to have an effect of its own on the spectator. That would be like building a house with stones of various sizes, which may have a look of stability but is inimical to anything in the way of

elegance. There have been artists since Tintoretto's time who have injured their style by adopting this principle.

Neither are the designs of these pictures of the highest excellence. The tendency to *genre* painting, which appears in many of them, is a decided limitation. An historical picture, if good, is in itself superior to *genre*, even if we make allowance, as Shakespeare says, that the head of a cod is better than the tail of a salmon. Correggio's *Reading Magdalen* on a canvas of half a square yard, is intrinsically more valuable than the *Plague of Serpents* or *San Rocco in Heaven.* This is plain enough; but why should we seize upon them as a standard with which to measure Tintoretto's genius? That casual tourists should do this is not surprising, for being all in one place they are likely to make a decided impression, while his better works are divided between the Doge's Palace, the Academy, and Santa Maria dell' Orto; but how is it that industrious scholars and painstaking critics should have lapsed into such an error? It has even been stated that Titian expelled him from his studio on account of his rough style of painting, saying that he never would be anything but a dauber, and that the name Tintoretto was applied to him in consequence of that. Why is it that the pictures on the walls of the *Scuola* should be taken as the rule, and all others as the exception? In the Ducal Palace alone he covered more space of finely finished work than Michel Angelo ever painted on. Surely for some the evil that they do lives after them, and the good is buried with their bones.

Ridolfi continues: "Let us add in commendation of such famous paintings that (besides Carracci) many clever Flemish engravers have successfully reproduced these exquisite thoughts, as did Egidio Sadeler, who engraved the glorious *Risen Christ* in royal folio, and Luca Kiliano, who engraved the *Massacre of the Innocents*, and the *Miracle of the Five Loaves and Two Fishes*. Others have since engraved the *Annunciation*, the *Circumcision*, and similar historical paintings, knowing what benefit they would be to the students of art. Besides, a large number of drawings have been made from them, and have colored copies in almost infinite quantity, and thus Tintoretto has been able, through the loftiness of his thoughts, to awaken all the minds of men since his time, leading them by pleasant ways to become great and excellent."

CHAPTER X.

COLLATERAL WORK.

JOHN RUSKIN was by nature a painter born with the gift of language. He saw everything pictorially; not as the poet sees it,—that is, in a chain of consecutive events, but rather like the artist, as parts simultaneously related to an organic whole. Yet he had no talent to represent this with the brush or chisel. Perhaps he had not the patience which is required to learn the manual skill of an artist. He tried landscape painting, but soon found it more interesting to write about pictures than to make them. He went to Italy and was charmed, captivated, and enamored by it. Venice especially delighted him. His ardent, supersensitive temperament found at once repose and enjoyment in the soothing climate and magnificent art of that city of the sea. Goethe, in his Italian letters, only refers to a single picture in the Ducal Palace, but Ruskin discovered there a mine of interest such as the study of a lifetime would not be able to exhaust. Its walls, he said, were as precious as kingdoms to him.

He returned to England to hate the fog of London and the smoke of Birmingham. With the inspired fury of a prophet he declaimed against the commercial rapacity of the Anglo-Saxon race, the lack of refinement in social life, and the neglect of more elevated interests. Of what use is it, he cried, to waste your lives in the pursuit of gain, when you know not how to spend the money that you earn. The faculty he had acquired in penetrating the secrets of art taught him to perceive that the great improvement and extension of machinery was having a reactionary effect on human nature and was making the lives of men also mechanical. He attributed to this the dreary, insipid architecture of his time, the spiritless English sculpture, and the formal conventionality of art criticism. He noticed that social entertainments, charitable institutions, education, philosophy, and politics, had also become too largely mechanical. He set himself against this tendency with the resolution of a hero and the self-devotion of a religious reformer.

His earnestness and eloquence soon attracted attention. The newspapers ridiculed his views; magazine articles were published to expose the futility of his theories; all the authorities were arrayed against him. They were contending, however, against one who possessed a magical power. He knew how to make his subject *interesting*. He appealed to the younger generation and succeeded in arousing the sympathy and exciting the imagination of his hearers. The famous *Lamp of Aladdin* did not contain so many wonders as Ruskin enumerated in his *Seven*

Lamps of Architecture. He went again to Venice, and, after years of incessant study and labor, returned with one of the most eloquent, as well as historically valuable works in English or any language. What a transformation he achieved. Among all the revolutions of the nineteenth century no other has been affected so nearly by a single will, and few indeed have been more conspicuous. Everywhere in England and America monuments have arisen to his genius,—beautiful buildings whose style and character may be traced directly to the principles he has set forth in the *Stones of Venice.*[1]

Nor did he accomplish less with respect to the literature of art. Of all writers on this subject, either now or in past times, Ruskin is the most brilliant, penetrating, and convincing. He is often capricious and whimsical; he has made some pretty bad mistakes; Lessing, Winkelmann and Grimm are more certain guides; but Ruskin writes with enthusiasm and has that Shakespearian divination which carries him to the heart of his subject. Where he hits the mark it is with telling force. We learn not only from his successes, but by following out the principles that he lays down for us we learn to correct his mistakes. The prudence of Lessing and Grimm are invaluable, but their very caution gives a certain coolness and reserve to their writing. Ruskin plunges into his subject like a pearl-diver, and brings out wonderful things which no one had thought of before. If he only returns with pebbles and sea-weed, even these (coming from such a depth)

[1] See Note B in Appendix.

are interesting. His descriptions in prose are equal to those of Byron in verse. The feeling for beauty is so strong in him that he vibrates through every fibre with its tender sensibility.

Many instances might be given of the strange mistakes he has made, but this is not the place for them. Neither do we consider here his eccentric theories of political economy, or his wild notions of domestic life. Any person who once obtains the ear of the public is in danger of overstepping the limits of his proper function. It is to his enduring honor that he was the first to rescue Tintoretto from the comparative oblivion into which he and his works had fallen for nearly two centuries. He perceived the character of the man through his paintings, and with keen spiritual insight recognized in him one of the intellectual pillars of history,—a nature as sincere, ardent, and self-forgetful as his own, but much more highly gifted. He boldly claimed for Tintoretto the highest position in art, and, though we may not follow him so far as this, he seems in England at least to have established Tintoretto's right to be considered the first of Venetian painters. What he has said about him in *Modern Painters* is not so well written, nor so much to the point, as his commentaries on Tintoretto's pictures in his appendix to the *Stones of Venice*. These are so characteristic, penetrating, and comprehensive, that one may almost reconstruct the pictures from them at a distance, and if published in better type and in chronological order, they might serve well enough for a biography of the artist. Persons who receive

ideas more readily through language than in pictorial form have sometimes found them more inspiring than the works which they describe.

We should hardly be justified in overlooking so important a commentator, and as the three volumes in which Ruskin's criticisms were published are not of easy access, I will introduce here, somewhat abbreviated, the account he has given of the pictures painted by Tintoretto for the churches of San Rocco and San Giorgio Maggiore during the time that he was at work in the *Scuola*, and in much the same style as those I have described there.

The church of San Rocco is at least as dark as any other in Venice, and Tintoretto apparently did not feel inclined to waste his technique there. Of the eight paintings attributed to him only three have now any value for us, the others having become too dim and dingy from time and incense, or fail to interest from a lack of animation. Concerning these three Ruskin says:

"*San Rocco before the Pope.* A delightful picture, in his best manner, but not much labored; and like other pictures in this church, it would seem to have been executed at a time in the painter's life when he was either in ill-health, or had too much neglected the direct study of nature. The figure of the Pope is exceedingly beautiful, however, and not unworthy in its jeweled magnificence, seen against the sky, of comparison with the figure of the high-priest in the *Presentation* in *Santa Maria dell Carmini.*

"*San Rocco in Campo d'Armata.* So this picture is called by the sacristan. I could see no San Rocco in it; noth-

ing but a wild group of horses and warriors in the most magnificent confusion of fall and flight ever painted by man. They seem to be all dashed different ways, as if by a whirlwind; and a whirlwind there must be, or a hurricane, behind them, for a huge tree is torn up and whirled into the air beyond the central figure as if it were a shivered lance. Two of the horses meet in the midst as if in a tournament, but in madness of fear, not in hostility. On the horse to the right is a standard-bearer, who stoops as if from some foe behind him with a lance laid across his saddle-bow, and the flag stretched out behind him as he flies like the sail of a ship drifting from its mast; the central horseman, who meets the shock of the storm, or whatever it may be, is hurled backward from his seat like a stone from a sling; and this figure, with the shattered tree-trunk behind it, is the most noble part of the picture. Two gigantic figures on foot, meant to be nearer than the others, would, it seems to me, have injured the picture had they been clearly visible."

What this remarkable painting was intended to represent is not very clear. As a conjecture I would suggest that San Rocco had been captured by the enemy, probably infidels, who are attacked and dispersed by a divinely agitated storm, or a *coup d'éclair*.

"*A Cattle Piece.* I can give no other name to this picture, whose subject I can neither guess nor discover, the picture being in the dark and the guide-book leaving me in the same position. I can make out, however, that there is a noble landscape, with cattle and figures. It seems to me the best landscape of Tintoretto's in Venice, except that of the *Flight into Egypt;* the principal trees being pines, and chestnuts on the slopes and in the hol-

lows of the hills; the animals, too, are fine. It seems never to have been rich in color; rather cool and grey, and very full of light."

San Giorgio Maggiore is more spacious and better lighted than San Rocco, and we find accordingly that the paintings there have been more carefully handled. They are perhaps the most interesting works of his bold manner in Venice. Ruskin celebrates them with keenly critical enthusiasm.

"*Gathering of the Manna.* One of Tintoret's most remarkable landscapes. A brook flowing through a mountainous country studded with thickets and palm-trees; the congregation have been long in the wilderness, and are employed in various manufactures much more than in gathering manna. One group is forging, another grinding manna in a mill, another making shoes, some washing, and one woman is mending a dress, the main purpose of the artist being to indicate that the supply of heavenly food is *continuous.* It is a large picture, full of interest and power, but scattered in effect, and chiefly striking from its elaborate landscape.

"*The Last Supper.* Remarkable for its entire homeliness * in the general treatment of the subject, the entertainment being represented like any large supper in a second-rate Italian inn, the figures being all comparatively uninteresting; but we are reminded that the subject is a sacred one, not only by the strong light shining from the head of Christ, but also because the smoke of the lamp which hangs over the table turns as it rises into a

* This should not be understood to mean ugliness or in any sense depreciatory. What is the derivation of the word? There ought to be much beauty in it.

multitude of angels. They are all painted in grey, the color of the smoke, and so writhed and twisted together that the eye hardly at first distinguishes them from the vapor out of which they are formed, ghosts of countenances and filmy wings filling up the intervals between the completed heads. The picture has been grievously injured, but still shows miracles of skill in the expression of candle-light mixed with twilight; variously reflected rays, and half-tones of the dimly lighted chamber, mingled with the beams of the lantern, and those from the head of Christ, flashing along the metal and glass on the table, and under it along the floor, and dying away into the recesses of the room."

Ruskin has made some strange mistakes here. This *Last Supper* is not a case of homely treatment at all, nor are the figures in it uninteresting. It is, in fact, one of Tintoretto's five grandest pictures, and its spiritual quality is more strongly marked than that of any other painting whatsoever. It is as different from Tintoretto's other pictures as those are from the paintings of Bellini. The scene is not represented in a second-rate inn, but in a most beautiful hall, with a tessellated marble floor and cross-beams of elaborate workmanship. The marble floor is, in fact, such a marvel of technical skill that you will remember it and see it before you for days and even weeks after you have left San Giorgio. It looks as if the servants could wash it with a mop. In order to make the scene perfectly natural as well as supernatural, and, to avoid Leonardo's artistic license, Tintoretto has drawn his table so narrow that only one side of it can very well be occupied,

and has chosen his point of view at an angle of forty-five degrees. In this way the whole company becomes distinctly visible. The head of Christ resembles that in Titian's *Tribute Money*, but is even of more spiritual aspect; and a dazzling radiance emanates from him which outshines the lamp above, itself unusually bright, and is reflected from every object in the room. He has risen to hand the piece of bread to Judas, while Peter, the same noble Peter we have seen at the foot of the cross in San Rocco, has also started to his feet and makes a motion as if to oust Judas from the table. The smoky angels are certainly the most original and effective of artistic devices. The waiters are beautiful women; the one on the right, with a jar in her hands, so beautiful as to be easily mistaken for an angel. Another is kneeling on the floor with a basket of dishes into which a cat is looking, and two more are seen through the radiance as if through the spray of a fountain.

"*Coronation of the Virgin.* A good picture, but somewhat tame for Tintoret, and much injured. The principal figure, in black, is still, however, very fine.

"*Resurrection of Christ.* Another picture, painted chiefly for the sake of the included portraits, and remarkably cold in general conception; its color has, however, been gay and delicate, lilac, yellow, and blue being largely used in it, but it is a mere wreck now of what it was, and all covered at the bottom with droppings of wax.

"*Martyrdom of St. Stephen.* The Saint is in a rich prelate's dress, looking as if he had just been saying mass, kneeling in the foreground and perfectly serene. The stones are flying about him like hail, and the ground

is covered with them as thickly as if it were the dry bed of a torrent. But in the midst of them there is a book lying crushed, but open, with two or three stones upon its leaves. The freedom and ease with which this leaf is crumpled is as characteristic of Tintoret as any of the grandest features; but the idea is still more characteristic of him, for the book is evidently meant for the Mosaic history which Stephen had just been expounding, and its being crushed by the stones suggests how the Jews were violating their own law in the murder of Stephen.

"In the middle of the picture, which is also the middle distance, three or four men are throwing stones with Tintoret's usual vigor of action, and behind them an immense and confused crowd; so that at first we wonder where St. Paul is; but presently we observe that in front of this crowd and *almost exactly in the centre of the picture*, there is a figure seated on the ground, very noble and quiet, and with some loose garments thrown across its knees. It is dressed in rigorous black and red. The figure of the Heavenly Father is also dressed in black and red, and these two figures form the centre of color of the whole design. It is almost impossible to praise too highly the refined conception which withdraws the unconverted St. Paul into the distance, so as entirely to separate him from the immediate interest of the scene, and yet marked the dignity to which he was afterwards to be raised by investing him with colors which in this instance are divinely consecrated. It is also to be noted as an interesting example of the value which the painter placed upon color only. The posture of the figure is indeed grand, though not conspicuous. The face of the martyr is serene and exulting; it is nowhere stained with blood; and we leave the picture remembering only 'how he fell asleep.'"

How familiarly Ruskin enters into the spirit of these scenes, as if he had not only been present at them but also a witness of their conception in the artist's mind. Such a description as that of the angels evolved from the writhing smoke clings to the memory like Byron's verse:

"Betwixt two worlds life hovers like a star."

If his explanations are sometimes rather ingenious, still it is ingenuity of a noble sort; like the imagination of the early Romans who invented fables that seem better than the truth. Ruskin deals in something better than correct opinions, and that is right feeling. When a man has sublimated his feeling so that he can depend on it as a guide to action, he is qualified either to appreciate a great work or to undertake one.

Dr. Janitschek disposes of the Tintorettos in San Giorgio Maggiore in one short sentence which runs as follows: "Of the five altar-pieces, painted in a truly audacious manner, the *Shower of Manna*, deserves mention on account of its composition."

This may suffice for those who come to Venice to despatch the place in a fortnight, and then rush in haste to the Italian lakes, or to air themselves on the Pincion Hill; but for those who wish to enter into the spirit of Venetian painting and become acquainted with its finest masterpieces, as well as those rare effects in art which are not so celebrated, the considerate tenderness and poetic sensibility of Ruskin offer a much better introduction.

There are some other pictures that might be

placed in the same category in various Venetian churches, but it is not essential that we should enumerate them. They all belong to a certain epoch in the life of the artist, and are as different from those of his works which precede and follow them as night is from day. In fact they might be designated as Tintoretto's nocturnal studies, for if viewed rightly they give the same impression as woods, fields, and groups of men seen at night or in the evening, so that we are able to make out their general character, but not to observe them distinctly. They seem to belong to the old dusky tabernacles of Venice, and more appropriate than any other sort of art would be there. From the midst of them, as if by a sudden illumination, appears the *Crucifixion*, grand and glorious in its decisive clearness; and after that the others seem like a dim retrospect of the life of Christ and the legends before him, during the darkness that covered the earth.

Whatever may be said of them otherwise, this series of pictures possesses one eminent merit. They are in all respects very religious. The spirit of the fifteenth century, which had disappeared almost from the face of Italy, still remained alive and dominant in the heart of Tintoretto. If we go from the pictures of Bassano or Paul's *Feast at the House of Simeon* to the twilight halls of the San Rocco brotherhood, this becomes evident at once. Worldly splendor, and sensuous pleasure seem hateful to us there; and we hear continually the words of Christ: "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you." In a time when the religious ideas of the middle ages

were being ground to powder in theological conflict, and men hardly dared to think what they really believed, and least of all to say what they thought, the essence of true religion still continued to dwell in this earnest man as its most worthy temple.

About the year 1570 a pleasant episode occurred in Tintoretto's life through a commission given him by Guglielmo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, to execute eight large ornamental pictures for the halls of his castle. In them he celebrated the achievements of the Duke's ancestors; the subject of one being the battle of Taro, in which the Venetian army was commanded by the Marquis Francesco Gonzaga; and in another he represented the ceremony in which the Emperor Charles V. conferred the ducal title on the present Gonzaga. While he was employed in painting these pictures he was frequently visited by the Duke, who was then staying in Venice, and who found great pleasure in watching him at his work, and otherwise enjoyed his society; for Tintoretto, so Ridolfi says, possessed most agreeable manners, and could suit himself gracefully to persons of every rank and position. He was especially courteous to distinguished men, which is better on the whole than to treat them with indifference or pretended aversion.

After he had finished these paintings the Duke sent an invitation to him, through his envoy at Venice, to make a visit at his castle in Mantua, and bring the pictures with him. Although Tintoretto desired much to do this, especially as his brother lived in the place and had been highly favored by

the Duke, he nevertheless declined it, because he did not like to leave his family for so long a time; but when the Duke was informed of this, he at once despatched a second invitation to include Tintoretto's wife and children, and requested the envoy to provide a sailing vessel in which to bring them all to Mantua, evidently being much pleased to find that Tintoretto was such a tender-hearted man.

The Robusti family went accordingly, and were entertained at the Duke's court for several weeks in a most agreeable manner. Gonzaga was greatly pleased with Tintoretto's society, consulting with him in regard to some buildings which he contemplated erecting, and various improvements which he wished to make in the city; and finally closed with a handsome offer for the artist's services during the remainder of his life. Tintoretto, however, declined this well-meant kindness, not only on account of his important engagements at Venice, but because he knew that the favor of the worldly great is commonly purchased by those who enjoy it at the cost of much discomfort and even humiliation. As Ridolfi says: "He had no liking to be bound in chains, even if these were adorned with gold and precious stones."

Lepanto.

On the 8th of October, 1571, the battle of Lepanto was fought, and the Turkish fleet almost annihilated. The Venetians have always claimed the chief honor of this victory, and if we take notice that Cervantes and many other Spaniards were captured by the

enemy, it may be admitted that they deserve it. Lepanto was the most important naval battle of the middle ages, and ranks with Salamis, Actium, and Trafalgar. More than a hundred Turkish galleys were captured; and ten days later the messenger boat of Sebastian Venier, the Venetian Admiral, passed the Ledo, with Turkish banners trailing at its sides, and with turbans set on every mast and spar. Not since the surrender of the Genoese in Chioggia had there been such a day of exultation in Venice; but the loss was also heavy, and nearly half of the palaces were in mourning. The Senate assembled to pass measures for a proper celebration of the victory, and among its orders decreed that a picture representing the battle should be painted to cover one side of the *Sala della Scrutinio*, and that the work should be entrusted to Titian, with Giuseppe Salviati as assistant and companion. It was generally agreed that Sebastian Venier should be elected the next Doge.

To have his superannuated master preferred to him again was too much for Tintoretto's temper. He had endured enough already in that line, and he felt that the time for modest forbearance and self-denial was past. Six years before, in the revised edition of his *Lives of the Painters*, Vasari had spoken of Titian as having passed beyond the age when a man's hand can hold the brush with steadiness. Tintoretto hastened at once to the Doge Mocenigo and his council of Sages, and laid the matter before them. He pointed out to them that the Senate was in danger of making a serious blunder; that little could be ex-

pected from Titian's advanced age, and that the mantle of his genius would serve only as a cloak to screen the mediocrity of Salviati.* "I have never yet," he said, "found an opportunity to show the affection I have for my country, and prove to my prince the patriotism I feel; but now I think the occasion has arrived. In this time of universal rejoicing I would like to join my brushes like so many silent tongues in the acclamation which resounds throughout Europe, and between the light and shadow of my painting I would represent the heroic deeds of my countrymen. If then you will permit me to undertake this work I will do it without any expectation of reward other than the honor which I feel it would confer upon me; and I will agree to have the picture completed within one year, and if any other artist will bring forward within a space of two years a better representation of this subject I will withdraw my own."

The Doge and his council reported favorably on this offer, and the Senate was prevailed upon to reverse its previous order. We may imagine, therefore, Tintoretto at work on the *Battle of Lepanto* during the greater part of 1572. Every traveller will recollect the *Sala della Scrutinio* as the hall in which the portraits of the Doges are now suspended. Tintoretto's painting, however, was burned up in the conflagration five years later,—when the portraits of the Doges were preserved owing to their more portable

* Ridolfi does not give this argument in the *oratio directa*, but I suppose a translator may have some liberty of rearrangement. It would seem to have been a tradition among the Venetian painters.

size, and perhaps also the great importance that was attached to them. It was an hundred pities that a work which Tintoretto undertook with so much enthusiasm should have been so quickly destroyed. It contained portraits of Sebastian Venier, Don John of Austria, and Marco Colonna, the Admiral of the Vatican, all the size of life and remarkable for their animated expression and striking attitudes; besides many other heroes less conspicuous, but who bore more directly the strain of the battle; and Agostino Barbarico, the Venetian Proveditore who was killed by an arrow in the eye during the attack on the *Reale*, the ship of Ali Pacha.

Ridolfi praises the arrangement of the picture and its fine aërial perspective, giving a sense of distance, in which were seen other portions of the conflict extending over a wide expanse of water; which Tintoretto accomplished by the effect of light from the glare of the cannonades. Multitudes of Turks were represented throwing themselves into the sea, and drowning, with gestures full of rage and despair; and yet everything arranged without confusion and within proper limitations. Judging from the success with which Tintoretto often represented the effect of distance, his *Battle of Lepanto* must have been not only a notable battle scene, but perhaps also the finest sea painting on record; and it seems a pity that this more modern form of art did not receive earlier encouragement among the Venetians. Its opening exhibition created great enthusiasm; but the government seems to have taken Tintoretto almost at his word in regard to the matter of remunera-

tion. The following year he received two hundred ducats by an order from the Council of Ten, and it was not till 1574 that they decreed to grant him the reversion of the first broker's patent (a favorite form of sinecure in Venice) that should be vacated, with the exceptional privilege of transmitting it to his heirs. He was evidently a man who lived generously, spending money freely and trusting to his own abilities to provide for the future.

A Royal Portrait.

In 1574, Henry III. of France, who was already King of Poland, passed through Venice on the way to succeed his brother, the amiable and irresolute Charles IX., who was supposed to have died of remorse for St. Bartholomew's day. With the expectation of more favorable relations in the east and security of the possessions on the mainland, the Venetians were just in the frame of mind to give their royal guest a magnificent welcome. Their historians dilate on the splendor of the silken banners, and costumes of velvet and satin with which the nobility were decorated on this occasion; but such bravery has often been heard of before and counts for little compared with the triumphal arch erected on the shore of the Lido according to a design by Palladio, and ornamented with paintings by Tintoretto and Paul of Verona. Other triumphal arches have proved more durable but none so splendid as this.

Tintoretto could not resist the temptation for a little masquerading on this occasion: so disguising

himself in the livery of the Doge's attendants, and no doubt with the connivance of Mocenigo, he went on board the *Bucentaur*, which was sent to meet the escort of King Henry, and, provided with a few colors, made at odd intervals a pastel sketch of him which after his return he enlarged to a life-size portrait, working on it without remission so that the following day he was able to carry it to the Foscari Palace, where the King was lodged. He there introduced himself to M. Bellaguarda, the King's treasurer, who, after delaying some time, on account of the numerous visits and interruptions which beset the receptions of princes, obtained an audience for him.

King Henry was highly diverted at this exhibition of Venetian enterprise, and observing that the portrait was not entirely finished, requested Tintoretto to bring his materials and complete it in his presence. This was accordingly done; and it is related that while Tintoretto was giving it the last touches, and the King was admiring the easy skill and rapidity of his painting, one of the smiths from the arsenal suddenly forced his way into the room and presented the King with a miserable portrait which he also had made of His Royal Highness while dining at the naval office the day before.* Thus on great occasions do the antipodes come together.

While Tintoretto was at work various Venetian gentlemen were brought in and introduced to the King in order to be knighted by him, a ceremony

* This must have happened, therefore, on the third day of the King's visit, or possibly later.

that was performed by striking them lightly on the shoulder while in a kneeling posture, with the King's sword. As the feudal system had never been introduced into Venice, this ceremony was known there only by hearsay, and Tintoretto remarking on the fact to M. Bellaguarda, the latter informed him that it was also His Majesty's intention to confer the honor on him; but Tintoretto declined this politely but decidedly, considering that it was not becoming of a Venetian citizen to accept the small dignities of royalty, and feeling, perhaps, that, as a man of genius, he was above any such distinction.

King Henry expressed himself as greatly pleased with the portrait, as well as entertained by the ingenious manner in which it was taken. He did not, however, retain possession of it, but made it a present to the Doge Mocenigo, in whose family it was preserved for nearly a hundred years, and finally deposited in the Ducal Palace.

Hard upon these gaieties came the awful devastation of the plague, which during the next three years carried off one fourth of all the population of Venice. How Tintoretto conducted himself during that terrible calamity, and how it happened that the dark angel passed by him and his family, has not been recorded. Those who were able to escape to the mainland, especially to the purifying air of the Dolomites, generally left Venice and their fellow-citizens to their fate. It was best that they should do so, both on their own account and for the good of

the city; and there is no reason why Tintoretto should not have been among them. It was fortunate that he survived, for his greatest work was yet to come.

Ridolfi gives an almost endless list of paintings executed by Tintoretto between 1565 and 1585. The wonder is what can have become of them all. *Susanna in the Bath* is in Vienna, and there is a large collection of his pictures in Madrid, but most of them are portraits. Probably a large number of imaginative pieces could be discovered in the castles of Spain if one were able to look them up. The *Nine Muses*, one of his most graceful and exquisite paintings, equal in delicacy almost to a Correggio, is at Hampton Court, and, though injured and faded, it is one of the most interesting there. Charles II. had a particular liking for Tintoretto, and purchased a number of his pictures.

The *Nativity* which he painted for the brothers Giovanni and Jacopo Uffel does not appear to be the same that is now in the Art Museum at Boston. Ridolfi praises especially in it the figure of an old man with clean-shaven face clad in a garment of hair-cloth, and another bowed with the weight of years leaning on his cane. The figures were life-size, and a lady in front holding a feather fan in her hand was said to be the portrait of Tintoretto's wife. The *Nativity* at Boston is an example in which Tintoretto's art frequently suffered from the

prevailing taste of his time for a large canvas and numerous figures; a fashion first introduced by Raphael in the Vatican to suit the spaces which the Pope commanded him to fill. The picture would have more value if the Virgin and those immediately about her were separated from the rest. It gives no idea of Tintoretto's coloring, but is invaluable as a study of correct and vigorous drawing.

A young Bolognese artist named Fialite once consulted Tintoretto as to how he might improve most rapidly in his profession, to which the master replied: "By learning to draw." Then Fialite asked what further advice he could give him, but Tintoretto only repeated: "Learn how to draw"; which calls to mind the similar saying of Demosthenes with regard to oratory, as well as the fact that it was Tintoretto's mission in Venetian art to introduce the superior drawing of the Roman school,—whereby Paul of Verona also profited.

Of his remaining pictures the most important is one for a Venetian nobleman of the woman of whom Christ said, "He that is without sin among you throw the first stone at her,"—fortunately now in the Venetian Academy. With a more ideal Saviour this would be one of the greatest of paintings. As a composition it is fairly equal to one of Raphael's cartoons, and there can be no higher praise. The head of Christ is of the noble plebeian type, and resembles strangely those earliest pictures of him found in the catacombs at Rome. This may be disappointing to some people, but the woman herself, her beauty, costume,

and expression, penitent and yet determined to show a bold face, is unrivalled. Not less is another lady who is quieting the curiosity of her child; but the picture is full of noble heads and fine expressions. It is exactly like a scene from Shakespeare, and withal a refined treatment of the subject.

Once having received a commission to paint *St. Jerome in the Forest*, he fulfilled the order by representing the saint in the usual manner with a fine grove of trees behind him. His captious patron, however, complained that the figure should be among the trees instead of in front of them; to which Tintoretto replied that he would arrange the matter accordingly, and afterwards, mixing some colors with olive oil, he painted a tree and some bushes with them over the figure of the saint. When his patron returned he was much surprised at the change Tintoretto had made, and wanted to know what had become of St. Jerome. "He is in the woods, where you wish to have him," replied the artist. "In that case," said the man, "I think you had better take him out again"; and Tintoretto, laughing, wiped off the fresh paint with a sponge, and left the picture as it was before.

Although after 1560 or thereabout Tintoretto was considered the leading artist in Venice, and everywhere as the first of living painters, there was still a strong faction opposed to him in the city who complained of his method of work, and tried repeatedly to discredit him in the opinion of the public. One

such attack happened on the exhibition of the large painting in the Ducal Palace, representing the *Ambassadors of Venice Interceding at the Court of Frederick Barbarossa in Behalf of Pope Alexander III.*; and so much ill-will was manifested toward him, that he began to fear for their influence with the Senate and the Council of Ten. But Leonardo Corona, Antonio Aliense, and Gio Francesco Crivelli, young painters and devoted admirers of Tintoretto, secreted themselves behind the benches in the hall where the picture was exposed, and so, overhearing the conversation of the malcontents, not only discovered the conspiracy, but by showing themselves at the proper moment frustrated it and confounded the opposition.

Tintoretto not only celebrated Buonarotto's drawing, but carried into practice the precept of Da Vinci, that a painter should shade an object so that one might take hold of it. He did not, however, think so well of Da Vinci's painstaking way of working over a picture again and again, for he considered it a great waste of time. Four Flemish artists returning from Rome called on Tintoretto, and exhibited to him some drawings they had made in red chalk from works of art in the Vatican. "How much time," inquired the master, "were you occupied with these studies?" One said ten days, and another fifteen. Then Tintoretto, dipping his brush in black paint, drew a head in quick, strong lines, and painting in the lights carefully with white, so that it was fully as effective as the studies they had shown him, said: "This is the only way we

Venetians know how to do." Thus he indicated to them in a good-humored manner how much time they had wasted on things that could never have a value of their own.

Returning after a journey in Lombardy, his friend Signor Palma asked him what he thought of the paintings he saw there; and he replied: "I can only tell you that so far as art is concerned Lombardy is still in darkness." This was not much of a compliment to Luini, whose works possess a rare distinction, which does not seem to have been fully appreciated out of his own country.

Tintoretto used to say that the art of painting becomes more difficult the farther one advances to perfection in it. He advised young students to always follow the best masters, especially Titian and Michel Angelo; and not to attempt drawing from living models until they had fully mastered the classic ideal of form and beauty, because nature is full of imperfections which we should beware of imitating. In regard to some pictures of the Preraphaelite masters which were brought from Lucca, he remarked that the method employed in them was without good artistic foundation, and was enough to ruin any young, inexperienced person who attempted to follow it, but that a man who understood his profession could derive benefit from the study of them, for they were very skilfully done.

He was wont to say that beautiful colors were sold in the Rialto, but that superior designs were only eliminated from the mind with much labor and often sleepless nights of study; so that but few

were able either to create or understand them ; that after all black and white were the finest colors and the most valuable, for the one deepened shadows and the other relieved them, so that the different figures in a picture might appear distinct and separate from one another. The first part of this opinion is of importance, since a large class, both of artists and critics, now contend that it is only necessary for a painter to express *himself*, and that it makes little difference in what manner he does this ; and the second part indicates his relation to the school of Leonardo.

In judging the value of a painting he considered the first impression it produces of great importance. If that fails to excite an interest in the work there is not much hope for it. Afterwards it should be examined critically with respect to the rules and requirements of art ; but errors of detail were not to be judged severely. When a picture was on exhibition he thought it was better for the artist to remain away from it until the criticism of his rivals and the connoisseurs should have spent its fury. When the excitement about it had subsided he might listen to what sober-minded people had to say on the subject.

CHAPTER XI.

COLOR.

NEXT to the perception of form by which we distinguish objects of different classes, is the perception of color by which we distinguish different objects of the same class. Sight is the most important of all the senses, for without it man would be no better than a mollusc. The calculation of distance depends upon a difference in color, often very slight, and where, as in high mountain regions, such differences do not exist, we often find ourselves greatly at fault. Aërial perspective is thus not only of importance to the painter, but to the hunter, the engineer, and the general of an army.

Is color then the test of quality, and form of quantity? Not altogether; for we judge of the quality of a statue and of a horse by their form. It is rather a criterion between good and evil. It is the test of health, of the ripeness of fruits, of the temper of steel, and of the richness of the soil. A beautiful sunset is the prediction of another fair day. A fine sense of color is worth learning for the assistance it thus gives in the practical affairs of life. Ripe strawberries and raspberries are both of a fine

red almost impossible to imitate, but the poisonous berries of the nightshade, though they appear pretty at a distance, are found on close examination to be of a raw and unpleasant scarlet. The young enthusiast for autumn leaves who collected those of the dogwood and afterwards had to suffer for it might have been saved that experience by a sense of nice perception in color. Especially does color give the test for properly cooked food; and an intelligent domestic knows when the bread is well baked, not by the time it has taken, but by its nut-brown shade.

Good color, therefore, is significant of purity and perfection; such purity as results from following inviolable laws, and such perfection as only exists for a few moments and then passes on to other conditions. Every painter knows that he must mix the colors on his palette according to certain rules, or else they will become muddy and his work will suffer. The best effects of light, on which color depends, in the early morning, or before a thunderstorm, or when a cloud is passing across the sun, are transitory, and have to be caught, so to speak, upon the wing. It is the duty of landscape painters, too often neglected, to arrest these rare appearances and perpetuate them. It is those, who have a faculty for seizing on what is rare and exceptional, to whom color-tones appeal most strongly. The man who lives a routine life, engrossed in commercial affairs, or the duties of his profession, will always wear a black coat and paint his house white. He may notice a beautiful rose, but will never be attracted by the deep hues in the chalice of a violet. He only

notices the clouds in the sky when they are of sufficient density to prophesy rain, and in a long lifetime he may not have observed the shimmer of the sea. But there are those for whom harmony in light is as effective as harmony in sound. As they enjoy in nature waving light and shade over a field of summer wheat; or the rose and pearl color of cumulus clouds, with the infinite blue between them; so they love in art the tender blending of various tints, the weaving together of shadows, the delicate gradations of aërial perspective, and that mysterious unity of tone to which all the different colors in a picture have to be assimilated. The range of modulation in color is equal to that in music, and to the true lover of pictures, the dusky twilight depths of Rembrandt, the luminous forms of Correggio, and Murillo's starry depths of space, are as wonderful as an opera by Mozart or Schubert's symphony in C to a musician. It is an old mistake to suppose that white, or the absence of color, is the symbol of purity and moral perfection; for it merely represents the purity of a self-conscious virtue, which seeks only to save its own soul,—not the purity of the helpful and warm-hearted man of the world.

It is almost needless to remark that a love of fine coloring is not the same as a fondness for bright colors. Savages like glaring colors and are excited by them, just as a bull is by a red rag. Even the civilized man feels like a different person when he is dressed in scarlet broadcloth from what he does in sober brown or gray. Statesmen understand this and make use of it in the machinery of government,

often with great effect; but neither scarlet cloth nor a canary-yellow house can be called fine coloring. They are hardly in good taste. Rubens used vermilion boldly and successfully, and it seems in a manner in keeping with his drawing, but his best pictures are those in which it is least conspicuous.

Color as a fine art was the invention of the Venetians. It was their grand legacy to civilization. The time had come in the evolution of man when his spiritual life was to be expressed in an objective form, and this was only possible with the assistance of color. The art of sculpture is only capable of expressing emotion within a narrow range. It may be said to have sketched out the general plan of man's higher activity in a broad, architectural manner, leaving to painting the filling of the spaces between its columns. "Blushing, turning pale, the loveliness of the soul, mirrored in the expression of the eye, the distension of the veins in anger, or the contraction of the brows, can only be expressed in sculpture with difficulty, if at all. Here, however, the painter comes to our relief, in all the fulness of his power. Thought itself, certainly, can only be expressed in words, but he can represent more fully than the poet the emotion which gives birth to thought, and also the passion that results from it. He can darken or illuminate the countenance, render the eye eloquent, or dull and inanimate. There is scarcely a limit to the variety of expression which he can convey to us." With pencil or crayon he could not accomplish so much, for this will only give him a representation of the shadows on a statue. With

the aid of color he is able to extend his work to the ultimate limits of form; and even pass somewhat beyond these, as we perceive in Turner's later studies, which, though they indicate a decline in art, have still a peculiar value of their own.

A German writer, Dr. Lemcke, says: "The office of Sculpture is to represent, as nearly as may be, the true *entity*, or existence; Painting also should endeavor to recognize this, but only as a foundation for the appearance, into whose changing, inexhaustible domain she throws herself with joy. How poetical she can now become—how free are her creations—how independent she is of things—how far are the boundaries of the beautiful extended! Compared with the rigidity of architecture and the severity of sculpture, the freedom of painting seems like a caprice. And it may be said: complete self-abandonment is a characteristic of the painter, the extreme of which he can only avoid by never wholly losing sight of architectural and sculptural laws. For, broad as the limits of painting may be—limits there are. We have seen that moods and emotions are her province, but it has also been said that a complete dissolution of all forms does not give a purely pictorial effect, but one comparable to that of music. How far the painter may go in this, cannot be determined; a mere harmony of colors, which leaves the corporeal wholly out of sight, transcends pictorial limits. The stronger the artist is in drawing, however, the farther he can go in this effect of color. If the artist must keep within the bounds of form, he must also regard them in the representa-

tion of spiritual life. We have already seen him relegated to the sphere of the emotions; if it is not enough for him to paint sensations, moods, passions; if he thinks he can also enter upon the domain of thought, in order to win for himself the domain of poetry, he falls into error, or wastes his strength. He can paint the expressions of thoughts—not thoughts themselves. Thoughts, then, which are not uttered, or which are not easily distinguished from one another when uttered, are out of his province. He can represent the deepest meditation, and by external indications can point out to us the subject of his meditation, but to express thoughts as one does by means of words, this he is unable to do."

Is not the difference between the ancient and modern world like the difference between sculpture and painting—a difference in favor of delicacy and fulness of expression? But we are obliged to return continually to classical antiquity for correct ideas of form.

Mr. Gladstone and some others have concluded that the Greeks were color-blind, or at least possessed but a rude perception of color, because Homer speaks of grass as yellow, of the sea as purple, and of cattle as red; but it is more likely that they lacked suitable terms in which to express themselves. How do we know what is meant by the word which is translated as yellow? The divisions of primary, secondary, and tertiary colors were unknown to the Ionians and Dorians, and it was natural that they should apply the names of such bright hues as they were acquainted

with to the objects which most closely resembled them. The Tyrian dye appears to have been the only brilliant coloring they were possessed of, though after Alexander had opened the route to India they may also have obtained vermilion. There have been many conjectures as to what the exact shade of the Tyrian purple may have been. Some have supposed it a bluish-crimson, and others a deep-blue, like blue carbonate of copper. If we accept the latter opinion, nothing could be more appropriate to describe the rich hue of the Mediterranean Sea. The color of every object will depend on the conditions in which we look at it. Grass, under the cloudy sky of England and under the blazing sun of Asia Minor, will appear very differently. Its color anywhere in bright sunlight is nearly like Portuguese gold—much nearer yellow than green. Dry grass also is of a dull yellow, and so it is when ripe for making into hay.

Thirty years ago and more, a rambling but keen-sighted American critic created a sensation by reporting the discovery of an ancient Greek picture in an old monastery among the Apennines, which he praised in the highest terms. The discovery was afterwards denied as a dream or imagination of the writer; but it was again affirmed in a marginal note to Lübke's *History of Art* by some unknown person, so that now the story remains like that of the Carmilhan treasure, which is supposed to have appeared once by magical incantation, and then in a moment was lost again forever. Apelles and his compeers were greatly praised by Plutarch and other classic writers, and we can believe that the drawing of the

Greek painters was admirable—even equal to the best,—but what their coloring may have been like no one now can tell. From the mural decorative paintings in Pompeii and the Palace of the Cæsars, it would appear that they suited nature to their colors, rather than their coloring to nature; that is, they would paint the face of a woman with a lighter shade of the same pigment which they used for a horse, but after such a lapse of time, and exposure to heat and weather, it is not possible even to decide this with certainty.

The distemper painting which prevailed in Italy before the introduction of oil colors was well suited to express the fine shades of spirituality with which the thoughts of the Preraphaelites were chiefly engaged, but it could not represent vigorous, healthy, human life. It was the soul of art without the body. Fresco painting also, so far as reality is concerned, is found to have the same limitation. The representative work of its time is Giotto's delicately colored portrait of Dante—an ethical poet, who imagined soul spirits in the semblance of bodies. A people fed wholly on such intellectual nourishment would first degenerate physically and afterwards mentally, unless some strong reagent was brought to bear upon them; and this finally came in the shape of Venetian realism. We may suppose that it was for the same reason that the sculptors of the fifteenth century were so much in advance of the painters,—because they were obliged to deal with a solid and durable material.

There have been some inventions of great value to

the human race, which are nevertheless so simple that it is evident they would have been discovered before, had there been good occasion for it. One of these is oil-painting, both as an art and as an industry invented by the Dutch—apparently because it was the only method of coloring that could withstand the extreme dampness of their climate. If we consider the lines of Oriental commerce during the middle ages, we find that nearly all the centres of art-culture during that time were situated on its highways—Venice, Nuremberg, Cologne, Bruges. The Florentines also had large commercial relations with the East, and excelled all others, not only in the skill of their manufactures, but in their mercantile diplomacy. The greatest of Japanese painters, according to Fenellosa, flourished at a time when Charlemagne's barons could scarcely read or write; and there was a flourishing civilization among the Tartars, now so degraded, while the courtiers of St. Louis were chiefly noted for their skill in horsemanship and fencing. In return for much that was forwarded to them from the East by the Venetians, the Netherlanders sent back this simple novelty of theirs —the mixing of paint with oil, an idea never dreamed of in Italy; and the Venetians seized upon it as all creatures do upon the food they like best, and in less than a hundred years carried the art to such a pitch of perfection as has never since been equalled.

There had been a tendency to this from the earliest times. Nothing found elsewhere is like the chromatic architecture of Venice.* On the island of

*We must except Giotto's delicately carved and colored campanile.

Murano, where the celebrated glass, so remarkable for its fine coloring, was formerly made, there is a very old Romanesque church, supposed to be older than any church in Venice, and its floor is inlaid with precious marbles, arranged with such richness and brilliancy as can only be believed by those who have seen it. But for its unevenness—as is the case with all the older buildings on those islands—it would be the finest church floor in Europe. Whether the unknown architect of St. Mark's intended to represent an Italian sunset cast in stone or not, he certainly succeeded in doing so. The numerous domes sheathed in grey metal, rising like clouds above the parti-colored marbles, serve to give it that effect. The golden, dusky light of the interior also is like the light of sunset in an easterly room. The Venetians, after going through various styles of Gothic and Renaissance architecture, finally returned to the variegated Byzantine type, though in a diminished and less impressive form. The tessellated, peach-colored blocks of the Doge's Palace distinguish it from all other government buildings. It was the same with the decoration of their gondolas, previous to the well-known law which condemned them all to appear in black—a kind of mourning for Venetian extravagance. At what period the bright-colored sails were introduced upon the Mediterranean is uncertain, but it seems likely that this also should be credited to Venetian taste.

The ascetic spirituality of Dante is only possible in a partial isolation and seclusion from the temptations of the world; but the virtue of Shakespeare is

the net result of a courageous and high-minded activity amid all the different phases of human life in a crowded metropolis. It is not well to be like the stern, sad Dante, if we can avoid it. Much better to imitate the hopeful serenity of Raphael, who remains still young and puissant after so many centuries; while the influence of Dante has long since ceased, except for a scholastic few. It is from Venice that Raphael may be said to have derived his cheerfulness. Already during the youth of his master, Perugino, the effect of Venetian coloring begins to be perceptible in Florentine painting. Masaccio was the first to feel it—a genius who, if he had lived fifty years later, would have been among the greatest. The coloring of Perugino and Ghirlandajo is warm and vigorous, comparatively speaking, but not well modulated, monotonous, and dependent too much on primary tints. The wings of their angels remind one of a paint box. Raphael corrected these, as he did all the other limitations of his predecessors, and finally reached a style of coloring, which, in its line, may be considered nearly perfect.

It is a most interesting study to follow the changes in his color tone from the direct imitation of his instructor through a course of gradual improvement until we come to his portrait of Pope Julius Second, where, as Herman Grimm says, the influence of Titian is dominant. He never quite escaped from the prevailing Florentine notion, which even Leonardo endorses, that the costumes of the figures in a group should be as different in color as possible,

so that one may be relieved against another. A certain variety is, of course, essential in order to obtain relief, but the variety should not be so decided that we are obliged to take notice of the purpose of it. This fault does not appear in the Dresden *Madonna*, because the figures are separated, but is more than barely perceptible in Raphael's last work, the *Transfiguration*. Where Perugino would paint a dress blue, Raphael painted it bluish purple; if Perugino painted green, Raphael would paint some shade of olive; and so on. By continually differentiating in this manner, not only from his master, but from himself, he acquired a style of the finest color-harmony. The influence of Dante and his super-terrestrial ideality was visible in it to the last. With some few exceptions, his coloring lacks the Venetian solidity, because it was not sufficiently imitative.

The mainspring of Raphael's nature was spiritual aspiration. He wished to create a more beautiful world than the one in which he found himself. His easel pictures have always been more popular, and have been considered superior to the grand frescos in the Stanze of the Vatican by a whole school of critics and admirers, called the Nazarenes; and one reason is that he was able to express himself more fully in oil colors. Fresco painting could hardly represent the depth of ethical feeling which we find in the eyes of his Madonnas. If we follow out this line of thought we may conclude that Michel Angelo was right in saying that oil-painting was for women; and perhaps the remark was more dispassionate than has been heretofore supposed.

Color was not at first an ideal with the Venetian painters, but it rapidly became so in the hands of men whose greatness of spirit would submit to nothing less. Being thus founded on a broad basis of reality, it was able to rise to a more splendid elevation. It gave to Venetian art the same objective strength that Grecian art possessed, and we are thus reminded of the similarity of the Venetian state in other respects to the ancient republics. It is difficult to describe, on account of its perfection. Neither was it perfect according to one form only, but, like Grecian sculpture, appeared in various types of excellence. Pordenone has painted in one style of color, Palma Vecchio in another; Titian's golden light, Paul of Verona's silver light, and the internal light of Giorgione are as proverbial as the discovery of America. Their pictures differ from one another much more than those by men of lesser genius.

Whatever sharpness of vision they required in order to detect the slightest differences of light and shade, the delicate blending of colors and their reflection upon one another; to discern the light in the eye and estimate the sparkle of a gem; to see even the atmosphere itself; this had to be matched by an imagination which transposed all the artist's observations according to laws of their own invention. They were not satisfied with every-day observations, but watched for rare and occult aspects of nature. They went to the outermost bounds of nature, and even stepped beyond them, as the greatest poets have sometimes done. All attempts to imitate their methods have proved unsuccessful.

The perfection of color did not of course always include perfection of design. The Venetians were sometimes mastered by their art, instead of being masters of it, as Napoleon is supposed to have been mastered by his art of war. The introduction of men with red beards and even negroes into their religious pictures for chromatic effect, detracted greatly from the seriousness of the composition. The modern requisite of quietness was not always considered by them. Quietness is the one respect, perhaps, in which the painting of the nineteenth century is superior to the painting of the sixteenth. In depth and richness of tint we fall immeasurably short of it. Quiet colors and bright ones are properly polaric, they are intended to relieve each other; but bright colors should always be used sparingly and judiciously. Titian and his successors generally observed this rule, but not always. With respect to the subordination of particular colors to the general tone, they would seem rarely, if ever, to have been at fault; but the general tone may be too brilliant, especially for a religious picture.

The flowers that grow at Newport and the Isle of Wight are of a brighter and richer color than those which are to be found only a few miles from the sea. The finest of cotton also is grown upon the islands of South Carolina. Venice is situated with respect to the main land of Italy very much as the Isles of Shoals are to New England; it has a climate somewhat warmer and drier, but otherwise not unlike that of Newport; and we find that the same rich and vivid coloring, not only in the flowers

blooming in their pretty porcelain boxes, but in the costumes of the people, the sails of their ships, in their finest architecture, in the works of their greatest painters; and perhaps also in the days of Venetian glory, in the lives of their best men and women.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PALACE OF THE DOGE.

THE student tourist who takes his first ride in a gondola through the Grand Canal will be astonished, near its western end, by the sight of a building such as his mind is wholly unprepared for. It has a long façade of bright new marble (having been restored some time since by the Italian government), with two rows of arches supported on slender columns with beautifully carved capitals, and at each end a square tower in whose windows the cadence of the arches is repeated. The central column of the lower series has a capital of such graceful workmanship as attracts the eye at once and is easily distinguished from all the others. It shines like a planet; and the proportion of the two tiers of columns is so arranged that no shaft of the row above corresponds to another below, and this gives a rhythmic effect of liveliness and elegance which puts to shame the monotonous architecture of modern houses. The arched windows in the towers also possess interesting structural qualities. The comparison between architecture and music which is so

often made might have originated here. Behind the façade, however, there is nothing but a brick ruin.

This is called the Fondaco dei Turchi or Turkish warehouse, but it is really a last remnant of the old Byzantine palaces built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The water of the grand canal formerly reflected long lines of similar buildings, and it is an open question whether Venice were not a more beautiful, if a less imposing city, in those days than it is at present.

The Palace of the Doge would be quite as surprising if we were not accustomed to its appearance from photographs and picture books in childhood; but after we become familiar with its external form we still continue to be surprised at its rich ornamentation and architectural details. The heavy sculptured capitals of its lower row of columns are sufficient for a day's study, and as valuable as Homer's description of the shield of Achilles, for their representation of old Venetian life. We recognize the relation of its style to the Fondaco dei Turchi in the double tier of arches; but northern influence has here introduced the Gothic form, so that the palace really belongs to a transition period from the Byzantine to Venetian Gothic. The trefoil arches of the first story are half the width of those of the basement, and are pierced with quatrofoil openings between. Above this graceful and almost fairy-like work, and supported by it, rises a wall of tesselated white and peach-colored marble to the height of nearly sixty feet—a miracle of architecture, nearly, if not quite, equal to the dome

of St. Peter's at Rome. The broad, rounded windows in this wall do not seem exactly in harmony with the pointed arches below, and might, one would suppose, have been replaced by something more elegant; but harmonious and consistent architecture like the Palazzo Strozzi, or the Church of San Miniato at Florence, is rare in Venice, and the façade of the Fondaco dei Turchi is not only the most interesting but perhaps the most perfect in the city. The Giant's Staircase is deservedly famous and adds much to the dignity of the palace on the side of the *piazza*. As you approach Venice from the Adriatic the building looks like a huge jewel casket, or treasure-box; and that is what it has since become. Its treasures are beyond estimate and exert an influence over the modern world quite equal to the former sway of the Venetian state.

Nature is sometimes very prodigal of her treasures. From 1540 to 1560 Titian was almost as much master of the government palace as the Doge himself, and covered its walls with a series of pictures of greater magnificence, if not so intrinsically valuable, as those of Raphael in the Vatican. What these were like it is now impossible to determine—whether they were really great works of art, like the painting of *Saint Peter Martyr*, or colder and more conventional like the *Presentation of the Virgin*—for they were totally destroyed in two successive conflagrations, just before and after the plague, which burned out nearly the whole eastern front of the palace, the portraits alone having been saved by most desperate exertions. Together with them

went also some of Paul of Verona's finest pictures, as well as Tintoretto's animated *Sea-fight at Lepanto*, and his *Last Judgment*, which may have been the greatest of all his works. The loss altogether may be estimated at millions of dollars.

Primo avulso non deficit alter aureus.

Even the the loss of Cyprus, the immense cost of the Turkish war, and the devastations of the plague had not subdued the proud Venetian spirit. New taxes were levied, and within a short time the palace was restored *cap-à-pie* in all its former splendor, the old Byzantine walls still remaining uninjured. Tintoretto and his friend Paul may not have regretted the catastrophe so much, for they could foresee that the conflagation would give fresh employment to their industrious brushes after all other walls and spaces in Venice had been covered by them, and Tintoretti may have said to himself, "It is thus that fortune makes amends, for the injustice of man." The second fire took place in December 1577, and the following summer we find Paolo Cagliari summoned to give an opinion as to the value of Tintoretto's work in the Anti-Collegio, a matter not to be estimated in ducats;—so that we conclude that this chamber must have escaped the second conflagration, and that the two artists were happily at work there during the preceding year, perhaps on the very day of the fire.

They were next intrusted with the restoration of the Sala del Collegio, and at various times afterward with the other halls; but a second destruc-

tion has since taken place there by the hand of the restoring artist, so that now not more than a dozen historical pictures, beside the portraits of the Doges and numerous other portraits of forgotten celebrities, still remain worth visiting. Fortunately it is the best of them that still continue in good condition; and, as it requires from five to eight mornings to do justice to Tintoretto's *Paradise* alone, it will be seen that there is still enough.

The Collegio and Anti-Collegio.

The Doge's Council in Venice was called the Collegio, and corresponded closely to the Cabinet of an English Prime Minister. It was composed of six Savü or sages, through whose hands all the administrative affairs of government passed. They had the care of finance, naval and military affairs, foreign relations, police, etc. They held their meetings in the chamber called Collegio and the Doge consulted with them there. Any suspicious person arrested by the police in Venice was immediately brought before the Collegio, who would decide whether he was to be discharged or transferred to the Council of Ten for a more thorough examination. The despatches that arrived from foreign courts were reported at once to the Collegio, and the Savü decided whether they should be communicated to the Senate for public discussion or sent to the secret conclave of the Council of Ten. Every week one of the Savü was selected for an executive officer to the Doge, to see that his commands were carried out, and no one knew whose turn it would be for the

ensuing week. For a government of checks and balances there never has been anything like the old Venetian constitution. The Anti-Collegio was a reception room where the Doge gave audience to foreign ambassadors, and also sometimes a waiting-room for those who had business to bring before the Collegio.

Sala Dell' Anti-Collegio.

This is the pleasantest of all the chambers in the Ducal Palace; partly from its moderate dimensions and partly from the character of the art which it contains. The traveller will always do well to take a long rest here, and looking through the arches of the balcony at the Lido and the wide Adriatic dream away half an hour, if possible, in perfect self-forgetfulness. Then he will find himself in a better mental condition to appreciate the beauty that lies near him. There are four pictures on the walls, all of the same size and of an idyllic character, drawn with such purity as only Raphael or Tintoretto could draw, and painted as no pictures ever have been before or since. They are not in the undimmed freshness and lustre of the sixteenth century, but sufficiently well preserved to hold their place still among the miracles of art. They contain only three or four figures each, about one half the size of life, and from their classic grace and subdued tone of coloring one would scarcely suppose they could have emanated from the same impetuous nature as the stormy series of works in San Rocco; but the depth of spiritual repose can be safely assumed as a message of the pas-

sion that is under self-control. Of all his works they most nearly resemble the *Adam and Eve* in the Academy of Fine Arts, but they have a more elevated as well as a more cheerful tone of coloring, and the nude figures are much more graceful and elegant. They breathe the same joyous spirit of youthful serenity that we find in Raphael's *Madonna of the Goldfinch*, and it seems incredible that they should have been painted in Tintoretto's sixtieth year; but such is the fact, according to the best evidence we now have.

They form an ascending, or rather a descending, series; for the *Bacchus and Ariadne*, which is on the left hand of the door as you enter, is decidedly the best of them, and the *Forge of Vulcan*, which is opposite on the right hand, though equally well painted, is less interesting than the rest. If I were asked to give my vote for the loveliest picture in the world, I know not how I should decide between Michel Angelo's famous group of *The Ancestors of Jesus* and the *Bacchus and Ariadne* of Tintoretto. It unites the charm of Greek sculpture with the coloring of Rembrandt, or a better than Rembrandt. Excepting the sky, it is painted wholly in soft brown tints; and yet the flesh seems to be pink, the leaves green, and the sea blue.*

Ariadne is seated by the shore on a dark red throne, with her mantle thrown gracefully over her lap, and extending her hand to vine-clad Bacchus, who is about to place the ring on her finger. Venus

* The coloring is somewhat faded, but I think it was originally painted mostly in browns.

hovers above to consecrate the ceremony, and holds a crown of stars over Ariadne's head. In her figure Venus reminds one of the Venus di Medici, but is much more graceful. It is a purer and more lofty conception than any antique Venus, except, of course, the Venus of Milo. She is poised in the air like a humming-bird before a flower, and her outstretched arms have the form of a bow that is bent to the full; the gauze veil about her waist floats off like the sail of a nautilus. Nothing could be more symmetrical, or indicative of superior power. She hovers so near to the lovers that while she touches the hand of Ariadne her body casts a shadow over the pleasantly sensuous face of Bacchus,—a very different face from the Greek conception of him. The principal light comes from the form of Ariadne, which seems to glow with a radiance of its own. Her figure and attitude, the inclination of her head, and the look of dreamy tenderness in her face, are beyond any praise that I can give. Critics have noticed the distant aspect of the sky; and the same is true of the background, which somewhat resembles the bay of Naples; an appropriate setting for this relic of the golden age. The composition is well balanced without formality, and the details are finished with magical skill. Its effect on the beholder is elevating and tranquillizing.

It is rather difficult to make out the action of *Mercury and the Three Graces.* Aglaia appears to be stepping over a low railing, while Thalia and Euphrosyne playfully assist her. Nothing brings out the grace of a beautiful woman more charmingly

than such an action, for it is in this way that *grace* originates—in the deference of woman for her own nature. Her power resides in her weakness, as that of man does in his strength. The form of Euphrosyne, who is resting on the railing, is grandly drawn, and her back seems rather to have been modelled by a sculptor than shaded with colors. She is almost wholly in the light, while Aglaia is half in shade and Thalia wholly in shadow. A checkered light and shade falls across the group, and the flesh tints have a translucent quality, which illustrates the Oriental saying, "And her arms were like alabaster." There is, however, rather too much of a slant to the figures in this picture, and its action is not perfectly balanced.

In *Pallas Reproving Mars*, the latter, being fully armed, has apparently wounded Venus in some way, and Pallas is pushing him aside for an awkward, ill-bred fellow, while she comforts her sister goddess with the other hand. This action is very well expressed, but Venus is the only one of them who shows any indication of her divine origin; the others have not even an heroic style. Her form is sufficiently godlike for the occasion; and her full-measured beauty is beyond question. Soddoma's *Roxana* perhaps may rival her, but no other Venus that has been painted by man. The anxious solicitude of the nymph who is waiting on her is charming; and the heads of Mars, Pallas, and Venus form the *loci* of a parabola, which exactly corresponds with the movement of the scene. Its coloring surpasses Titian at his best.

These three delightful pictures incline one to wish that Tintoretto had painted more classical and fewer religious subjects; for too much religion maketh life gloomy.

The *Forge of Vulcan* was evidently painted to illustrate the two celebrated lines of Virgil:

> Illi inter sese multa vi brachia tollunt
> In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe massam,

in which he describes the alternate beating of two smiths upon an anvil, as much by the rhythm as the meaning of his verse. According to Virgil, Vulcan was assisted in the manufacture of Æneas's armor, to which this passage refers, by the Cyclopes; and it may be that Tintoretto intended to introduce these also into his picture; but he has so arranged Vulcan's two assistants with the hammers that we can see the faces of neither of them, thus avoiding, perhaps, the monstrosity of representing a man with a single eye. A third attendant, whose occupation it is not easy to make out, has two eyes, like everybody else. The size of the painting is too small, however, for the subject, and all four are represented working on their knees; which seems to be rather an unnatural posture. The raising of the hammers and accompanying expansion of the workmen's chests afford a display of the finest anatomical drawing.

The distinguished critic, whose opinions have been so strongly imprinted on the present generation, objects to the picture of *Vulcan's Forge* as a singularly meagre and vulgar study of common models. This sudden recoil of a sensitive and fas-

tidious lover of art may be accounted for by the awkward attitude of Vulcan, and the undignified posture of a workman who kneels before the anvil with his back toward the spectator; but the more we study the composition, the more interesting and satisfactory it becomes to us. Vulcan has not a godlike countenance certainly, but we soon discover in it a pleasing resemblance to old Socrates, and his attitude is a characteristic one which gives vitality to the whole scene. There is something indefinably attractive in the smooth brunette forms of his workmen, so easily drawn and colored that it seems to have been done by an effort of the will alone. They are by no means common or vulgar, but all have fine figures, and the one in the background may fairly be called a handsome fellow. It is a scene from real life, and not without its ideality.

The merit of this group of paintings has been enlarged upon, because it forms a special chapter in the whole series of Tintoretto's works. The only other one of his like them, so far as I know, is the *Nine Muses* at Hampton Court, the most beautiful, if not the most valuable, picture in England. Compared with the stormy, passionate character of his other works, they are like the serenely classical passages which we sometimes meet with in stormy Shakspeare—

> "The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
> It droppeth, like the gentle rain from heaven. . . ."

And how refreshing such passages are to us. The four pictures in the Anti-Collegio are the best

possible refutation of the charge brought by art writers against Tintoretto, that he was the mighty leader in the decline of Italian art, the pictorial counterpart of Bernini. If they had been produced at an earlier period, it might be alleged with some appearance of reason that he was a gifted man who had ascended the hill of fame early in life, and then descended it as rapidly; but this can hardly be said of him in his sixtieth, or even his fiftieth year. They are painted with such perfection that a photograph of Venus and her attendant, in *Pallas Reproving Mars*, might even be mistaken for a photograph from living people;—what never could be said of the great Florentines, nor even of Titian's historical pictures. They throw light on the sketchy scene-painting work in San Rocco, and strengthen our belief that Tintoretto suited his painting to the conditions of the case before him, and was not sparing of either time or pains which would be justified by a satisfactory result. They are exactly suited to the place where they hang and the size of the room, and make so penetrating an impression that we almost forget to look at the *Venice Enthroned* by Paul Veronese, which covers the whole ceiling.

A certain elegant author, as Scott terms him, says in his memoirs of his earliest popular work: "Having these ideas in my mind, they suddenly came together before me in the form of a story, just as ice collects in a dish of water." The ideality of an artist is not the reflection of external events, but an emanation of his own nature, which he has partly inherited and partly formed by a process of

natural selection; but the particular type in which it is concentrated commonly depends on external conditions. Thus we find at the time Tintoretto was at work in the Anti-Collegio, that his favorite daughter Marietta had just reached that loveliest age of maidenhood in which parents renew their own youth in the bright hopes and unclouded happiness of their children. Paul Veronese was called for as arbitrator of the price that should be paid for the four, and it was finally fixed at about 270 ducats, which, allowing for the difference in the present value of gold, was about as much as William Hunt used to receive for two of his roughly sketched and imaginative portraits.

Sala del Collegio.

From 1577 onward Tintoretto and *Il Veronese* may be said to have belonged to the Ducal Palace, and, in a certain sense, also the palace belonged to them. Here the two old friends worked together, not continuously, but for months, and even years at a time, adorning one chamber after another; and much comfort they must have taken in each other's company. Their beards grew white; but their eyesight never was dimmed, nor did the steadiness of their hands fail them. At the time when he painted his *Feast at the House of Simeon*, Paul could draw the white ears of a dog on a black ground so that no copyist is able to follow his strokes. The *Rape of Europa*, the most poetic and popular of his pictures, painted at this time, shows a youthful freshness of

conception and warmth of feeling which rivals Tintoretto's *Bacchus and Ariadne.* The ceilings of the palace are still bright with the silver sheen of his coloring, almost as they were three hundred years ago. When you stand in the doorway of the Anti-Collegio, look up at the grave beauty of Paul's *Venetia Enthroned in Heaven.*

In this same year, 1577, the good Doge Mocenigo died. He had lived through the Cyprian war, the pestilence, the burning of the palace, and the one cheerful incident in his reign was the victory of Lepanto. He had done much to organize that victory, and but for the indifference of his Spanish allies might have saved Cyprus. No one can look at Tintoretto's portrait of him without feeling that he was one of the best of men. He had been Tintoretto's friend, and had granted him the broker's patent attached to the German warehouse, which had been refused him under the Doge Loredano ; a time-honored sinecure which for more than a century had belonged to the most eminent painter in Venice. But the death of Mocenigo was a loss to him in more than one way. His successor, Sebastian Venier, died within a year ; and then Nicolo da Ponte was elected, a forcible, strong-willed, energetic ruler, such as the times required, but also narrow and self-conceited. Men of such a hard nature do not make the best patrons of art.

The *Sala del Collegio* was now repaired, and Tintoretto was requested to adorn its walls. The work may have occupied him two years or more, and one can imagine the dreary feeling with which he con-

templated it. He soon discovered that the Doge intended to have all things according to his own notion. Strong men of affairs, if they are also liberal and sympathetic, have an excellent influence on poets and artists; but if they are narrow, callous, and self-absorbed, the sensitive, artistic nature retreats from them into the depths of its consciousness, as the nautilus goes into its shell on the approach of stormy weather. In the presence of Nicolo da Ponte the fine imagination of Tintoretto was blunted, his creative faculty would not serve him, and his work became not that of Tintoretto but of Nicolo da Ponte. He had no choice, however, for he had accepted the broker's patent and was in the government service. He had to go on, and nothing but the resolute manliness of his nature could have carried him through. His admirers and critics have often been perplexed by these pictures, and he has been judged as severely for them as for the series in San Rocco; but this is their rational explanation. They are formal court paintings.

What do we see on entering the *Sala del Collegio*? On one side there is an immense painting of the *Doge Nicolo da Ponte Standing before the Virgin* with his cap on. He ought to have held it in his hand. On the other side is the *Sposalizio*, or *Marriage of St. Catherine to the Infant Saviour*, a piece of absurd Christian mythology in which Nicolo da Ponte is again the most conspicuous figure. There are also two other paintings in this room of similar import: the *Doge Andrea Gritti Praying to the Virgin* and the *Doge Mocenigo the First Adoring the Re-*

deemer; the former repainted from memory by Tintoretto from a picture of Titian's, and the latter, I should judge also, from one by Gian Bellini, who lived in the time of Mocenigo the First. They are all a repetition of the same subject, prosaic and ceremonial in character, and have been very much injured by restoration. Tintoretto, who loved dramatic action above all things, would not have selected such subjects of his own accord.

If any of the *Madonnas* were of superior excellence this would go far to redeem the pictures. A single beautiful woman in any small company is sufficient to give it an interesting character. But take the *Sposalizio* for instance. The Virgin in it reminds one of that wife of Andrea del Sarto, whose presence in his best pictures is so much of an injury to them. She has a certain kind of beauty, but the expression of her face is what might be called the ashes of loveliness. She may have been bright and charming once, but late hours and a life of fashion have dulled her wit and spoiled her looks. Almost any affectionate young mother might serve as the model for a Madonna if somewhat idealized; but this is clearly a portrait and not idealized at all. The infant Jesus in her lap is a sprightly, vivacious fellow who will evidently make a smart boy and a still smarter man, but he is as devoid of spirituality as his mother.

Now comes the remarkable part of it. We turn to look at the picture of *Nicolo da Ponte before the Virgin*, and there we see this same woman and her infant again. The face is familiar to us. We leave

the Ducal Palace with hasty steps, dash across the *piazzetta*, and take a gondola to the Academy of Fine Arts. Sure enough there she is again in a Madonna with four senators attending her, and also without her child in the Madonna mounted on a pedestal. *Who was this woman?* She looks too young to be his wife, and too old for his daughter Marietta who was now about twenty years of age. What other Madonnas has Tintoretto painted? Let us return to the *Coronation of the Virgin* in San Giorgio—There indeed, with her feet upon the moon, is the figure of a woman older somewhat and more healthy in appearance, but with similar features: her swan-like neck reminds us also of the priestess in the *Worship of the Golden Calf*, who is said to have been a portrait of Tintoretto's wife. Ridolfi also states that he introduced her portrait into a number of pictures, but neglects to tell us which they were. We may fairly conclude therefore that this ubiquitous personage is Faustina Robusti; the portraits in the *Golden Calf* and the *Coronation of the Virgin* having been painted from life, and the others copied from some picture which has since disappeared. Marietta also resembled her mother in appearance, but with a more earnest expression.

Notwithstanding, Tintoretto did not slight these pictures in their handling. His portraits of the Doge are among the finest, and the bridal attitude of St. Catherine in the *Sposalizio* has a modest grace which is thrown into relief by the comparative plainness of her features; and the two angels flying above, like Francesca da Rimini and her lover in the

Inferno, have already been praised sufficiently. The *Sposalizio* is much the best painting in the *Sala del Collegio*, and has sometimes been greatly admired.

The Madonna in the Academy of Fine Arts has a rather better expression than the same woman appears with in the *Sala del Collegio*, but it still falls far short of a worthy type of the Holy Virgin. She is attended by four noble Venetian dignitaries, all very fine portraits, and Nicolo da Ponte appears here without his ducal cap, so that the picture may have been painted the year before his election. Who the other senators may be is uncertain, but we are able to ascertain from them the date of two other Tintorettos in the Academy, each containing the half-length portraits of two senators. Here two or three of the noblemen in the Madonna picture appear again; and with them a face which we recognize, from Tintoretto's engraving of him, to be Pasquale Cicogna, who was elected in 1585 to be Nicolo da Ponté's successor, and in all respects except firmness of character, a striking contrast to him. There is rather too much similarity of expression in Tintoretto's portraits, and he sometimes slighted the hands, but he succeeded admirably in giving that look of judicial severity which is inseparable from a high public position. In the case of Pasquale Cicogna, this is combined with such purity, benevolence, and amiability, that we accept him at once as a type of the noble Venetian. When you meet with a nobleman of real ability, in whose face there is no appearance of family pride you may feel sure that he is the true aristocrat.

There is much more pathos than pride in the faces of these old senators. They look careworn and sleepless. Neither do they appear so refined as modern statesmen, like Thiers and Gladstone; though perhaps more so than some others. Not one of them, however, carries so strong a face as Tintoretto himself, or as many busts that are to be found in Greek and Roman sculpture. Yet they would seem to have been excellent men and even of a kindly nature.

In regard to the Madonna on the pedestal, Tintoretto may have painted the face and left the rest of it to his son Domenico or one of his pupils. The formality of the attitude and stiffness of the drapery are very unlike him, to say the least. There seems to have been a legend that on the removal of the statue of a pagan divinity the Virgin suddenly appeared in its place to signify her approval.

These two Madonnas and the two portraits are thus linked closely to the paintings in the *Sala del Collegio*; but to go from the *Anti Collegio* to the *Collegio* is like the change from summer to winter.

On the ceiling of a passage-way leading from the chamber of the Three Chiefs of the Council is a powerful painting of *Justice and Venice* presenting a sword to the Doge *Girolamo Priuli*; full of strong effects of color, light, and character. The picture is in a richly embossed octagonal frame by which the action is somewhat constrained, neither are the two allegorical figures of Justice and Venice what we might call ideal or beautiful. Indeed, they look like stout, comfortable ladies of forty; and as there is a family

likeness between them we may suppose them to have been the Doge's unmarried daughters. Their expression, however, is admirable, and one rather likes this sturdy personification of the idea of right, that could both pronounce a judgment and enforce it. The portrait of the Doge is fairly unsurpassable, worthy of Titian's best; a proud old man in his jewelled cap and heavily ermined robe; but he feels the stream of life hastening toward its fall, the hand trembles that he extends to take the sword, and his eye looks upon the outward world as if it were already becoming a dream to him. The pearls on his cap must have been worth thousands of ducats, and we do not find the like on the head-gear of any of the other Doges. He died in 1567 after an administration of eight years, so that this painting must have been executed at nearly the same time as the *Crucifixion* in San Rocco; and yet they two are as different as possible, both in color and drawing. The Priuli family provided Venice with three Doges between 1550 and 1620.

Still better than Girolamo is the figure of St. Mark, who floats above reading the Gospels, and apparently paying slight attention to the ceremony that is taking place in his favorite city. It is always interesting to note the influence of one great artist on another, and especially in Tintoretto's case, because he came among the last, and was so susceptible to external impression, that all the various streams of genius seem to have been united in him and swayed him from side to side, without, however, causing him to lose his balance or submerging his personality. In this St.

Mark we are quickly reminded of the floating Evangelists in Correggio's frescos at Parma; not from the drawing, which is Tintoretto's own, but by the attitude and roundness of the head and shoulders. Neither has Tintoretto fallen into Correggio's errors of perspective. The Saint appears to float like a creature endowed with superior volition, so that it even seems possible that men should possess that faculty. This arises perhaps from the classic repose in his face, as if the consideration of external matters, the care and wants of a material existence, were at an end with him for ever. The expression of a person who is reading is always interesting, and the picture becomes more attractive the longer we contemplate it.

Venice, Queen of the Sea.

The mischievous influence of Nicolo da Ponte and his college of sages did not end with the decoration of their own apartment. Not long after that was finished Tintoretto was summoned again to ornament the ceiling of the senate chamber with a huge allegorical composition representing Venice as Queen of the Sea; while Paul of Verona was commissioned to execute a similar work in the hall of the Great Council in which Nicolo da Ponte was to appear again in all his glory. Nothing could be more distasteful to Tintoretto than this extravagant, spread-eagle kind of painting, but the needs of his family and perhaps the restless activity of his nature compelled him to go on with it. When a nation

takes on such self-conscious patriotism it is clear enough that the meridian of its glory has already been passed. The dangerous time, either in the life of an individual or of a whole people, comes when they begin to feel that enough has been accomplished and congratulations are in order. Then progress comes to an end. It was now almost the hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, and the Mediterranean was no longer the sea of nations, but the broad Atlantic.

The picture has been so completely repainted that it is impossible to judge now of anything except the original design, and this does not appear worthy of Tintoretto, even under the conditions we have described. Perhaps he unintentionally (through the stress of ironical feeling) made a travesty of a subject which in itself was a travesty. His *Venetia*, at least as she appears now, is more ostentatious than dignified, nor is it easy to imagine anything much better from her attitude. The Olympian deities who surround her have little to recommend them, and the lean, lank figure of Apollo is no better than a caricature in illustrated journalism. There is a certain wild freedom in the tritons and other submarine conceptions that are skipping about; and this is all that reminds us of the genuine Tintoretto.

St. George and the Princess.

In the anteroom to the palace chapel, however, there are two paintings of moderate size which recall the freshness and vigor of Tintoretto's youth.

They are the only link that connects the *Bacchus and Ariadne* with his *Paradise.* The most poetic and interesting of them is *St. George and the Princess,* painted in that grave, subdued tone, but with a warmer tint in it, which we like so much in his *Fall of Man.* St. George has slain the Dragon, who was going to devour the little Princess, and the child triumphs over her fallen enemy by playing horse upon his back. The Knight holds up his arms in astonishment at the familiarity of the little girl with such a monster. There is something modern in the delicate humor of this. It is like the Christmas cartoons in the London *Graphic,* but at the same time is intensely mediæval. Like Goethe's *Erl King,* its germ consists in recognizing the awful power of imagination in childhood, which makes the unseen actual and real things imaginary.

It is only this delicate and refined humor that has a place in painting. A picture that makes one laugh belongs to the lowest order of art. Caricatures are the most laughable; and as soon as we begin to admire the skill of Hogarth's drawings we cease to be amused by them. The sense of the ridiculous gives way to a more elevated feeling. The illustrations of *Don Quixote* scarcely provoke a smile, for we only think how well or ill the artist has succeeded in rendering the idea of the author. Yet in literature humor holds almost the highest rank.

If there is any conclusion we can draw from this period of Tintoretto's activity it is that his creative power still remains fresh and vigorous, but requires

favorable opportunity for its objective development. The man is still true to himself, but the youthful buoyancy which has heretofore helped him to surmount so many obstacles, or even turned them to his advantage, will no longer avail him, and he must be favored by circumstances if he is again to produce works worthy of his reputation. Fortunately at the last moment the opportunity came to him, and, at an age when the faculties of other artists have always shown signs of declining strength his genius shone forth in such purity, splendor, originality, and on such a stupendous scale as to eclipse all former achievements.

CHAPTER XIII.

IL PARADISO.

WE have now to give some account of the mightiest of Tintoretto's works, and the largest of all pictures painted by the hand of man.

The affairs of the republic being in a more prosperous condition than for some time past, the Venetian Senate decreed, in 1587, that the picture of *Paradise*, by Guariento of Padua, in the Hall of the Grand Council should be removed, as being unequal in merit to the other works around it, and that its place should be supplied by a painting of such grandeur and magnificence that the whole of Italy could not exhibit its fair equal. It was to cover one whole side of the wall of the council chamber, thirty feet in height by seventy-four in length, subtracting the spaces occupied by the great doors at the two extremities of the wall.

The committee to whom the matter was given in charge were long in doubt as to whom to entrust with this enterprise. There were some who supported Tintoretto; others considered that his age

was already too far advanced for a work of such herculean character, and perhaps also the uncertainty as to what style he might adopt for it weighed in the balance against him; so it was finally decided to commission Paul of Verona for it and give him the assistance of Francesco Bassano, who was a fine colorist though not a good designer. It was considered that Paul's blue and silver coloring, which never failed of excellence, would be particularly suited to the subject; and we could wish that he and Tintoretto had each painted a *Paradise* on opposite sides of the same hall.

Unfortunately, however, for Venice and posterity, Paul was seized with a fever and died before he could finish his preliminary studies for the work. Then Tintoretto, who had never urged his claim in competition with his friend, came forward and appealed to the senators individually to permit him to undertake it, so that, as he said, he might taste something of Paradise in this life, whether he should attain to that happiness hereafter or not. He showed so much earnestness and ambition in the matter that, since he had no longer any competent rival, the committee decided to entrust him with it, permitting also his son Domenico to assist him.

It is said that he made many different designs for this picture, and studied over it a long time before he became satisfied. One of these formerly belonged to the Bevilacqua family in Verona, and in it the saints are distributed in a number of circles like the audience of a theatre—very different from the plan which he ultimately adopted. He then divided his

canvas into sections and commenced to paint on them in the old Scuola of the Misericordia, which was conveniently near his own house. Tintoretto spared himself no trouble, Ridolfi says, in changing and repainting what did not suit his taste, helping himself with models from nature in whatever he deemed it necessary to be realistic, and trusting to his own invention and knowledge of anatomy in the ideal portions of his design. He also availed himself of the garments of monks and prelates to give those distinguished saints a more lifelike appearance, and he studied from statues of beautiful women so that he might even surpass reality in the beauty of his figures.

He was now in his seventy-first year, if we accept the later chronology of his birth, and that his eye and his hand should still have been competent for an undertaking of such magnitude is not the least of the many remarkable facts concerning him. Nowhere in this immense picture can we discover signs of weakness or declining strength, though perhaps his advancing years are indicated by the darkness of his shadows and a more serious tone of color. The drawing is as firm, light, and graceful, the conception is as spirited, and the action of the figures as animated as in his earliest or most vigorous years.

Since Michel Angelo painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel there has not been such another undertaking; to fill so large a canvas with a multitude of figures, not walking, or standing after earthly fashion, but hovering and flying in the air in such a manner as human beings were never intended to do;

all these must be harmoniously disposed toward each other, and at the same time definitely related to the central idea or motive of the picture. Among several hundred figures no two are permitted to have the same action, and no two faces are supposed to be alike or to have precisely the same expression, though among so many there may be a few that closely resemble each other,—as may be noticed in real life. The calculations of Captain Eads for bridging the Mississippi could scarcely equal those of a painter who has such a subject before him; but there must be something more than calculation. There is need of inspiration and instantaneous action like that of an orator pleading an important case.

After Tintoretto had worked at his composition and brought it to some degree of perfection, the various pieces were carried to the Ducal Palace and there joined together. Then he commenced to give the last touches, but on account of his age he found it very difficult to be continually ascending and descending the ladders, so he left much of it to his son Domenico, who painted according to his father's directions while standing below. It was thought, however, that Domenico somewhat exceeded the orders that were given him, especially in the matter of ornaments for the saints and prophets. He may also have employed other assistants, but nothing like the retinue of artists that used to follow Raphael to the Vatican.

Even in these last sacred days of devotion to his art Tintoretto could not wholly escape from the

gadfly of conventional criticism. A member of the Council who looked in casually to see how the work was progressing said in reference to the bold, swift strokes of Tintoretto's brush: "Signor Jacopo, why do you not paint smoothly and carefully as Titian and Bellini were wont to do?" "Because," replied the artist, with some asperity, "those old masters were not troubled by inquisitive people in the way that I am." So many are there who cannot be made to understand that every man of a free and self-centred intelligence must perforce express himself after a fashion of his own; and that it is in this way that great writers and artists acquire an original style. If they desert their own style they lose power.

In our estimate of Tintoretto's *Paradise* we have not followed in Ruskin's footsteps or adopted his opinion, except so far as this,—that we cordially agree with him that it is, in one sense, the first as well as the last of his works, and the crowning glory of the man. We have made our own investigations and arrived at conclusions of our own with regard to it. Those who feel inclined to doubt this may do well to compare the following statement with the account of it given by Ruskin in his Oxford lectures. Years before the lecture on Tintoretto and Michel Angelo was published we made this report of the picture: "It is a sea of human faces, expressing every form of elevated happiness; and it makes one feel in Paradise to look at it."

This vouches for the moral quality of the work; without which neither painting nor statue was ever of much value. What we notice next is its color-

ing; the greater portions being painted in reds—chiefly a deep crimson, changing into royal purple—relieved by dark shadows, much darker now, probably, than when it was first painted. Such coloring distinguishes it at once from all other pictures. It serves to give coherence to the different groups, and unites them in a single whole. To have represented so many figures in costumes of various colors after the manner of the Preraphaelites would have given it a mottled and discordant look. Tintoretto seems to have chosen for his purpose the best color that was possible. So we have seen an aurora-borealis shooting dark red and fiery rays across the midnight heavens.

We can look into it and through it, into regions beyond, where we discover other groups of the blessed rejoicing in their holiness. It has not the aërial perspective of the *Crucifixion*, and this were hardly possible in the absence of a landscape; but it has a perspective of its own like that of an audience at the theatre when viewed from the stage. In Titian's *Assumption* the Virgin and her attendant spirits are represented in a vertical plane, while the eleven apostles,—Judas having hanged himself,—are ranged in two rows beneath; but in the *Paradise* there is no artistic arrangement, except such as one would suppose might belong naturally and properly to an assemblage of celestial spirits. It is the final testimony to Tintoretto's love of truth and respect for reality. If such a convocation be possible it would seem as if it must happen in the manner he has represented.

The upper portion of the canvas is filled with angels flying in different directions, but chiefly toward Christ and the Holy Virgin who are floating in the centre on a cloud filled with cherubs with wings of flame.* The Saviour is crowned with a glory like the rising sun, its beams darting like arrows, and the picture is lighted on all sides from this centre. The head of the Virgin is encircled by a milder radiance, and above that by seven stars. In the light between the two hovers the dove. They are bending towards each other with mutual respect and veneration. The face of the Virgin is beautiful, though somewhat matronly, and has an exalted expression similar to that of the Sistine Madonna. The head of Christ is noble and dignified and reminds one immediately of the Christ in Paul of Verona's *Healing of the Sick and Lame*, the finest of all his heads of Christ. Both figures are heavily draped, after the fashion of Paul's composition, and altogether more like the style of Veronese than of Tintoretto. It is more than possible that they were painted from drawings made by Paul just before his death, and retained by Tintoretto in respect for the memory of his friend. They are not unworthy of the picture, and yet have not such a superiority to the other figures as one might desire. The face of the Virgin also resembles the one in Paul's *Marriage at Cana.*

This type of the head of Christ has now survived

* Ruskin says those that are nearest to the Virgin have flaming wings, but they are all of the same kind.

all others, and may be seen in illustrated Bibles and cheap religious pictures.*

Two archangels, one bearing the scales of Justice and the other an exquisitely painted white lily, are flying from the spectator towards Christ and the Virgin. Their forms and attitudes are matchless. On the wings of two of the angels at the right are inscribed THRONI and PRINCIPATIS in bold letters, and on two at the left SERAFINI and CHERUBINI. The Thrones and Princedoms are carrying crystal globes, expressive at once of sovereignty and perfection. Not far behind the angel marked Cherubini there is another archangel of rare beauty and depth of expression, which Ruskin supposed to be Raphael, though there is no way of proving the fact unless the other two can be identified as Michael and Gabriel.

Underneath Christ and the Virgin are the four evangelists reclining upon clouds filled with cherubs, whose wings are of the normal sort. In the centre of the group hovers a half-nude woman, whom we may suppose to be Mary Magdalen. Who else would have the right to such a position? It might be Saint Anna, or one of the other three Marys, but that is not likely. St. Mark, the patron of Venice, is made to appear conspicuously, and is perhaps the grandest figure of a man Tintoretto ever painted, and decidedly superior to that of the Saviour above it. He is like one of Correggio's Evangelists, but without Correggio's peculiar weakness. One cherub

* That is in America; but in Europe, also the Christ in Raphael's *Transfiguration*, which it much resembles.

makes an effort to support the book he is reading, while another leans with dreamy satisfaction against his knee. Near by, rising above a cloud appears the head of the winged lion, looking more noble than ever before. On the opposite side is St. John with the eagle, his face still turned toward heaven; and between, somewhat in the distance, St. Matthew and St. Luke—not handsome men, but equal to our expectation. If this group was separated from the rest and placed in the Vatican, it might perhaps change the whole current of German art criticism. The faults, at least of the Roman school, would then become conspicuous.

Beneath the Evangelists is a choir of seven radiant angels, who appear more gracefully since they form a pendant chain, and to the right of St. John are seen two naked flying figures, who cannot be mistaken for other than those of our first parents. Adam is a model of human form, and wears a sort of leafy kilt like that of Bacchus in the *Sala dell' Anti-Collegio.* Eve is a young woman of dazzling beauty, partially hidden behind Adam, and outshines the whole choir of angels, with whose chain she forms, indeed, an eighth pendant.

We naturally expect to find Noah in the vicinity of Adam, and there, in fact, he is, directly under the left foot, loosely draped in a blanket, and looking intently at an old wooden box which is supposed to represent the ark. We do not discover Abel anywhere, though he certainly ought to have been included. If we compare this conception of Adam and Eve with that in the Venetian Academy, we

can measure the change in simplicity, elegance, and ideality which has been wrought in Tintoretto during forty-five years of incessant industry. In the Academy we perceive a tendency to the ideal, but it is as yet latent, or in the bud; his interest in the real predominating. In the Adam and Eve of the *Paradise*, however, the ideal has at last found expression in perfect fulness, and at the same time is so harmonized with the real, that we can hardly notice the fact. The whole range of Tintoretto's work lies between these two representations of the same subject. Only consider, then, the profound meaning that attaches to it. In the first instance we have the expulsion from an earthly paradise, and in the last the return to a spiritual paradise. It is Tintoretto's personal history; the alpha and omega of his life. In similar manner Goethe's life may be said to have begun and ended with the tragedy of *Faust*, which is the same old problem of good and evil treated in a different form. Where is there a painting in which the real and ideal are so naturally and gracefully blended as in this final group of Adam and Eve?

Not less significant is the alert and stalwart figure of St. Paul girded with his sword, which occupies the centre of the right wing, like a general officer who is in command there. His round, compact head and forcible features plainly indicate the strong man of action; and a man of action in theology is inevitably a reformer, just as Gregory the Seventh, Luther, and John Knox were reformers. Albert Dürer also gives the Apostle Paul this same pre-

cedence in a figure of great energy and character, while Peter stands in the background as a dignified but rather aged man. The elements that were at work in the Reformation were diffused over the whole continent, though they first became concentrated in Germany and England.* There never was any distinct type of heresy in Venice, and the Catholic inquisitors found little occupation there; but the Venetian government always firmly resisted the encroachments of the Vatican in temporal matters, and not long before this had carried on a spirited diplomatic struggle in regard to the appointment of Venetian bishops. Can any one doubt that Tintoretto shared in the revolutionary protest of the sixteenth century against the abuses of ecclesiastical power? A man of his sincerity and independence of character must have done so. Singularly enough, his figure of St. Paul here makes a very good portrait of Theodore Parker.

What renders this fact more striking is the aged features of St. Peter, to the right and a little above St. Paul—a venerable head, but not a powerful one, and altogether such a personage as we respect for what he has been rather than what he is now. There were good reasons at this time why the Venetians should feel in no friendly manner towards the See of Rome. Still farther to the right there is a fine group of prelates—not of the worldly, sanctimonious sort, but priests holy and religious; here also, a bishop rather than a Pope is made the prominent figure.

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* See Grimm's *Life of Raphael*, p. 143 *et passim*.

Who should it be, unless St. Augustine, that is reading from a richly embossed missal? The beardless Pope beyond him may be St. Sixtus, and the clear-cut aquiline profile in front with the crozier, St. Jerome; but there are no certain indications by which we may be sure of them.

Between this brilliant group and St. Paul, there is an opening through which may be seen in the distance a still grander assemblage of popes and cardinals, all of whom might perhaps be made out by sufficient study and comparison with other pictures; but it is not necessary. They are the great fathers of the Church, and that is enough for us. There is one thick-built Pope there whom I like to think of as St. Gregory, but have no better reason for it than conjecture. Behind St. Augustine there is a majestic figure of a woman whom the angels are apparently consoling, but whose face does not wear an aspect of happiness, even in Paradise. She is evidently intended for a highly important personage. It ought to be Judith; but whether a character from the Old Testament or one of the early Christian martyrs it would be difficult to decide. It may possibly be the mother of Augustine.

In the right-hand lower corner St. Christopher is readily recognized from his size and the staff which he carries. He has on his shoulders an immense papal globe, almost like a balloon; and the matronly Rachel, whose children all bear a family resemblance, gives a pleasant kind of homeliness to this corner of the work, and a contrast to the fine dresses above.

On the left side, directly under the cherubim angel,

is King David, the Psalmist, strong, thick-set, mighty, with a spiked crown on his head, and what seems to be a zither in his lap. His face is now nearly obliterated, but he is evidently singing with all his heart and soul. To his left there is a handsome young man in a turban, who perhaps is intended for Jonathan; and after him several old Hebrew prophets in a row. Close to the right of David is Moses—unmistakably Moses,—with something of the moral sublimity as well as the curling beard of Michel Angelo's statue, but with nothing else that suggests the sculptor.

In the upper left-hand corner there is a group of Christian saints, notably St. Catherine, who is leaning on her wheel in an original and graceful attitude. Underneath, Solomon is seated (or perhaps it is Constantine—but more likely Solomon), holding a large palm branch, and conversing with a very beautiful woman (it may be the Queen of Sheba), nearly equal in beauty, though not quite, to the radiant Eve. She is clothed in white, and is evidently in animated discourse, while Solomon is in dark garments and has an attitude of reflection. Just above her head flies a cherub in the full light. Behind them are ranged a number of fair saints bearing palm branches, all handsome and with bright and intelligent faces. It is one of the finest groups in the picture and would be a masterpiece by itself.

Between Solomon and Moses, and slightly in the distance, there is an old man clasping a boy in his arms. This would seem to be intended for Abraham and Isaac, and the head of this venerable person

looks like Paul of Verona in his old age. It may be a portrait of him.

The picture is substantially perfect, and there is no other work of art like it on so grand a scale. We may feel some dissatisfaction with the face of John the Evangelist, and the row of Hebrew prophets; the design of Christ and the Virgin might have been more in the grand manner, and they would not have suffered from a lighter and freer drapery; but these are not faults, only limitations. Its conception is only equalled by its drawing; its drawing by its coloring; and its coloring by the perfection of its finish. The angels seem to be flying *into* the picture. The council-chamber is full of them, and we hear the flutter of their wings like those of the doves in St. Mark's Place below. It is an inexhaustible study, and we can come to it for days and weeks always to find something new and admirable in it. This is, in fact, the reason why it has been so little appreciated. There is so much of it that its effect on the first, or even the second, day is bewildering and fatiguing. Tintoretto's *Paradise* is like the evolutions of an army, in which only those who have been properly instructed can find satisfaction. It is a picture-gallery in itself.

What one notices particularly is Tintoretto's good judgment in regard to the drapery of his figures. The cherubs, of course, are naked, and much the better for it; but with the exception of Adam's leafy kilt there is no artificial arrangement of clothing. There is as great a variety of costumes as of human attitudes, and everywhere decorum and refined taste.

The angels and the apostles are half nude; the popes and bishops dressed in their full habit. St. Paul's bare shoulders and vigorous arms give additional strength to his appearance. It is the nobility of nature. Rachel and several other female saints are partly nude, but most of them are dressed in a manner that puts to shame the costumes of the present time. The clothes they wear do not look old-fashioned, or out of fashion, as do the dresses of forty years ago.

Tintoretto's drawing here is only comparable to that of the three great Florentines in their best efforts. The coloring is not so brilliant as in the *Miracle of St. Mark.* It is bright, but there is also a grave quality in it like that of the *Crucifixion*, which gives the picture a tranquillizing seriousness.

This and the *Last Judgment* of Michel Angelo and Paul of Verona's *Marriage at Cana* are the three largest and grandest works in Italian art. If the *Last Judgment* had been painted in Michel Angelo's best style, it would be, without question, the greatest of all pictures. It suffers somewhat, however, from mannerism, and also from a peculiar conception of the subject.

Charon and his boat-load of sinners, with the seven cardinal sins represented above it, is much the best portion, and taken by itself is equal, if not superior, to any picture on the Stanzi of the Vatican. His head of Christ is magnificent and its expression only such as could come from the tender, heroic depths of Michel Angelo's nature; but as soon as we study the figure our satisfaction in it is diminished. The

group of saints, with the exception of St. Peter and one other whose form is mostly hidden, is disappointing. They look quite as much like sinners as saints, and St. Bartholomew is a heavy, obese, and anything but a spiritual-looking personage. The attitude of St. Christopher again, on the other side, is too realistic, and attracts our attention too frequently from the rest of the picture. He serves by contrast to give additional splendor to the form of Christ; but anything in a work of art which is incidentally unpleasant ought always to be avoided. When we look at Minos, ornamented with his boa constrictor, in the right-hand corner, we expect a slight sensation of horror, but there is no occasion for this in the amiable giant who forded rivers in order to prove his good-will to men.

If artist ever represented a nude figure with perfect modesty it was the austere Michel Angelo; but it must be conceded that he also did too much of it. The human form appears more beautiful when it is partially draped, as in the *Venus of Milo*, than when it is exposed to the full glare of noontide. Two or three naked figures in a group are not so likely to offend our sight as a larger number, and it is neither consistent nor natural that the women of the *Last Judgment* should wear clothes and the men be deficient in them. Yet it is a mighty work, and, like Dante's *Inferno*, stands by itself.

It is not without relief that we turn to consider the *Marriage at Cana*. Paul of Verona was the painter of worldly splendor, and here excelled himself. Very few easel pictures are so perfect as this

immense canvas, which nearly covers one side of a palace hall. It is not only the magnificent architecture, the atmospheric quality of it, the endless variety of figures and dresses painted with miraculous skill, but the whole has a certain style, an intense vitality, which makes it seem as if *only* these people were alive, or had known how to live. The spectators in the gallery of the Louvre appear like statues in comparison. The air of the major-domo who is pointing over his shoulder; the earnestness of the servant who is pouring wine from an amphora in front of him; the easy self-confidence of Paul himself lowering the cornet from his lips; the mischievous humor in the face of the nobleman who is whispering to the Austrian princess; and the dignified, half amused expression of the princess herself; —all indicate the climax of a cheerful and sensuous existence. Charles Sumner, who was not exactly an art critic, but whose comprehensive mind and elevated character make his opinion of value to us, considered it the greatest of all pictures.

So it would be, if happiness were the chief end of human existence; but we should remember always that while some are fortunate and happy others are unfortunate and miserable. We are born to this, and there is no escape from it except in elevating our thoughts and wishes above material considerations. We thus arrive at the contemplation of a better life than the present one, in which all inequalities are reconciled and discordant elements are harmonized. When we survey the whole extent of Tintoretto's works and consider that he began, as

we may say, at the commencement of the human race; when we see the long series in the gallery of San Rocco; how he labored there with the most painful, appalling, and heroic subjects—with the *Plague of Serpents*, the *Martyrdom of Saints*, the *Massacre of the Innocents*, the *Flight into Egypt*, and finally crowned all with the *Crucifixion of Christ*;—how much of this fearfully serious work he was obliged to grapple with, and how few pictures he could paint like the *Three Graces*, and *St. George and the Princess*, and this too with his tenderly sympathetic nature,—who can wonder after such an earthward pilgrimage that he sprang to this subject with such enthusiasm as he had never known before. It was to him new hope and refreshment; a release from care, an escape from all further harassment. It was what the Hymn of Joy was to Beethoven, and what the dome of St. Peter's was to the aged Buonarotti; that serene, overarching, spiritual sky to which the Saxon race have given the name of Heaven.

"When this picture of *Paradise* was unveiled," Ridolfi says, "everybody thought that heavenly blessedness itself had been revealed to the eyes of mortals. The praise and applause of it resounded through the city. Tintoretto's friends congratulated him as if he had performed a marvellous feat such as had never been seen on earth; and even many other painters joined their praises in approbation of the work, overwhelmed with astonishment at such a wonder. The senators also congratulated him and embraced him tenderly, since he had carried the en-

terprise which they had entrusted to him to such great perfection; and at all this the good old man rejoiced at heart, receiving gladness in exchange for many labors past."

"When afterwards the committee appointed by the Senate to superintend the work, warmly congratulating Tintoretto, asked him to demand any recompense for his painting which he thought it might deserve; as they wished him to be fully satisfied and would by no means permit him to feel that he was underpaid for it, he replied that he would be happy to receive whatever they chose to give him. Gratified with his answer they assigned him a liberal recompense, but it is said that Tintoretto did not like to accept it, feeling that the work ought to be in some measure a present to the commonwealth, and finally contented himself with a smaller sum,—to the admiration not only of the committee, but of the artists who had been called upon to estimate the value of the picture."

After he had finished the *Paradise* he appears to have worked but little, giving himself up to contemplation of holy things, and preparing his mind, like a good Christian, for the future life. He often repaired to the Santa Maria dell' Orto for pious meditation and to converse with the monks, who were attached to that church, on religious subjects. This seriously contemplative mood may have resulted as much from the death of his daughter Marietta in 1590, when she was only thirty years of age, as from

the feeling of his own approach to the eternal life. Of all his family she was the one with whom he could have the most sympathy, and his tenderness for her was everywhere known.

Yet he did not cease altogether from painting. He commenced two large pictures for Santa Maria Maggiore, which do not appear to have been ever completed, and also for the church of St. Margaret a *Last Supper*, which may be the same that is now in the church of Sts. John and Paul. He also painted two portraits of himself—invaluable memorials,—one of which is now in the Louvre, and the other in the Ufizzi at Florence. The former may possibly have been made previous to the *Paradiso*, but it represents a man of seventy years, if not older.

It is the finest portrait in the Louvre, even better than Titian's *Francis the First*, perhaps because it is not so *nicely* painted. He seems to be dressed in dark velvet, to which his snow-white hair and beard are handsomely contrasted. Slightly sculpturesque, but not enough so to prevent it from being human —of all portraits of grand old men, it is the most notable. The eyes are painted in shadow, large, kindly, and reflective—such eyes as one cannot only look at, but look into,—and here again is the square forehead of Michel Angelo above them, outlined more clearly than ever. There is a certain pathos in the extinction of genius by the laws of nature which is expressed in it most eloquently. We gaze into those eyes as if we were reading the Book of Genesis. Their age is not seventy, but thousands of years; that is, they are coeval with the human

race, for this man saw all things and experienced all that had gone before him. Above his head, in large white letters, are the words

JACOBUS TENTORETUS PICTOR VENTIUS,

and at the side,

IPSIUS F.,

as if he were anxious that posterity should be informed as long as possible who and what he was. Considering the discussion that has lately arisen in regard to the authenticity of portraits, he would seem to have shown excellent foresight.

The Florentine portrait is not much more of a portrait than it is a *genre* picture; that is, it gives the impression of an old man emerging out of the darkness. Or did Tintoretto intend it to be an old man vanishing into darkness? The eyes are scarcely visible in this, and the prominent feature is his strong, firm-set nose. He looks many years aged since the other was painted, and his powers are visibly declining. One could estimate him as a man of eighty from it, and if it be possible that the older chronology of his birth is correct, then it is indeed marvellous that his hand should have retained its cunning until that time. Perhaps it was the last work of his life.* In the left-hand lower corner is a neat monogram of J. R.

* A comparison between this and the portrait of Leonardo da Vinci will indicate the advance in painting made during the sixteenth century.

He who laughs last laughs the best, is an adage that might well be applied to Tintoretto, who endured adversity and neglect of patronage in the earlier part of his career, like a sun obscured by morning clouds, but who finally ascended to the zenith of fame, and at last went out of sight in a most glorious setting. His fortune was, after all, better than that of Titian, who attained so early to fulness of fame but lived to witness the decline of his own powers and see his place usurped by younger and more vigorous men. During the last ten years of his life, Tintoretto was not only the most distinguished man in Venice, but, with the exception perhaps of Galileo, the most so in all Italy. During his later years he was honored with visits from church dignitaries, princes, and whatever notable personages came from time to time to visit the city, for they were all desirous to make the acquaintance of so rare a man, as well as to be immortalized by his brush. Nor were the senators and other high officials of Venice less forward in doing him justice. That his friends and associates were of the most intellectual and high-minded men and women of his time, was a matter of course. And there was no man of high standing, Ridolfi says, who did not seek his friendship and wish to be painted by him.

King Henry III. was the only royal sitter that he had, but he painted portraits of numberless princes, dukes, and barons, besides that of every Doge from Girolamo Priuli to Pasquale Cicogna. Did not however, the bare-legged urchin, who stopped his game

on the *piazetta* to say, "There goes Tintoretto," pay him an equally worthy tribute? What is fame? To have the conductor of an omnibus in Piccadilly remark of the passenger who has just alighted, "That is Mr. Carlyle, the great writer,"—can cotemporary fame go far beyond that? What did the conductor know of *Sartor Resartus*? but no doubt his daily toil was lightened by having had Thomas Carlyle for a passenger. Genius is a free gift, and a precious possession to the community that appreciates it.

He spent much time during his last years at his country residence in Carpenedo, which we hear of now for the first time. His two sons, Domenico and Marco, were all that yet remained to him of his family, and it is to be hoped they were much comfort to him. Domenico was not a genius, but he inherited his father's talent, and some of his portraits are of very high excellence. What Marco's occupation was has not been recorded. Tintoretto is said to have planned a series of drawings for the benefit of students to illustrate the principles of painting according to his own idea, but having deferred the matter too long, was prevented by the sudden approach of death. He often complained that the cares of his family and the demands of his private affairs interfered with his devoting himself so completely to his art as he would have liked.

With such a robust constitution and in the healthful Venetian climate he ought to have lived many years longer; but the mighty efforts he had made for such works as his *Last Judgment*, the *Crucifixion*,

in San Rocco, and especially his *Paradiso*, had impaired his nervous system. On the 16th of May, 1594, he was attacked with insomnia which prevented him from eating or sleeping for fifteen days, although the physicians exerted themselves in his behalf, with such skill and ingenuity as they were capable of,—in those days not very much. Ridolfi says: "The sick man, knowing that his end was approaching, thought only of preparing himself for it, resigning his soul into the hands of God, and receiving the sacrament. Then calling with Christian piety for his two sons, he took leave of them with many tears, reminding them to preserve securely that honor which he had acquired in the world through so many labors. He also requested them to keep him for three days unburied after death, because he believed that sick people sometimes appear to be dead when they were only in a trance.* So on the third day after Pentecost he died."

Raphael's funeral was like a triumphal procession, and his last picture, the *Transfiguration*, was carried in it as a banner of victory; but Tintoretto went to his grave quietly and peaceably, attended only by his brother artists and a large company of devoted friends. His corpse was interred in the tomb of his father-in-law at Santa Maria dell' Orto, a most appropriate place, containing four great monuments of his genius. It was only the families of noblemen who were permitted to be buried in Venetian churches; but if Tintoretto had not possessed this right through his wife's descent, it would probably have been

* This has since become an universal custom.

accorded to him, as it was to Titian, for his distinction as a painter. The tomb of Marco de' Vescovi was in the centre of the church beneath the choir, and bore the following inscription:

MARCO DE EPISCOPIS. CIVI
EG REGIO VIROQ. OPTIMO. QVI CV
QVAMPLVRIMA NEGOTIA TV PV//
BLICA. TV ETIAM PRIVATA GESSERIT.
CVMQ. SEPERI RELIGIOSE. OPTIMEQ.
VIXERIT ANNO ÆTATIS SVAE SEXAGE
SIMOI TRANSACTO SAEVA MORTEI
CORREP TVS FVIT. PETRVS. F. P. M. H. F.
C. OBIIT XII CAL. OCT. M.D.LXXI.

In the mortuary register of the church is the following record of Tintoretto's death:

A.D. 31 Maggio 1594.

Se morto mf. Gacomo Robusti ditto Tentoretto de etta anni 75 e statto amalatto giorni 15 quindese da frievre 1. Marcilian.

In Cicogna's *Venetian Inscriptions*, volume second, there is this statement also—(translated).

"Tomb 53, though not celebrated on account of Marco de' Vescovi, to whom it belonged, is nevertheless famous on account of the ashes of one of the most skilful painters, which rest within it—though without particular inscription."

Then, after referring to Ridolfi as an authority, and repeating his account of Tintoretto's funeral, Cicogna adds: "Jacopo Pighetti, a most excellent writer of inscriptions, composed, over the ashes of this glorious artist, what we here reproduce:

"Hospes viator civis adsta et perlege Veneti Apellis Jacopo Robostii cognomento Tinctoretti cineres hoc marmore clauduntur is magnus naturæ æmulator mutan poesim ingenio vehementi reddidit eloquentem divino siquidem penicillo soli collique incolas suis in tabulis spirare coegit eas tempus licet vorax merito suspiciens servabit Fama collocavit in templo immortalitatis ad æviternum picturæ orbisque monumentus. Lector tanto viro bene adprecare. Tum Felix abito.*

"In this same tomb was buried Marietta Robusti, who died in 1590 at the age of thirty; and here also Dominico Robusti, the son of Jacopo, who died on the seventeenth of May, 1655, as is stated in the necrology of St. Marcilian, bequeathing much useful information in his profession to Sebastian Cassiere, a German scholar of his, who faithfully practised the art of painting accordingly.

"This Sebastian Cassiere married Dominico's sister Ottavia, and she made him the heir of all her property; and in Dominico the name of Robusti became extinct. To-day the family Cassiere possess the tomb."

If Domenico died in 1655, he must have lived to be much older than his father. We do not hear otherwise that Tintoretto had a daughter named

* A translation of this epitaph is given in Appendix C.

Ottavia, and if he had it is far from probable that any pupil of Domenico's would have married her, or that her husband would have lived long after 1655. Ottavia must have been Domenico's daughter or the daughter of Marco.

Cicogna's "to-day" means nearly two hundred years ago, and the Cassieres as well as the Robustis are no longer known in Venice. The Palazzo Camillo has been occupied by a score of different families, more or less, since their time. So they came out of the darkness; fluttered a moment in the light; and disappeared in the darkness again.

When the church was renovated, some thirty years ago, Tintoretto's remains were taken from the Vescovi tomb, and interred in the chapel to the right of it. The flooring of *Santa Maria dell' Orto* is formed of alternate squares of white and peach-colored marble placed diagonally, and one of the white squares now marks the final resting-place of the grand old man,—with only a small cross and the dates of his birth and death upon it. When I last looked at that marble slab I thought I would rather be Tintoretto's bones beneath it than any man alive in Europe.

He was certainly the greatest of the Venetians. Titian never painted an easel picture equal to the *Bacchus and Ariadne*, nor executed a larger work that excels the *Worship of the Golden Calf* or the *Crucifixion* in San Rocco; while the *Paradiso* comprises within itself all that pictorial art has ever pro-

duced except the Dresden *Madonna* and the ceiling frescos of the Sistine Chapel. The various styles in which he painted may have been an injury to his fame, but they show the wide range, the versatility, and opulence of his talent. If he has rivals in Venetian history, it is not in his own profession. We must look for them among her statesmen and naval heroes; in Vittore Pisani, who preferred to remain in prison for the good of the state rather than humiliate his enemies; and in Admiral Loredano, who fought and destroyed the Turkish fleet at Gallipoli with an arrow through his left arm, and another sticking in his face. It was the moral, heroic element in Tintoretto that made him what he was, and which elevates his work above any value that mere technical skill could give it.

APPENDIX.

A.

Some of Heine's poems can be easily rendered into English verse, but the *Lörelei* and *I Called the Devil and He Came* have thus far resisted all attempts of that kind. The following lines, however, composed by a Harvard professor one summer at the mountains, are in the same spirit as Tintoretto's picture of *Satan*, and nearly as good as those of Heine. They were written in reply to the question, "Why did the Devil take her?"

The Devil is now a gentleman,
  Who hides his horns in a glossy chapeau;
Can talk small talk and handle a fan—
  In short, can make himself quite a beau.
He covers his hoofs in a new French boot;
  Disguises the sulphur with "new-mown hay";
With rouge and powder conceals the soot,
  And looks as fresh as the flowers in May.
Now is n't this a sufficient cause
Why the Devil should take her whoever she was?

There was more of it, but perhaps enough has already been said.

B.

Ruskin's ideas on architecture have taken a deeper hold and been more widely diffused in America than they have in England. Uglier architecture, perhaps, but none

so barren, gloomy, and pedantic as that which prevailed in both countries from the fall of Napoleon to that of the Southern Confederacy had ever been seen before. The buildings in Trafalgar Square and Waterloo Place are the best examples of it. Ruskin exerted himself against this death in life style with all the energy of his nature. It was like trying to penetrate a fortress, but finally a reaction came in his favor.

The Great Northern railway station in London, a magnificent building, much in the Italian mediæval style, was one of the first indications of the coming change. At the same time a similar design for the new Temple law courts was rejected. Hotel Boylston and a church on Commonwealth Avenue were constructed on the same principles, in Boston, Massachusetts, and soon churches and public buildings, distinguished by the use of color in stone, slender columns, and wrought capitals, began to appear in Philadelphia and many of the smaller cities of New England and the Middle States. This new architecture soon became known as American Gothic, and the richest and most consistently developed instance of it is the Assembly room in the New York State Capitol at Albany. In 1877 I remarked to a leading American architect that just one man was responsible for the whole of it, and he replied, "Yes, we are all indebted to John Ruskin."

A few years later Herbert Spencer came to America and said that our large cities, with their magnificent architecture, reminded him of those Italian cities that lost their liberty through too much commercialism, and he feared the same result might follow in this country. It is easy to see how he was deceived by the superficial resemblance of American buildings to those in Venice and Genoa. As a matter of fact, the great Italian cities lost

their independence from the lack of a central or federal government which could harmonize their conflicting interests, and unite them against a common foe.

C.

TINTORETTO'S EPITAPH.

The following translation of his epitaph is the gift of Professor James B. Greenough, of Harvard University.

STRANGER, TRAVELLER, CITIZEN, STAY AND READ.
THE ASHES OF THE VENETIAN APELLES,
JACOPO ROBUSTI CALLED TINTORETTO,
ARE ENCLOSED IN THIS MARBLE. THIS GREAT ARTIST,
LIVING WITH NATURE HERSELF, BY HIS FERVID GENIUS
RENDERED DUMB POETRY ELOQUENT, IN THAT BY HIS DIVINE
PENCIL HE MADE THE DENIZENS OF EARTH AND HEAVEN
BREATHE IN HIS PICTURES. THESE WORKS TIME THOUGH
GREEDY TO DEVOUR, WILL GUARD WITH ADMIRATION, AND FAME
WILL PLACE THEM IN the TEMPLE OF IMMORTALITV AS AN
EVERLASTING MONUMENT OF PAINTING AND OF THE WORLD.
READER PRAY FOR THE SOUL OF THIS GREAT MAN, THEN
PASS ON HAPPY.

D.

A LIST OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PAINTINGS.*

By Jacopo Robusti, called Tintoretto.

VENICE.

Church of Santa Maria del Carmini.

* The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple.

Church of San Benedetto.

The Annunciation.
The Woman of Samaria.

Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto.

* The Last Judgment.
* The Worship of the Golden Calf.
* The Miracle of St. Agnes.
* The Presentation of the Virgin.

Church of S. Francesco della Vigna.

The Entombment.

Church of San Felice.

St. Demetrius, in Armor.

* Since the number of Tintoretto's works is wellnigh endless, and a catalogue of them would be almost as useless, only such are included here as are of the highest excellence, or are of a special value in the history of his development as an artist.

Church of San Cassiano.

Crucifixion.

Academy of Fine Arts.

* The Temptation of Adam.
The Death of Abel.
Magna Peccatrix.
* The Miracle of St. Mark.
Two Portraits of the Procurators.
Portrait of Carlo Moresini.
Madonna and Three Senators.
* Second Crucifixion.

Church of Santa Maria Salute.

The Wedding Feast at Cana.

Church of San Rocco.

San Rocco before the Pope.
Pool of Bethesda.
San Rocco in Campa d'Armata.

Church of San Giorgio Maggiore.

The Fall of Manna.
Martyrdom of St. Stephen.
* The Last Supper.

SCUOLA OF SAN ROCCO.

Lower Hall.

* Adoration of the Magi.
The Flight into Egypt.
Massacre of the Innocents.
* The Visitation.

Upper Hall.

St. Sebastian.
Jonah and the Whale.
The Plague of Serpents.
Moses Striking the Rock.
The Fall of Manna.

The Refectory.

* The Crucifixion.
San Rocco in Heaven.
Christ before Pilate.
Christ Bearing the Cross.

DUCAL PALACE.

Sala del Maggiore Consiglio.

* The Paradise.
Portraits of the Doges from Girolamo Priuli to Pasquale Cicogna.

Sala del Senato.

Venice, Queen of the Sea.

Atria Quadrato.

Justice Presenting a Sword to the Doge Girolamo Priuli.

Sala del Collegio.

The Betrothal of St. Catherine.

Sala dell' Anti-Chiesetta.

* St. George and the Princess.
St. Jerome and St. Andrew.

Sala dell' Anti-Collegio.

Bacchus and Ariadne.
Pallas Reproving Mars.
Mercury and the Graces.
The Forge of Vulcan.

Sala degli Stucchi.

Portrait of Henry III., King of France.

Libreria di San Marco.

Single figures of four Greek Philosophers.

FLORENCE.

The Uffizzi.

A duplicate of the Wedding Feast at Cana.
Tintoretto's last Portrait of Himself.

The Pitti Palace.

Venus, Vulcan, and Cupid.
Descent from the Cross.

MADRID.

Museo del Prado.

The Chaste Susanna.
Portrait of a Spanish Girl.
Portrait of a Girl with a Rose.
Many other Portraits.

PARIS.

The Louvre.

Tintoretto's Portrait.
Christ and Two Angels.

BERLIN.

Three Portraits together.
Madonna, St. Mark, and St. Luke.

VIENNA.

Susanna at the Bath.
Several Portraits.

ENGLAND.

National Gallery.

St. George and the Dragon.

Hampton Court.

The Nine Muses.

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